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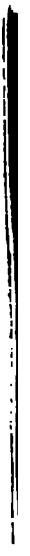


REVOLUTIONISTS OF THE REIGN OF TERROR (*vide Appendix*).

MARTEL PAPERS;

OR,

LIFE SCENES

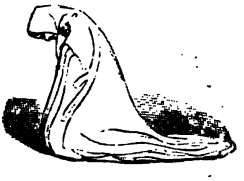
IN

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BY WASHINGTON FROTHINGHAM.

"Hid in the day of the Lord's anger."

SECOND EDITION.



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[redacted]

To the Memory

OF THE FAITHFUL AND SUFFERING HUGUENOTS, THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED AS A TRIBUTE OF AMERICAN AFFECTION.

"No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn."—*Isaiah* liv, 17.

HISTORICAL CHARACTERS IN THIS VOLUME.

Louis XVI, King of France,		Guillotined	— aged	39.
Duc D'Orleans, cousin to above,		"	"	46.
Robespierre, (pronounced)	Robespeair,	"	"	86.
Hébert, "	Haybair,	"	"	89.
Charlotte Corday,		"	"	25.
Chaumette, "	Shomette,	"	"	81.
Danton, "	Dahntaun,	"	"	85.
Fouquier Tinville, "	Fookeay Tanveel,	"	"	49.
Couthon, "	Kootaun,	"	"	38.
Hebriot, "	Haunreo,	"	"	33.
André Chenier, "	Andray Chaineay	"	"	32.
Marie Antoinette (wife of	Louis), Maree Antwanett,	"	"	38.
Brissot, (pronounced)	Breeso,	"	"	36.
St. Just, "	San Joost,	"	"	26.
Vergniaud, "	Vairneo,	"	"	30.
Camille Desmoulins,	Kameel Daymoolan,	"	"	33.
Madame Roland, "		"	"	39.
Jean Baptiste Cloots,		"	"	39.
Marat (stabbed by Charlotte Corday),	Mahrah,	"	"	49.
Barrère, (pronounced)	Barrair,			
Abbé Sicard, "	Abbay Secar,			
Collot D'Herbois, "	Kollot Derbwah.			
Thomas Paine.				

The deeds and characters of these men have been rendered with careful regard to historical accuracy.

A fac simile of Robespierre's autograph will be found on page 414.

The reader will bear in mind that ZOE is pronounced *Zoee.*

TRANSLATION OF FRENCH AND LATIN PHRASES WHICH OCCUR IN THIS VOLUME.

Page 15. "Hunc *et incomptis*," etc.: Curius with unkempt hair, etc.

Page 22. "*Hoc est meum corpus:*" "This is my body." This is a quotation from the mass; and as these words are uttered by the Priest, it is claimed by Romanists that the miracle of transubstantiation takes place, and that the wafer is changed into the real blood and body of Christ. It was such absurd claims of the priesthood which sharpened the wits of the encyclopedeists, or French philosophers, against Christianity in general.

Page 28. "*Pasquinade* on the Royal family:" The grandfather is a fool, the son an imbecile, the grandson a great poltroon. Oh what a fine family!

Page 30. "*Lettre de cachet:*" A warrant, by virtue of which any one could be incarcerated in the Bastile during the pleasure of the king. This was one of those abuses that provoked the Revolution.

Page 32. "*Deus adjuva me*," etc.: Extract from Psalms used in Romish service. "*Innocens manibus*," etc.: Extract from the 24th Psalm, as read in the Romish service, fourth and fifth verses: "He that hath clean hands," etc.

Page 33. "*Requiem eternam*," etc.: Prayer from the Romish burial service: "Grant him eternal rest, O God, and may perpetual light shine upon him. May he rest in peace. Amen."

Page 34. Extract from an old French hymn, which may be freely translated:

"Ardent Christians, be your love
To Jesus, Saviour, throned above."

Page 36. "*De profundis*," etc.: Extract from the 130th Psalm, used in the Romish service, commencing, "Out of the depths."

Page 124. "*Heureux celui qui par un juste choix*," etc.: This fine old Huguenot hymn has an excellent parallel in that one commencing,

"How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above."

Page 144. "*Allons enfans, de la patrie*," etc.: "Sons of the fatherland let us press on; the day of glory has arrived; the bloody sword of tyranny is now raised against us."— From the *Marseillais*.

Page 169. "*Madame Veto*," etc.: This song was one of those pieces of jargon which often occur in popular melodies. It cannot be translated except into nonsense.

EXPLANATION OF FRENCH WORDS USED IN THIS VOLUME.

A bas la tyrannie — down with tyranny.

Gens d'armes — police

Perruquier — barber.

Ci devant — late, or recently.

Nonchalance — indifference.

Concierge — guard.

Nouvelle ordre — new order of things.

Commune — common council.

Rolé — part performed by an actor

Café — coffee house.

Noblesse — nobility.

Douceur — bribe or gift.

Brochure — unbound book or pamphlet.

Sobriquet — nickname.

Savans — learned men.

Eclat — glory.

Cours de morale — moral course.

Cuisine en rigeur — particular cookery.

Huissier — an usher.

Fête — festival.

Escritoire — writing desk.

Fauxbourgs — suburbs.

Debonair — graceful.

Vin ordinaire — common wine.

La terreur — the reign of terror.

Revolution nouvelle — the new revolution.

Garçon — a boy.

A bas la guillotine — down with the guillotine.

Suivez la femme — follow the woman.

En avant — *mourie pour la patrie* — forward march — die for our country.

Surveillance — watching or guarding.

Bascule — the movable plank of guillotine.

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MARTEL PAPERS.

CHAPTER I.

The Toilet of Death.

The brief and imperfect record kept by Monchotte, hair-cutter of the *Conciergerie*, during the Reign of Terror, having recently come to light, public attention has been called to the Martel papers, and the result has been the publication of the present volume. It appears that among the *perruquiers* of Paris, so many of whom were guillotined, one was held from his threatened fate, in order to ply his trade on his unfortunate associates. The history of this man is involved in mystery and hidden by shadow. Neither his age or origin are given, and in their absence we are led to suppose him to have been young, as youth and nerve were required for his solemn task. His record appears to have arisen from the same motive which leads the crews of sinking ships to bottle slips of paper—a desire to leave some memorial of his labors and feelings, before he should be called to a

place in one of those *fournées*[1] which he so frequently prepared for the guillotine. It is one of the strange features in the French Revolution, that the mind is found clinging to the most minute affairs of life even when the vast wave of madness was flooding Paris with blood. For instance, the details of the extraordinary tribunal are given, and notwithstanding the pressure upon its services, not a victim passes to doom without specification of age, sex, nativity, and profession. It may, however, be remarked, that this is to a certain degree accounted for by that peculiarity of the human mind, which lays hold of trifles during the most momentous convulsions, and yields equal attention to the smallest and the greatest of events.

The prisons of Paris were at that time closely packed with objects of suspicion, and as one after the other was filled, the palaces as well as the abodes of mercy were put in requisition. In this way the Madallonette and the hospice of the Bicêtre, and subsequently the Luxembourg palace, were used for this purpose; the latter being filled to overflowing, while the former, though benevolent institutions, were occupied so far as there was any room to spare from the wards of the sick or the insane.

All the interest excited by these numerous prisons centered in the tribunal, whose long and almost unbroken sessions were held in the *Palais de Justice.*

[1] *Fournée* was a term borrowed from the bakers; it signifies a batch of bread. When single executions became rare and cartloads were sent to death at a time, this word was found convenient and expressive.

Here Fouquier Tinville, in the office of Public Accuser, or in other words, prosecuting attorney for the Committee of Public Safety, drove on the proceedings with an energy which only the fever of such an hour can explain; while Herman, Dumas, and others sustained the *rolé* of presidents of the court, and a hideous assemblage of *sans culottes*,[1] acting in the capacity of jurors, repeated the stereotyped verdict. Such a series of incessant mockeries of truth, equity and justice, the world never witnessed before.

The prisoners, in obedience to the lists drawn off by the Committee of Public Safety, were gathered from the different jails and brought either at midnight or at the approach of evening to the spacious but dimly lighted basement of the *Palais de Justice*. This, which was known as the *Conciergerie*, or guard-house, contained several dungeons, in addition to the central vault, and in one of the former the queen was confined for several weeks before her execution. From this place of sad reunion, where a large crowd might have been continually found huddled together in the half stifling atmosphere, the prisoners were led up a winding stair to the *salle*, or court room, where their fate was rapidly decided. After sentence, which was death within twenty-four hours, they were again led down to the *Conciergerie* and were thence carted to the scaffold in the afternoon. From Monchotte's record, it appears that he had been arrested, tried, and condemned, and

[1] *Sans culotte*, literally, *without breeches*, a popular term for the lower classes of Paris.

yet after all escaped death by one of those incidents on which a destiny is sometimes suspended. The last thing before leaving the *Conciergerie* for the cart, was "the toilet of death," as it was fancifully termed. The hair was cut short in order that the executioner might have full view of the back of the neck, and thus bring it immediately beneath the axe; a custom which is maintained in France to this day. The attendant who had charge of this duty having been suddenly taken ill, Monchotte who was known to be a barber, was summoned from the group of the condemned to fill his place. With a *nonchalance* peculiar to that fearful time, he stepped forth from the *fournée*, and plied the shears upon his unfortunate associates; and of that group, numbering not less than fifty, all but he went to the scaffold.

Thenceforth until the Reign of Terror closed, his services were in constant requisition, while he knew not the day that he might be summoned to join some one of those *fournées* which he was preparing for death. This risk became gradually a matter of indifference, and Monchotte began at length to look on himself as a fixture of the dismal institution of which he formed a part. The employment of the pen served to occupy the idle hours of his existence, which of course were many, since his duties required but a brief part of the day. The carts or tumbrils were generally ordered up by four o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the condemned were placed in rows, and here by the dim light of a grated window,

Monchotte began his task. Few words were spoken during its performance, except perhaps the broken accents which only told of despair. The doomed were lost in that reverie of abstraction which indicates the shattered intellect, or else were buried too deep in woe to admit of speech, for words had lost their meaning. No sooner was the toilet finished than the huge iron door turned upon its hinges, and through that beetling portal they marched out to take their farewell of Paris and mankind.

Monchotte's work was then done for the day, and it was his custom to immediately jot down rough notes of the persons he had prepared for death. Among these were the authoresses Olympe des Gouges, Madelene Dubét and Marie Contelêt; also the editor and deputy Gorsas; and the Duc D'Orleans, commonly called *Egalité*, who voted for the king's death and was himself guillotined on the same spot a few months subsequently.

From the more interesting of these we quote as follows:

"July 17, 1793. Marie Charlotte Corday came under my hands, hair soft and curling prettily over her shoulders; features round and chubby, unlike our sharp-faced *grizettes;* one curl preserved at her request, to send to her father, in case the one she has sent to him should miscarry. Conduct firm: noble and heroic, glorious Charlotte!"

On the sixteenth of October he chronicles the first application of his shears to Royalty. The king had

been guillotined before he came into the office, and there is no record of the person who cropped the Bourbon, but Monchotte appears proud of the fact that Marie Antoinette came under his tonsorial care. He dealt with her in the tenderest manner, and mentions her kindly smile as he apologized for the rude liberty he was taking with her sacred head. She was woe-begone and exhausted by her trial, having had but little rest, and was subdued to complete resignation, going to the cart as Monchotte says, like one who longed to die.

A deeper and more fearful tragedy is alluded to in the record of October 31st, the same year.

"This day I cropped the ex-deputies from La Gironde — what faces, what foreheads, what eyes, — and yet I did my part in extinguishing these demi-gods! Vergniaud looked on me with a sad and woe-begone expression. Brissot scorned me; Gensonnê bit his lip, and said nothing; Louchêt wept a few bitter tears: Some spoke of the axe as only doing the same work as the shears in a more effectual manner, just as the Fates cut the thread of life. They stood in rows like statues, and I passed from one to the other in lonely silence; each one stood in mute patience till all was done. Then came their embrace — and their farewell, and then their chant of wild music as the tumbril moved on."

The death of the Girondins seems to have made a deep impression on Monchotte, and their hair excites his curiosity to a degree in great contrast with that of the common food of the guillotine. He notes at much length their characters as indicated by the difference in

their locks, and enters into a disquisition as to the indication of talent which could be read by his practiced eye.

"Had Louchêt possessed a darker, stiffer covering to his head, had Brissot less of the auburn, had Barbaroux longer, bolder ringlets, all might have been different. But alas, how could such men contend with the fierce bristling locks of the terrible Danton, the full electric hair of Camille Desmoulins or the sleek head of Robespierre combed back with its unapproachable cue — to say nothing of those matted *sans culottes*, shaggy as buffaloes and fierce as wolves."

Monchotte had as he supposed learned to designate character by the covering of the head. This art, if indeed it be worthy of that name, must be reckoned one of those cultivated in classic ages, and some think that it is referred to by Horace in his famous description of the old Roman heroes.

"Hunc *et incomptis Curium capillis*
Utilem bello tulit et Camillum
Sœva paupertas, et avitus apto
Cum lare fundus."

The allusions which Monchotte makes to this art give his journal a peculiar interest. He seems to have thought himself able to describe individuals and almost destinies from the basket of sweepings which was gathered after each *fournée*, and occasionally he preserved some of the more remarkable specimens of character and misfortune.

Among these were female tresses of great softness, lustre, and length, whose history began in the halls

and palaces of the *noblesse* and ended on the scaffold. Had Monchotte been of a literary turn he could have penned narratives more terrible than the inventions of romance. The work of death kept pressing upon the step of time, and as the spring of 1794 advanced, we find an abridgment in his journal until it only indicates by brief entries that the number and size of the *fournées* were vastly increased.

"Seventy-five clipped on one afternoon — one hundred and three on another, four score and six on another occasion," how could he find time for details; yet even now we note an attempt to express his feelings as some eventful character overwhelmed him by taking his turn at the toilet of death. He notes such men as Bishop Gobel and Chaumette, both in the same *fournée*, Hébert the ferocious, and Mormoro the husband of the Goddess of Reason, and the eccentric but pure minded Anacharsis Cloots, with a large number of unfortunates beheaded on the 25th of March, 1794. On the 6th of April are recorded the names of Chabot, Fabre D'Eglantine and above all, Camille Desmoulins, whose agonized countenance moved Monchotte to greater pity than the girlish tears of many a group. To these was added the massive and lofty form of the great Danton, before whom Monchotte stood, as he says, appalled. The silent gaze of the great Revolutionist seemed to speak like the old Roman, "wretch dost thou slay Caius Marius?"

In June the Regnault family pass under his shears, all lost by that one daughter Anna, who intruded on

Robespierre in her madness and thus swept her house out of existence. At the same time we have record of the lovely and exquisite Mademoiselle St. Amaranth, the most beauteous and pitiful of all the children of death, and then came the heavy *fournées* of July and the dread Thermidor, never to be forgotten, of the last of which days, he writes thus:

"On the tenth" "I saw a spectacle which transcended all my dreams of the impossible, and distanced all my past experience of changing fortune; my pen trembles as I record the fact. This day I cropped Robespierre himself, with Couthon, St. Just, Henriot and others, who but a few days ago were masters of Paris. What a sight was this? Robespierre lay bloody and speechless in the *Conciergerie*, and groaned as I touched his wounded jaw. The rest silent like tigers crouching in despair. Before sun-set they met their doom in the Place de la Revolution. Their locks indicated power, and by this rule they should have triumphed, but the Fates were too strong for them. Such is history, in which I bear my part."

But Monchotte saw a succession of remarkable culprits, claiming his services, in whom he beheld a contrast hardly less impressive than the foregoing. Thus of that *commune*, or city government which had borne so large a part in the revolution, and which was devoted to Robespierre, seventy members are shorn by him in one afternoon. But a greater sensation even than this was subsequently made, as appears from his record, by the fact that after the Reign of Terror was over, the leaders of the tribunal and most of the jury came under his hands. Thus he writes on the seventh

of May 1795, the following statement, concerning one of the most striking instances of retribution on record:

"This day I cropped Fouquier Tinville and Varzelles and Dix Août and others of his jury, a stranger and more astonishing scene I never expect to witness. For two years Fouquier has been sending his victims to my shears, and now he comes in his turn, and I who was once condemned by him must prepare his neck for the axe. What a scene would it have been, could all the *fournées* which he has sent to death gaze upon this retribution? An army of ghosts followed him, or at least so the wretched man seemed to feel, as he was led to the cart, and started with his tribunal for the Place de la Révolution."

Among the women who received their death toilet at Monchotte's hands, there was one who impressed him by some traits which he omits to describe, but rather alludes to as exceeding his power. He speaks of a calm and majestic dignity like that of the Queen, and combined with a pensive beauty which had escaped the ravages of time and misfortune. An interest greater than anything of a personal nature arose however from the fact that certain papers belonging to her had been placed in his possession in trust for her family, to whom Monchotte had pledged himself to deliver them with a sacred care.

In addition to the manuscripts she desired him to preserve the long and lustrous tresses which he was severing from her head, in order that they might be restored as memorials to her friends. But what was more important still she entrusted to his care a lovely

boy from whom she was now to be torn by the executioner, and of whom he accepted charge until his kindred could reclaim him. From this charge Monchotte was relieved by events which are recorded in this volume, and the papers, the tresses, and the lad were returned, but the circumstance made a deep impression on him, and he refers to it several times in his diary.

The singular history of the mother and child mentioned by Monchotte has been often solicited, but from motives of delicacy the family has withheld them.

Recent circumstances, however, have removed all objection, and hence the publication of the manuscript.

The reader will observe, that a part of the chronicle is given in the words of Zoe, Countess de Martel, while the remainder is thrown into the form of a narrative. It was thought that this method would be best adapted to bring out the incidents of her eventful life. The editor makes no apology for the intervals which occur in the early part of the record; nor for the occasional foot notes by means of which he has sought to throw light on an interesting period of history.[1]

[1] Zoe, like all names derived from the Greek, requires E final to be sounded.

NOTE. — For details concerning the *Palais de Justice* and the *Conciergerie* the reader is referred to the appendix, page 459.

CHAPTER II.

Zoe's Journal.

Arras, September, 1785, *Chateau de Martel.*—On this, the anniversary of my wedding, I cannot avoid penning the current of my thoughts. It is three years since I gave my hand to Ardine, and thus united the families whose interests and destinies have so long been in conflict. Ardine, nine years my senior, and filled with the lofty pride of his house, finds in my quiet habits an influence which tempers the ardor of his character. As for pride, there is some excuse for this; a descendant of one of the ancient Mayors of Paris, he might have much to boast of, still more as scion of that house whose founder fought the great battle of Tours. On this account I am never weary of gazing at the Saracen head on our arms, surmounted by the hammer crest.

Life at the chateau is to me like a soothing dream, and I have no desire to return to Paris even for a day. Wretched Paris, in which a vortex of pleasure, as vast as it is dangerous, threatens society and the nation.

One long and almost incessant series of routs occupies the court, while the churches are empty, and the power of our ancient faith has waned and almost disappeared. The indolence and stupidity of the lower classes of the clergy are in wretched apposition to the

wealth and luxury of *abbés*, bishops, and the higher orders. Learning, it is true, has of late advanced, and yet it is a learning which I dread, because it makes its chief object to be the sapping of religious faith. In following our leaders of opinion, I find myself often drifting into a labyrinth, hopeless as darkness can make it. I have lately been reading several works which Ardine has brought down from Paris, and which he says are becoming more and more popular. Among these are Voltaire's, whose Charles XII has always pleased me, while I tremble at his bold utterances of infidelity. Rousseau I have read and wept over; he is the great master of the heart, and yet I cannot but feel that his influence is like some magician who charms one into all manner of evil, and even causes a bestial transformation after the manner of Circe. I am now turning back to La Fontaine and Fenelon as far preferable to the brilliant but erroneous authors of our own day. Especially am I displeased with the Encyclopedists whose vanity jars on my quiet mind, and it is as much as my patience can endure to hear Ardine expatiate on Diderot, d'Alembert, and others whose notions have quite filled his head. I had much rather he would revive his classics or even turn to Cervantes and Le Sage. Our *curé* tells me that the whole forces of literature are now turning against the church, and speaks of the prospect as being very discouraging. Few attend the mass, and even the priests do not seem to respect their own ceremonies. More than one of them they say show an ill-concealed contempt for the

popular credulity which accepts the real presence, and some half smile when the people bow at the words "*Hoc est meum corpus.*" What will be the end one fears to consider, and I sometimes think that there must have been some reality in the piety of those Huguenot heretics whom our fathers exterminated. They endured so much rather than sacrifice their creed, whereas we of the true church are almost ready to give ours up without being challenged.

We see but little society at the chateau. The peasantry visit us on festivals, and the children bring us flowers on Innocents' day, and these sweet young faces fill my heart more than a saloon full of courtly guests, from whose heartless society my nature revolts. A few young men occasionally call up to read in our library, for so large a collection of books is not to be found in the vicinity, and Ardine is pleased to have them, and makes them feel at home. He admits that whatever be the difference in birth and family, there is a power in intellect which bridges the gulf. These young men he thinks will be of service in their station to the kingdom, and he as one of the *noblesse* feels the importance of conciliating them and strengthening their loyalty in these disjointed times. For, conceal it as the king and court may try to do, there are threatening clouds hovering over us — at least so Ardine thinks, taking his ideas from older and wiser heads than his own. Of the young men who visit us there are two whose force of character impresses me with strange power. One of these is Maximilian Robespierre, who was educated

by our bishop, and who a few years ago finished his course by graduating at the college of Louis le Grand in Paris. The other is Camille Desmoulins, who is three years his junior, but who seems equal in information and manners, although less gifted by nature. Robespierre has a soft and pleasing address, a ready smile, and a fine gift at oratory, while Camille is more serious of countenance, with a noble expression of thoughtfulness on his brow, so that he appears rather the older of the two. It is quite unfortunate for him that he is troubled with a stammer, which, slight as it may be, is still a defect which he feels sensitively. However, when he becomes excited in conversation we lose sight of this, and are only impressed with his earnest thoughts.

Last month there appeared with them at the chateau another graduate of the same college, and I understand that the three young men were among the most intimate of that institution. This one is called Danton, and comes from Arcis sur Aube. He is large, of heavy build, with coarse features, full of force, and makes an impression on all who meet him. His bold and determined air might become one of the old feudal barons, were it not impaired by a rude levity. I have heard but little of this remarkable youth, but am told that he is intensely ambitious, and expects to make his way upward to a place in history.

As for Camille and Robespierre, they are inseparable, and are so identical in opinion that the one is an oracle of the very thoughts of the other. They are

devouring Plutarch, which they had no time to read at Louis Le Grand, and when alone they recite Rousseau aloud. Our *curé* seems to look on them with suspicion as too free in their opinions, and much regrets that the bishop educated Robespierre, while they on the other hand make no secret of their contempt for all kinds of religion. It is their opinion, as I know from Ardine, for they never open the subject in my presence, that all forms of worship are soon to pass away, and that a great body of *savans* in different nations is about to unite in the overthrow of what they call superstition. One of these is an English gentleman of fortune living at Lausanne, who has been Protestant and Catholic, and is now convinced of the falsehood of both. He is writing a history which he thinks will prove this in a popular manner. Another is a Scotchman, who has twice visited Paris and been received with great attention and honor. He, too, has written with great power against all religions. They say his name is Hume,[1] and the other is Monsieur Gibbon. Their works have never been translated into French, and I hope they will not be, at least for my dear Ardine's sake. Meanwhile I tremble when I think of the troublous times which may come; perhaps not in my day, but what difference does that make when my dear children may suffer? I say children from habit, for though our dear Henri has been taken from us, Frêron is left,

[1] It appears from this that Hume's death was not known at the chateau.

and I always speak of them as they were, *my children* still. Frêron is only two years old, but is a large and very promising child, and we love him more since all our affection runs in one undivided channel. Henri has escaped the troubles of the world, but we hope that Frêron will live to master them, and to aid others in obtaining the victory.

Paris, June, 1789.—To some a visit to the Capital would be a pleasure, to me it is only a matter of necessity. To be separated from Ardine were too great a distress and I could not think of allowing him to remain in Paris alone. But aside from this there can be no attraction for me in this mighty stormy mass of humanity. How much I miss the quiet atmosphere of our rural home; but the noise and dust of city life, bad as they may be, are nothing compared with the social turmoil and distress which heaves the pulse of this vast metropolis. The States General has been convened and Ardine has taken his seat, for the first time to act as a counsellor in this hour of national trouble. The States General forms a grand and imposing body; the nobles arrayed in their splendid costume glittering with gold lace and badges of honor; the clergy in priestly garb, though with countenances which speak little of self-denial or even purity; and then the third estate, strong-faced young men in country dress and of unpolished manners, yet full of force and occasionally exhibiting a burst of fire. I felt my heart beat with new hope at the scene, and discerned in it the promise of future prosperity. It would seem

that an assembly so balanced in power, so rich in its ability, and so general in its representation, cannot but prove successful. And yet Ardine speaks of undercurrents which make adversely beneath this broad surface of promise. A contest for power has arisen, so he thinks, between the three estates, and this must, if true, delay and embarrass general action. Young Robespierre is a strong man in the third estate and is becoming the leading commoner, and Ardine himself feels the power of that body, as one which threatens to undermine or overtop the others—alas, why cannot harmony prevail at this juncture when so much depends upon unity, energy, and wisdom.

July.—The storm has fairly set in. Ardine now sees that the States General is a failure, and that other means if any, must avail to save the realm. The dissensions to which he referred have broken out, and now rage fiercely. The nobles, the clergy, and the commons are each jealous of the other. The first fear the loss of their privileges, the latter are strong for their alleged rights, and the clergy waver irresolute and halt at the decisive point. Alas, they are not the only halters; the nobles are devoured by petty jealousies, and fail to act with united force. Ardine seems fearfully shaken at times, in view of the darkening sky. In addition to these dangers the impending war clouds frighten us, and the recent storms have so destroyed the crops throughout the country, that a famine may add its horrors to those which already threaten.

August. Questions now convulse the States General

until it seems in the agonies of dissolution. The king and queen appear pale and disconcerted, though not a jot of luxury and riot is abated in the court. Versailles continues the scene of gaudy *fêtes* and gorgeous revelry, to an extent almost equal to that of Louis XV. Madame Pompadour might feel at home again were she to arise from her grave. Ardine now sees that such concessions will be demanded by the popular voice as will astound the court and the nobility. A deep ferment has seized the public mind, arising from the recent war in America and the independence which followed. Robespierre makes thrilling speeches, but yet so carefully words his thoughts, that it is rather what he hints at than what he says, which excites our fears. Ardine openly admits that the nobles have not the power to hold out against the popular current, while as for the clergy, their strength has been consumed by the growing skepticism of the day. They cannot stand against the bitter and piercing sarcasm of the journalists and orators. Of the three estates, two must unite to form a strong party, at the sacrifice of the other, for the three cannot coexist. Some of the nobles seem tempted to join their destiny with the third estate, and thus save themselves by exercising a conservative influence, and preventing a radical change. Even Ardine himself with all his pride is debating the wisdom of such a course.

Indications of coming turbulence are shown in the boldness and even audacity with which insurrectionary

songs are uttered, and the very boys seem to delight in vociferating them in the ears of the *noblesse.* I heard this morning quite a small lad singing the old pasquinade on the Royal family, which has of late become very popular.

"*Le grand pere est un fanfaron,*
Le fils un imbecile;
Le petit fils un grand poltron,
Oh, la belle famille!"

October 5.—The women marched to Versailles to day demanding bread. Twelve thousand, of almost all ages, in rags, and barefoot, with countenances charged with wrath. They will not return as hungry as they went.

Yesterday De Ruyere called and spent an hour. He has already joined the popular party, but although our kinsman gave us no notice of it. As one of the upper classes, this excites a sense of deeper danger. They say Clermont Tonnêrre is also inclined to go over on the first test vote. Ardine stands in sad uncertainty, and what is worse has no religious faith to aid him. He has confessed to me his utter contempt for the church and its doctrines, and now reads and hears nothing but the new opinions of the day. My sojourn in Paris has been a time of sorrow, and sorrow has brought me to a sense of the importance of divine things. Last week under guidance of our director, Abbé Dugard, I did penance for past neglects by fasting on my knees in the church of St. Eustache, and then recited the office of the Virgin, and was aspurged

by the priest. The latter spoke encouragingly of my piety, for it is now a rare thing to see any one enter a church for worship. The next day Bishop Gobel gave the mass to a few ladies of the *noblesse* and I communicated. His office is becoming less important since many of the churches are closed, and the priests lack for bread. A few days ago I met a group of the Jacobin monks, whose starved appearance indicated a more than common lent, and I am told they are in great want. Some of the rude youth who loitered in the street mocked these good men, and others hooted them from behind the corners. How strange would this have sounded in the palmy days of the church?

As a relief to these heavy thoughts, I attended the wedding of young Camille Desmoulins, who is now one of the foremost of the popular party. Ardine and myself were the only ones of the *noblesse* who were present—the rest being all of the new measure men. I had an opportunity to scan their countenances closely. Some were of bright joyous expression like Baron Cloots; others like Hébert were dark, and gloomy, and repelling. Robespierre was sunny as usual, with a soft half playful manner, and a serenity which was so deep that it might conceal anything. I had some conversation with him, but soon turned away to gaze on the haggard form of Doctor Marat the Swiss physician of whom so much is said. There is a wild scowl on his brow which caused me to recoil almost with horror. The bride, Lucille Duplessis, was simply and sweetly attired, for although of good family, these peo-

ple now affect a style so plain as to condemn the luxury of the court and nobility.

When the service was over an entertainment was had and we retired. It is said that after our departure some toasts were drank, so revolutionary in their tendencies as to astonish the boldest. Time was when such a feast would have been rewarded by a *lettre de cachet*, and half a life-time in the Bastile, but those were days of too great severity, and I am glad they are passed.

Aug. 11, 1792.—The King has fallen!

Aug. 12.—The King has fallen! Yesterday I penned these awful words, and could add no more. O memorable tenth of August which beheld the calamity! The night of battle, the glare of torches, the booming of cannon, and the report of slaughter, these have almost stupified me. The worst of woes has culminated in this assault on the Tuilleries, and the weak but aimable Louis is now a prisoner in the hands of a brutish and implacable people. Had he possessed but half the heart of those Swiss guards who perished in his defence he would still have been King. For two years this crisis has been approaching. During that time I have watched the progress of revolution with too much pain to attempt its record in these pages. The scenes of the past week are enough to fill a volume, and they came with terrific power on one who had just recovered from a sick bed. But more important than the vicissitudes of a monarch is the salvation of the soul. During my past illness conscience has

MONUMENT TO THE SWISS GUARDS (*vide page 30 and also 163*).

been busy, and my thoughts have turned from earth to the grander affairs of Eternity.

Peace with God I sought, and sought in vain; our spiritual father the abbé administered the Sacrament, but though I received at his hands the mysterious wafer which contained the Son of God, yet still it failed to speak peace, for guilt lay at my door. It was this boon which litanies and prayers addressed to Saints and Angels were to procure, and still failed. At one time when life was despaired of, extreme unction was applied and the viaticum was complete. Yet in that awful hour when eternity yawned before me, peace refused its bliss to my wretched heart. Oh, had I then left the world for the dark and terrible ordeal of purgatory, would the prayers of priests, or even those of bishops have availed for the relief of one cast so far away as I should have been in the regions of purifying agony? There is a something in the heart's recesses which it is impossible to describe; it is rather a void than a reality; it is what is not, rather than what is, and this cries out for a more efficacious balm than the church has yet revealed to me. Was this religion which I profess, that which sustained confessors and martyrs? Did forms, and penances, give overcoming power to holy men of old, and enable women and even children to endure the fires of persecution. Ardine has abandoned the church as no longer worthy of confidence, and I who have so long clung to her as to a mother, may yet be forced to look elsewhere for rest. It is an hour of fearful darkness, and I need

the strongest consolation. The King has fallen—an earthquake has opened at my feet; all about me is confused horror. With the fall of the King comes the fall of the *noblesse*, confiscation, poverty, and perhaps banishment or death. Whither shall I fly for consolation? where am I to find support in the hour of trial? True, there are the words which I have heard at Vespers which have a sound of comfort, "*Deus adjuva me; adjutor meus et liberator meus es tu Domine, ne moreris*," but these are for the faithful, not for such as I who have wandered so far from duty, and who feel the conscience burdened by sin. It is only those who are "*innocens manibus et mundo corde*," of whom it is said, "*hic accipiet benedictionem a Domino, et misercordiam a Deo salutari suo.*" No! to one like me is only left penance; incessant suffering to expiate sin, and then sin to follow expiation in hopeless repetition. Such at least is the teaching of the church. Alas! how much I need a faith which shall sustain and comfort this tempest-tost soul. And yet perhaps the church may be right, and after I shall have reached a higher degree of purity and sanctity by mortification and penance, I may attain that peace which I so earnestly crave. I ask not for the ecstasy of which some have boasted, but simply for rest, even though it be the *implora pace* pronounced as the benediction over the sainted dead. Oh, it almost seems that death, bitter as it may be to some, has its sweets as the gate of rest, and those words often pass through my mind like a voice whispered from the

grave, "*Requiem eternam, dona ei Domine, et lux perpetua luceat in eo; requiescat in pace, Amen.*"

Aug. 14—La Madeuse has just made me a call and her departure renders me quite melancholy. There is something cheering in that face, though changed by the years that have intervened since we parted. Then I was a girl just growing up, and still clung to one who was dear to me as the nurse of my infancy, and the guardian of my childhood. Since then she has been home in Switzerland, and has only come to Paris to see her son Valdek who enlisted in the guard. That guard, alas, is now slain—slain while defending the Tuilleries: dying like heroes on the field of duty, and perhaps of fame! Among them Valdek also has fallen, and all that is left of him lies in that trench of the Madeleine which contains the dead of the tenth of August. I could not but be surprised at the sweet serenity which overspread her face, notwithstanding this loss, so severe and so irreparable. Her mind seemed to rest on the will of God which had required her son. Dear as he was, she had resigned him to the giver, and rejoiced to be able to sacrifice the dearest object of her affections to the ever blessed God. I was the more surprised at this, since it was so different from the stern and forced endurance which our church enjoins, and which leads one to almost hate the deity whose will makes such demands upon us. We submit and become hardened: La Madeuse submits and weeps, but finds a peace filling her heart, and a joy which as she says passes knowledge. Poor woman, lonely and

aged, blessed be that source from which you draw true joy! Would that I, on whom no such crushing misfortune has laid its hand, could share it. How remarkable it is that a heretic should possess such an advantage over one of the true faith. La Madeuse, strange to say, expresses sympathy for me. As one of the descendants of the old Huguenots, she makes her boast of that faith in which they lived and died, and speaks of a vital power abiding in her soul as the great proof that she is correct. The Christ whom we regard as the fearful deity, who having all power in his hands, is using it for the destruction of his enemies, she views as one who is true as a friend and near as love can wish, and whose power is pledged in behalf of his people. His redeeming love and his sacrificial death have made all things sure in her behalf, and a view of what she calls covenant blessings, as including all things, and even what we call misfortunes, gives a strong tone to her feelings. She loves to sing old hymns, and I recall those sweet ditties with which she soothed me to rest, such as,

"Aimons chrétiens avec ardeur
Jésus notre divin Sauveur."

or this

"Voici Seigneur cette brebis errante."

Besides this, she is full of quotations from the Scriptures. The Bible which we see so little of, she has in strange familiarity, and that which I only hear when the Missal is read in church, she brings out as the rule of her daily life.

To us that book is forbidden, as containing mysteries too deep for the common mind, and hence liable to lead one into error, but in her hands it is full of power, and guides as she says, into all truth. The words of Christ indeed appear sweet, and have a soothing influence upon me, but then one must obey the voice of the church, and that forbids the book. La Madeuse and I agree on one point, namely, to regret the present flood of infidelity, but then again we disagree as to its cause. I fully think with Abbé Dugard that it is owing to the spirit of enquiry, which controls the present age, and which leads it into all manner of vagaries; but she on the other hand thinks that it arises from the persecution of the Huguenots in former days, and the destruction of their churches. The result has been a general breaking down of piety, and the power of unbelief holds the masses. "The priests have destroyed the true faith," says La Madeuse, "and the people now despise the priests, who have nothing to offer but jugglery, mummery, and empty forms." No one would dare say this to me but La Madeuse. I can overlook an error in her, because it is covered by the mantle of love; for although according to our church she is a heretic, still she is as dear to me as the most devout worshiper of our Lady. Yet ah, heretic though our priests might call her, how much I envy her that peace which like a river seems to fill her soul! She has lost all things, and yet abides in cheerful resignation, while I on the other hand am tossed by the tempest of conscience, and frightened by the shadows

which cover the future. Whichever way I turn I find no rest; conflicts meet me every hour, and the more I strive to quiet my conscience with the devotions and penances of our church, the greater I find my condemnation. How appropriate to such perturbations are the words of our ritual? "*De profundis clamavi ad te Domine. Domine exaudi vocem meam. Fiant aures tuæ intendentes in vocem deprecationis meæ,*" and how comforting were that promise if Faith could but lay hold upon it. "*Et ipse redimit Israel ex omnibus iniquitatibus.*" That faith I may yet enjoy through the intercession of the mother of God with her dear son.

January 21, 1793.—Monday. Paris is now a scene of violence. The King was condemned on Saturday, and yesterday evening Le Pelletier San Fargeau, one of those who voted for his death, was stabbed in a *café*, and thus precedes him to judgment.

January 23.—Affairs in Paris look no better. Indeed the general gloom seems gradually deepening. The death of the King lies upon us like a mountain of woe. Poor Louis! How little did I dream that my sovereign would die upon the scaffold? To make the contrast more striking, they brought him to the Place de Louis Quinze, the grandest square of the city and in sight of his own palace of the Tuilleries. They call it now *Place de la Révolution*, and they may well do so, since here the Revolution is doing its most fearful work. Last Monday from my window I saw the *cortège* pass, and discerned Louis in his coach; pale and exhausted as he appeared, he still seemed calm and self-

LOUIS XVI. GUILLOTINED JANUARY 21, 1793.

possessed; perhaps he hoped that death would close so long a series of troubles as he has endured. The King's blood has been shed in the name of Liberty, but will it end here? Will his death calm the storm that threatens us? Alas, I fear not!

January 25.—Yesterday, being Thursday, they buried Le Pelletier San Fargeau with great pomp; quite a contrast with the obsequies of the King, who was quietly interred in the Madeleine, immediately after his execution; his grave was twelve feet deep and was part filled with lime. They are determined thus to finish up royalty. He lies near those who perished in his defence, the noble Swiss guards, whose courage puts even a king to shame. The murdered deputy had a splendid funeral; dirges and draped banners, and muffled drums, and a multitude in procession, many bearing drawn swords. The corpse was borne naked to the waist, on a blood-stained couch, and the death wound in his side presented a ghastly appearance; I also noticed the bloody garments of the deceased borne on a pike. One of the most striking features in the affair, was the entire convention, marching in double columns; they numbered over seven hundred, led by Vergniaud, their president. The corpse was buried in the Pantheon, and perhaps in these troublous times many will envy his fate. We are all excitement, and I may add dread. Ardine says that the scene in the convention during the King's trial was one of terrific excitement, though a few seemed to bé calm; such a scene the Tuilleries never saw before. Only twenty-six majority against

him out of more than seven hundred votes. The Paris delegation went in mass for death; Calais voted for mercy; this is no doubt greatly owing to the influence of one of the deputies of that town, the Englishman Thomas Paine, who not only voted against death but made a speech, through his interpreter, on the question. The only foreigners in the convention voted against each other, Paine for mercy, and Cloots the Prussian for death. How strange, since we are taught to consider the English the bloodiest people on earth. Paine is said to be very talented, and to have assisted in the American Revolution. He has written several books, and they say he is now writing another to hasten the down fall of what they call "superstition." How strange to see him here, a foreigner, and one who can neither speak nor understand our language. I pity him in his loneliness, for he must be solitary indeed, and when I behold his tall form and half grey locks as he passes our street, I cannot but feel a deep sympathy. I owe him gratitude for his vote and would express my feelings, but we speak different tongues. He has excited a great deal of attention since he took his seat in the convention, being one of the oldest men in it. It was a marvel to think that a French town should send a foreigner to represent it. Could no one be found in all Calais to act as deputy, that they had to send to England for one? But perhaps this may be explained by the fact that they say the Revolution is not to be confined to our own country. After it has been accomplished in France it is to be extended

through all monarchies, and among others England is to be renovated. I am told that societies are already formed there in affiliation with the Jacobin club, and a correspondence is kept up constantly between them. As soon as England shall be ripe for the attempt, Paine is to return and to assist in the work of improvement. They have bold men there they say, but I hope that a higher wisdom controls them than man possesses, and in truth I have little confidence in their schemes, and my prayers ascend in favor of the good old religion of the church and the fathers.

In the midst of the troubles of the day and in the distress of my soul I find my only comfort in the home circle. Ardine is much away at his duties, but our little Frêron is with me all the time and is almost a companion. He reads quite well, and is clear in his perceptions, and plies me with many questions which I find hard to answer; for the inquisitiveness of childhood is often in advance of its comprehension. I feel all the importance of educating him properly, and making him as good a man as his father; not only because he is our sole child, but also for the reason that he is to keep up the name of our house, and to preserve the line founded by the chief of the Mayors of Paris nearly one thousand years ago—Heaven grant that he may live to honor his God and his country.

CHAPTER III.

The Way of Life.

The friendship which had thus been renewed between Zoe and her former nurse, assumed day after day a more spiritual aspect, and their conversation usually ranged above even the exciting scenes of that perilous time. As the devotional character of the former became more developed, and her interest in the subject of religion increased, she was glad to learn from La Madeuse that the worship of God was maintained in its purity by a faithful body, which met in secret. Zoe asked to be admitted to this circle of believers, for although one of her motives was curiosity, yet there was combined with it a sincere respect; and she was glad to learn that amid the darkness of the age, there were those who cherished what they supposed to be the truth. It was a moment never to be forgotten when La Madeuse led her foster child down the darkened stairway, and introduced her to the little band which awaited the opening of service. The entrance of the stranger was observed by all, and they at first seemed intent on reading her character; but the appearance of La Madeuse was a sufficient guaranty of worth. In a few moments the reverend form

of the pastor Beaupère was seen in the desk, and the hymn was given out, and sweetly sung, the pastor himself leading in this exercise.

The influence of the sacred melody on the new comer was very apparent, and the combined effect of both sentiment and song took hold upon her soul, until her bosom heaved with sympathy, and her eyes were filled with tears. As soon as the hymn was finished, a chapter of the gospel was read and prayer followed. To one who like Zoe had been accustomed to the tedious forms of the Romish church, there must have been a novelty, as well as pathos, in the simple petitions of the pastor, in which the wants both of soul and body were set forth with a childlike confidence. Not less touching was the discourse which followed. Its theme was the everlasting love which Jesus bears his people, as expressed in his sacerdotal prayer, in which their union is so strongly confirmed. After service an expression of simple affection appeared in the paternal grasp of the hand, which all sought of the pastor; and thus among others Zoe received what appeared to be a silent benediction, and La Madeuse and her companion moved thoughtfully away.

Thus far the meetings of the little body had been undisturbed. Little dreamed the bishop of Paris, that while his office decayed, and his influence waned, the faith which his false church tried to destroy abode in purity and power almost beneath the shadow of his own cathedral. Little thought the factions that shook the city with their bloody schemes, and hurled defiance

at the living God, that beneath the shell of hardened unbelief, there burned a fire of undying power, fed by God's eternal love. From that day Zoe became a regular attendant of the church de la Foi (as it was called), and the discourses of the pastor Beaupère were well adapted to one so shaken and distressed as she. The sweet simplicity of the gospel had a soothing influence on her soul, and seemed like oil poured upon troubled waters.

It was not without a struggle however that Zoe forsook the religion of her childhood. She had been early taught to receive its absurdities, and she still felt a secret clinging to them; especially the fascinating worship of Mary, to which for want of something better she had been much devoted. But she was now a seeker for the truth, and it was a conviction that they were utterly false, that led her to finally renounce them. She could no longer pray to Mary when she found in Jesus a living way to the Father. Another attraction was the habit of adoring the sacrament, as the body and blood of Jesus, and there was a strange pleasure in having a miracle performed for her benefit on such occasions; but now, as her eyes were opened to spiritual worship, she shrunk from so gross an idea as that of eating Christ, and the eternal character of his sacrifice took the place of what she had been taught to call the mystery of the real presence. But the most beautiful feature in her new experience was the relief of a burdened conscience. That peace which she had so long sought through the dead forms of Romanism

she now found in the finished work of Christ, and she saw the truth of those words "*ye are complete in him.*" Thus she learned that they who believe "do enter into rest," and the load of sin rolled away as she viewed the fullness of the Saviour. The love which prompted his death hovered dove-like over her soul, and drove away the doubts and fears which once like ravens fed upon the corruptions of the heart, and a confidence in the love of God, reconciled through the death of his Son, expelled slavish dread. The rapidity of her progress may be explained by the fact that she had been for months preparing by the work of conscience to grasp at gospel truths. The law had long been exercising its power as a school master to bring her to Christ, and now as the full view of one who came to seek and to save those that were lost, broke upon her she hastened to embrace his name. Notwithstanding the hesitation which often embarrasses the enquirer, and which she felt to no small degree, she soon united with the body of Christ by a profession of her faith, and was admitted to the ordinance of the Lord's supper. She was much impressed by the difference between the formal reception of the wafer, while the priest drank the wine, to which she had been accustomed, and the social yet solemn and touching distribution of bread broken to set forth a body broken on the tree, and the cup shared by all, as the emblem of atoning blood.

Zoe now found her soul knit to the humble band of which she formed a part, and her former associations

of high rank lost their power in the attractions of Christian love. There was a sweetness in their countenances which won her affections, and she was on one occasion deeply impressed by the appearance of an old man, who in perfect blindness sat at her side supported by his daughter; his hoary head was bowed with age, and yet there was a peace and a joy which irradiated that countenance, and gave it a charm, that hid the ravages of time in the glow of heavenly love.

The famine which was then prevailing in Paris caused much distress and still greater forebodings. It was however the confidence of father Beaupère that God's people "*would be hid in the day of his anger*," and that the words of the Psalmist would be made sure to them, "*they shall not be ashamed in the evil time and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.*" Hence he encouraged his people to acts of faith, and the spirit which pervaded them was breathed from the assurance that all things work together for good, to those who love God. It was amid great depths of poverty and distress that this truth was taught, but the lesson was heavenly in its fruits, and the work of faith and patience went on daily. Zoe was too full of the joy of true piety to omit its mention to her husband, and she pressed him to accompany her to their worship; but while Ardine was pleased to have his wife enjoy her new faith, he found ready excuses for declining the invitation. Business of a public nature must always take lead of private interests, and this was a sufficient reason why his wife went alone, save when her little boy accompanied her.

CHAPTER IV.

The Secrets of Revolutionary Patriotism.

There could be no doubt that De Ruyere had something more than mere political advancement in those schemes which now swarmed his brain. It was not alone for the possession of power, that he, a branch of the *noblesse*, had embraced the Mountain,[1] with all the zeal of a new partizan. Any one of penetration could realize the evanescent nature of that rule which was now held over France. The government was in the hands of a convention, six of whom,[2] under the name of committee of public safety, held despotic power. They were sending daily to the axe whoever they might choose, in order to strike terror to the masses, while thousands of suspected, but innocent citizens were languishing in the Paris jails. It was absurd to consider such a government permanent.

But back of the convention there was another power, which could make itself felt with tremendous force. This was the Jacobin club, an institution whose name

[1] The Mountain was the Robespierrean party in the convention, so called from its lofty seats. They were the mortal foes of the Girondins.

[2] These six were Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, Barrère, Collot D'Herbois, and Billaud Varennes.

arose from a fortuitous incident. The infidel circles of Paris, being in need of a place of meeting, took possession of the convent once used by the monks of St. James,[1] and from the edifice derived the name. Hence the society gathered within these walls was known as the Jacobin club. The grand idea of this notorious body was Liberty; but they had no idea of the liberty of truth, and rather demanded a freedom divested of all religious influences and shorn of all spiritual power. Their scheme of dethroning tyrants was a fascinating one, but it was overshadowed by their wish to abolish the idea of the Deity, at least as he is set forth in the scriptures.

Whatever might be the power of the convention in national matters, it was evident that the club ruled the city of Paris, through the strength of the lower classes or *sans culottes*, while its auxiliary societies, formed in most of the rural towns, gave it a vastly extended influence. It was therefore evident that the destinies of France were largely, if not wholly, controlled by the demagogue leaders of the masses, who would use their power for selfish ends. Should any one dislike their administration, it might be supposed that privilege of withdrawal would be permitted. But so far from this, emigration was punishable with death, and passports from Paris could only be obtained through a high order of influence and with great difficulty. Thus the motive which after all led him to the Mountain was the hope of escape from a rule which was fast falling to anarchy,

[1] In the Latin *Jacobus*.

and it was his plan when he had secured a sufficient amount of wealth, to forsake Paris for some place of safety. To this end he had obtained a passport and was now only waiting to accumulate a fortune, and intended then to improve the first opportunity of flight.

Such then were the motives which constrained Bruno De Ruyere to fraternize with a faction toward which he held an innate antagonism. The last public debate he had attended was one of unusual bitterness, Robespierre had spoken with an asperity which strangely contrasted with his usually placid style. Danton had followed him with terrific vehemence, and fierce threats had flashed like lightning from the right to the left of the president's chair, on either side of which the Mountain and the Girondins were arrayed. The violence of the proceedings threatened a dissolution of the convention, and the approach of political chaos. Marat, filthy and abusive, had been cheered by his party as he execrated the president[1] in the most infamous terms, while the latter announced that "if Paris interfered against the convention's dignity, it would be annihilated by the outraged nation. All France would

[1] This man, who so heroically resisted the encroachment of a Paris mob on the convention, was Isnard the Girondin. He was afterward guillotined by the Mountain for this very act of official self defence. He appears to have been one of the few who had a true idea of liberty. "It does not" says he "consist in words or emblems, and tyranny is not less tyranny, whether seated on a throne or at the head of a club, whether crowned in splendor, or mere sans culotte."—*Moniteur, for June*, 1793.

demand exemplary vengeance, and *they would yet seek on the banks of the Seine whether Paris ever existed.*"

At this time of convulsion De Ruyere left his seat, and girding himself with his sash, strode down the broad avenue in front of the Tuilleries, and then turning the corner passed Rue St. Honoré and moved rapidly down an alley which terminated in a *cul de sac.* Here pausing in front of a dilapidated building, he seemed lost in reverie, as though debating what course to take. The street door bore the name of *Turbine, medecin,* done on a faded and mouldering plate, and the house was in itself a study. It was one of those buildings whose date is unknown, lost in the misty past of a city whose early history is half fable, and stood drooping with very age, the windows barred up, the lintels sunk, the masonry cracked and pitching heavily to the side. What could the elegant and courtly De Ruyere want in that abode of desolation? He soon broke from his reverie, and without waiting even to knock, opened the door and entered the drooping hall. There his course was stopped by another door of thick oaken panels, against which he struck heavily with his cane. In a few moments the undoing of an iron bar was heard, and a chain rattled on the inside, after which the door opened a chink, and an eye from within scanned the visitor's form. It was a wizened countenance on which that eye had a place, thin, streaked with pale and brown, and haggard, restless and painful, in expression. It recognized the visitor, yet hardly uttered welcome, simply drawling out the words—

"Deputy De Ruyere I see—come in if you wish, but be quick. Thieves would like to enter this door as well as honest men."

"Citizen Turbine," exclaimed De Ruyere, "I have no time to waste in words, I am here on business — I must have relief, the rate I care not for, if sufficient credit be given."

He spoke, but no answer was returned; the wizened old man sat as one in a dream, and the anxious eye which watched him, turned not away even for a moment. At last a few words were heard in reply.

"I have sat beside this table fifty-seven years—fifty-seven years, to labor for others, yes, to work for others; this is all I am good for, to work for others—fifty-seven years!—Monsieur—I mean Citizen De Ruyere, would you be willing to live so long and labor for others, as I have done?"

Without waiting for an answer, the old man continued in half soliloquy: "You are a young man, and you do not know what you ask. Others have sat just where you do, and asked, and asked in vain. Why do people come to me for money? who is poorer to live? I tell them, why not go to the palace, to the gentry, to the *noblesse*, to men who own the old estates, for gold; but no, they come to me; all come to me. Is Doctor Turbine a Crœsus; are they all mad?" A pause, and then the miser continued. "Fifty seven years! I have seen a world of strange things in that time, and the strangest is that they come to a poor old man for help. Who sends them here? Look at this room! does this

look like wealth? Fifty-seven years! Ah, three generations of the great and the lordly have sat in that very chair you occupy. Fathers and sons have sat there, on the same errand, before me, a poor old man. What possesses them to come here?"

There was another pause which De Ruyere knew well not to break. "On that seat I once saw the Duke d'Orleans, *Egalité*, you call him. Well; on that seat he asked for gold: fool that he was, to think that I had any. Even Monsieur Neckar has sat there, and told me the kingdom shook in the hands of men like me. Yes, Neckar has sat there on such an errand as yours, and what more could I do for you than for him, who ruled the finances of my king? Would God, I had money for you all! But ah, why do they all come to a poor old man, to vex his age with their needs,—their needs I say—and who has needs like mine—these fifty-seven years?"

"Well, Citizen Turbine, are you done?"

"Oh, this is the way in which I am addressed by all; to work for others and then be met with words like these; who is to be pitied like me?"

"Now citizen capitalist, you have done, and I am glad. I have heard all that before, you know; yes, over and over again, so that the time is wholly lost, and time, you know, is money. Now for the point, I must have ten thousand livres by to-morrow night, and to help you in the matter I will just ask your attention to the following trifle"—so saying he took from his pocket a roll headed "SUSPECTED LIST," and pointed

out a name which caused the miser to tremble, while De Ruyere continued: "To-day suspected, to-morrow night the arrest, next week the tribunal, and then a *tête-a-tête* with the friends in the tumbril, and five minutes in the Place de Revolution. Oh, Citizen Turbine, there are better things than a peep through 'the little window,' and I hope you will not make your toilet with the *national razor*,[1] they say it often shaves carelessly."

The usurer gave a convulsive sigh, "No peace, no peace!" he exclaimed, "why do I live to work for others, and to do good?"

"Friend," interrupted the deputy, "you are not dealing with a pirate, the loan which I ask is safe, and will soon be paid, meanwhile your name will be erased from this document by my influence, and another placed there, whose death ensures me wealth. From his estate you shall be paid: are you satisfied?"

Turbine said nothing, his eyes were fixed on the floor like one in a dream, his arms twitched, and an occasional sob heaved his chest, and shook the tattered robe which covered it. It was a strange spectacle, that darkened chamber, cold, cheerless, dank and dreary, with its cobwebs, its mouldering walls, its broken furniture, its flockbed, and in its centre the horror-stricken money lender and his relentless pursuer.

[1] *La razoire nationale*, a pet term for the guillotine. "*The little window*" was a similar one.

At last a few words were uttered, and De Ruyere hastily put on his chapeau and withdrew. "To-morrow night, did he say? then to-morrow night it shall be. Ten thousand livres is too little. Barrêre would have got three times as much."

NOTE. — Barrère, to whom reference is made above, was one of the most infamous creatures that disgrace the pages of history. He was a prominent and bloody Jacobin, and was connecte with the darkest scenes in the Reign of Terror. He was a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and proposed the most horrible measures — one of which was the utter destruction of the city of Lyons. He was the prime mover in the execution of the queen, and to him, rather than Robespierre, this outrage is to be charged. He trifled with the victims of the axe to that degree that he was called "the Anacreon of the guillotine." Quite strangely he escaped the retribution which fell on Robespierre and other leaders, and was one of the three members of the Committee of Public Safety who did not reach the guillotine. He died in Paris in 1841, aged eighty-six. It has been suggested that the character of De Ruyere, in this volume is in many respects a counterpart of Barrêre, with the exception of his sanguinary end.

NOTE. — The assassination of Le Pelletier San Fargeau was the first violent death among the ranks of the Convention, and caused an intense excitement. The funeral was the most remarkable one ever seen (up to this time), in Paris. The Convention marched together on this occasion, which was its last act of harmony. The dissension between the Girondins and the Mountain commenced after the king's death, and the former were guillotined before the year had expired.

CHAPTER V.

Home Scenes in the Reign of Terror.

Trine de la Cour sat by the window between whose lattices the eye could catch a glimpse of the jessamine, and other flowers, which filled her tiny garden. Those flowers had been her earliest care. She had watched the flight of winter before the sweet breath of spring, that she might place them in their beds, and now that they were in full bloom, she was wont to breathe to them a parting kiss each day before leaving home. There was a sad thought in the heart of Trine de la Cour, which was in striking contrast with the beauty that smiled back upon her, as she looked on the little parterres. It was *Décadi*, the festival sabbath which the convention had ordained in place of the Lord's day. All Paris seemed filled with gaiety, though there were no doubt many hearts besides hers that grieved at the sight. The convention had adjourned. The guillotine was unemployed, and no jostling crowd followed the *fournée* down Rue St. Honoré to the Place de la Revolution. Paris was endeavoring to be gay, for this the law demanded; and all who failed in patriotic bliss were liable to suspicion of *incivisme*. Some bore the aspect of sorrow, notwithstanding, but others might have felt a levity like the excitement of success-

ful crime or the wild mirth that marks the first stage of madness before the fiercer frenzy seizes its victim. Paris was required to be merry because there was no God. Thus said the rulers, and the masses followed their voice. The people is God and Reason is God, and Reason and the people are one, and therefore the only object of worship. "Let us rejoice over this" said the rulers, and the people said amen, and asked for a *fête* day to rejoice in. That *fête* day was the *Décadi*, and the masses were making the most out of their constrained and unnatural merriment. The markets were rife with trade, and many flower girls were selling chaplets, but Trine de la Cour was not one of their number. At home she sat, wrapped in sober thought. How strange it sometimes appeared, that the flowers would still bloom at that time of withering passion, and fierce hate, and ceaseless bloodshed, and bold heaven-defying infidelity? Was it because the pansy and the fuchsia believed in God, and looked up to him for protection, and reflected back their creator's smile, that they lived joyfully on, while whatever was good in man was dwarfed, and society became stunted, and the grotesque and the horrible alternated in the features of mankind?

Thus Trine might have thought, as she marked the contrast between the beauty of nature, and the hideous aspect of cruelty and barbarism which she met on every side. It was *Décadi*, the festival of atheism,[1] and

[1] The new order of things attempted in the Revolution, included a change in the division of time. The year was divided into thirty-six

hence she shrank from the sight of its amusements. To one like her it never could fill the place of the holy sabbath, cherished and honored from childhood, as a day of worship and of rest. So far from engaging in this *fête*, she shuddered at its substitution for the LORD'S DAY. Twice she had been out to observe its deeds and scenes, and to mark the lesson it taught. She had walked down as far as the Carrousel, and seen the strolling crowds that wandered in search of amusement like lost children seeking flowers by the brink of a precipice. She had seen the bedizened *cafés*, the military reviews, and the theatres doubly decorated; and she had also seen the showy processions bearing the symbols of youth, maternity, age, industry, and the arts, which traversed the streets, followed by idlers and children; but these and all of the other strange things of that Godless age, had only sickened one who revered the sabbath of the Christian.

Home was the fitting place for Trine de la Cour on such a day as this, and having finished her morning's work, she sat down by the window reading aloud to an old man, who reclined in a large wooden chair. "That will do my daughter, for Saurin, now take the Bible and read me a few verses out of my favorite chapter, toward the last." The girl opened a large, well-worn copy of the scriptures and began with the words[1]

decades (ten days each), and the addititional five days were called *Sans Culottides*. Every tenth day (décadi) was a fête day. In this manner the Sabbath was blotted out, and with it the remembrance of Christianity.

[1] Romans, 8th chapter. The scripture extracts in this volume are

"*Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered.*" The voice fell gently upon his ear, and the old man leaned forward grasping the chair with both hands to catch each accent. At last the reader came to the closing verses: "*For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.*"

"There!" he exclaimed, "there I found rest near forty years ago, the year that Damien suffered. Yes, rest was found there after so long a conflict with the new notions of the day, and there I have anchored ever since. Our fathers were tried by the sword, but they knew not the power of such doubts as now fill the world. Thank God, that blind though I am, my eyes are not sealed to the wonders of grace. 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth.' I have seen many strange things," continued he, "but I little thought our country would ever come to this; a *décadi* set up instead of the Sabbath; but God hears us even in a *décadi*, my child, and here even in Paris we have a little sanctuary and a daily ministration. How comforting in my blindness to think that the eye that keepeth Israel, neither slumbers, nor sleeps. 'He

given from the accepted English version instead of the French Bible.

knoweth the way that I take, and when he hath tried me, I shall come forth like gold.'"

"Yes, father," was the reply, "I know these things are true. I do not feel lost as I did after mother died. At first I mourned as though all was gone forever, and I could hardly bear to live for sorrow, but now every thing seems different. I see God walking amid clouds, and hear his voice in the storm. 'He doeth great things and past finding out,' as the Bible says, but great as he is, he is the God of the flowers also, and I often think of myself as a little flower dwelling in his love, as the asters do in the sunshine. I feel consoled for mother too, for while we enjoy a little, she beholds the fullness of God's glory."

"Your mother was taken from evil to come," replied the old man, "she could hardly have borne our present troubles. I am glad she sees them not. It is an awful sight, when God permits man to execute judgment on himself. Yet days like these were not unexpected by her, or by any of our faith. All of our people have felt since the persecutions which our fathers endured, that a day of solemn reckoning would follow, and it has come, sudden as an earthquake. I cannot wonder at the streams of blood which are now seen in Paris, when I remember that these very streets beheld the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day. Yes, in these very streets," exclaimed the old man, rising to his feet and resting on his staff, "the blood of God's people was poured out as an offering to popish wrath, and there its stain has remained for two hundred years, crying out

like that of Abel. How often have I stood by St. Germain l'Auxerois, and thought of the signal which sounded from its tower, and which was answered by the tocsin of the Hotel de Ville, calling for the slaughter of the saints, and I have lived to hear that very bell answered by the same tocsin on the tenth of August. Paris then saw the Bourbon share the same fate which that false house once meted out to our fathers; it was for that house the old Huguenots fought, to place it on the throne, and then it betrayed them to their worst foes and gave their blood to fill up the cup of wrath. Oh, it seems as though I could endure blindness, so long as I am permitted to see the deep things of God. When I heard last fall of the sad fate of the Carmelite monks who were slaughtered by the mob in the attack on the prisons, I could not but recall the words of the Bible: 'Surely I have seen yesterday the blood of Naboth, and the blood of his sons, and I will requite thee on this plot saith the Lord.' Thus has it been done in Paris even as it was in Jerusalem."

"But you know, father, we are commanded to forgive," said Trine.

"True, daughter," was the reply, "and you also know that revenge was never encouraged, or even entertained by our people, but God, while he forbids us from taking vengeance, is still a God of justice and always redresses the wrongs of his saints. He calls us to patience and endurance, but does he not also say, 'Wait upon me until I rise up to the prey?' Thus has he always in due time vindicated his people's cause."

"Dear father," replied Trine, "these things are too true, but may not we, who live to behold the end of this episode be disquieted for ourselves, since the just and unjust sometimes suffer together?"

"No," replied the old man, "I have no fears for myself, nor for you, even in this hour of indignation. We are in the hands of a covenant God, and one who doeth all things well. These times teach us his forbearance, and also the certainty of his retributive justice, but let us also remember the promise, the righteous shall be hid in the day of his anger."

"Yes, father," said Trine, "those you know are the words that pastor Beaupère so often uses since these troubles came, but let us turn from so painful a subject;—walk with me into our little garden; the flowers are blooming, and though you cannot see their beauty, you can enjoy their fragrance." Leaning on her arm for support, the old man moved gently on. It was an accustomed walk, and his feet trod safely among the tiny parterres. The perfume rose on the balmy atmosphere and seemed to cheer his spirit like fragrance breathed from heaven.

"It is enough, my child," said he in a few moments, "I walk with you, as once I walked with your mother on this very spot. Then you were a little flower cultured by us both, and struggling with early forms of evil: now you are blooming in loveliness, to cheer me in my age like the fuchsias and verbenas, that cheer us at the verge of winter. Thank God that I have lived until you are past all danger."

Alas, thought Trine, how little does he know what danger may yet beset my path, or through what new trials, we are to be made perfect. This idea was prompted by a signal from behind the hedge which separated the adjoining garden, and conducting the old man to the house, she approached the spot with an expression of anxiety and pain.

"What Dorival! I thought I had bidden you a final farewell."

"Love knows no such word as final."

"Dorival! speak to me no more of love; were I able to accept your addresses, still a gulf separates us wide as the universe, I am a Christian and you—"

"An atheist, a worshiper of Reason—a follower of Robespierre, a Hébertist, a member of the Jacobin club. But atheist though I be, am I not a man? have I not a heart? and does not that heart beat only for you? O dearest, for this cause I sought you again; although rejected, I sought you once more, driven by that passion which I cannot master. I tell you those eyes, and that voice haunt me. Even when I stand at the Tribunal and urge on the doom of the *fournée*, they are with me; they pursue me through the swelling throng, and to the scaffold's side, where even the hot blood of the great and noble cannot drown them. Oh Trine, stern and merciless though I seem, I am weak enough to be the slave of a passion that boyhood may laugh at. Yes! behold me, Dorival, the implacable, the terror of thousands, sueing for the Huguenot market girl. Trine, I love you, therefore speak, oh speak but one word of consent."

"Dorival! I cannot;—it is impossible! Ah why pursue this shadow of bliss? Again I say, love, even did I reciprocate your feelings, could not overleap the chasm which separates us. Go, forget the poor flower girl! Go—wed one of the bright-eyed daughters of the Mountain, with whom you hold unity of mind. In mercy leave me to my humble lot—let me hide in my little nest."

"Trine I am frenzied—I feel that here I am but a madman, I know not what I say or do;—therefore beware how you try the passions which rage within this burning soul. Think for a moment that both your house and sect are in my power; and have I not kept the hand of the law from each, merely for your sake?—Yes; it is I that have stood between you and a home in the Luxembourg."

"Dorival! once more I say farewell, and this must be the last."

"Then farewell! if it be so, but with that farewell you have cast off the protector of your house, in this day of blood."

A few hasty steps were heard along the path, amid whose rustling he failed to catch those words uttered in the sweet simplicity of childlike faith.

"Then God shall be my guardian. 'The angel of the Lord encampeth about them that fear him, and delivereth them. As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so is the Lord around about his people, hence forth and forever.'"

CHAPTER VI.

Varzelles, the Juror.

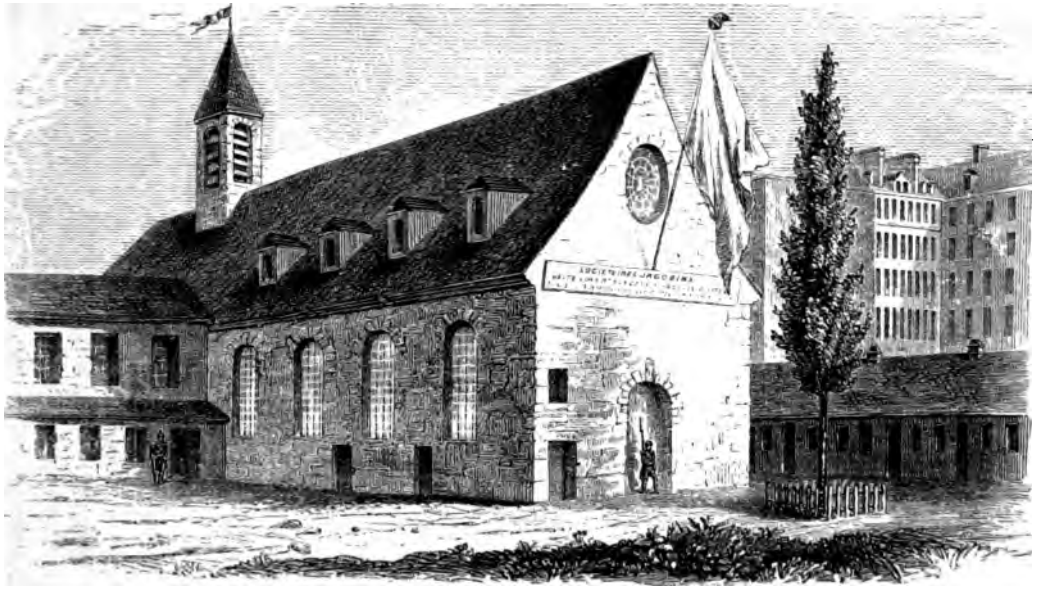
It is evident that Varzelles was born for his station. Indeed one can hardly imagine how so important a place could have been attained, had it not been a matter of destiny. Varzelles had gone through a number of preparatory schools, any of which a revolutionary juror might have been proud of; but notwithstanding these, there must have been a discernment of higher power through which he reached his appropriate sphere in the jury box of the Tribunal. To satisfy curiosity with respect to the character of those schools, we may state that his first scene in active life was that of a *chiffonier*, or rag picker, whereby he acquired a general knowledge of the streets and sewers of Paris, and was also a well tried experiment as to the amount of filth which one may carry on his person, and still maintain existence. From the hook and basket of the *chiffonier*, he passed into the ownership of a meat cart in the Faubourg St. Denis, where he found ready sale for the offal which he gathered at the slaughter houses. In the attack on the Tuilleries, Varzelles bore as conspicuous a part as was consistent with personal safety, and on the sacking of the Palace his patriotic zeal led

him to save sufficient plunder to subsist himself for several months. During this interval he attended the meetings of the different sections, wearing the red cap of liberty, and as he could sing the *Ca ira*, and the *Marsellaise*, and shout "*a bas la tyrannie*," he was considered a good *sans culotte*. By this public life he obtained the notice of Fouquier Tinville, who placed him in the service of the Tribunal. From this train of events it is evident that Varzelles was a child of destiny. Nor was the change a bad one in any point of view; the pay was eighteen francs per diem, which was the rate received by the convention, with plenty of time to sleep, since one was only required to be awake when the verdict was rendered. Beside this, the *Palais de Justice* was a far more comfortable place than the sewers, or even streets of Paris, and here he could meet many of his former associates, some as spectators, and some as fellow jurors. He became thoroughly convinced of the greatness of the public accuser or prosecuting attorney, Antoine Quentin Fouquier Tinville, commonly known by the two last names, who never failed of success in obtaining a verdict; next to him he ranked Citizen Herman, the president of the tribunal, who always pronounced sentence, and these two were in his opinion the greatest men in the world. Among other patriotic services which Varzelles had performed, might have been reckoned the verdict rendered against the Girondins, in which his voice was heard. He had also uttered "guilty" on the trial of "the Austrian," as the unfortunate Marie Antoinette

was called. He had also by the same word aided to dispose of hundreds of men, women, and children,[1] both of nobles and plebians, and still thought his work was not done. When any lull occurred in his labors at the Tribunal, he repaired at once to the Jacobin club where he met his rabble acquaintance. Here he was sometimes noticed by Hébert, Chaumette, Camille Desmoulins, Anacharsis Cloots and other leaders, whom he afterwards met as culprits at the Tribunal and whom he greeted with the stereotyped verdict.

All revolutionary movements had their inception in the club, whence they were introduced into the convention, and forced through by the power of the Mountain. Those who were denounced in the club were sure of speedy arrest, and thus he often heard the names of those whom he should soon meet in the *fournée*. But his leisure moments at the club were few. It was a time of activity; about ten thousand persons were in prison, and the *fournées* crowded the way to death. And yet Varzelles never complained of his labors, and the fact that they sat so lightly upon him may be considered another proof that he was born for his office. He could try from ten to fifty culprits at once with perfect ease. No question could be too difficult for him to solve, no eloquence could pervert his steadfast view. Whatever may have been the age or sex of the parties, their guilt was readily ascer-

[1] Children were occasionally arraigned at the tribunal, but none under seventeen were sent to the guillotine, imprisonment being a sufficient punishment for their crimes.



THE JACOBIN CLUB-HOUSE, AS IT APPEARED DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR (*vide Appendix*).

"The club-house stood in the Rue St. Honoré, and as the *tumbrels* passed through the street, many of its unfortunate members could take a last look at the place where their ruin was plotted." Page 65.

tained by Varzelles and his astute associates. One word answered for all, and that word he could have uttered had he awoke in the moon. Such a man was Varzelles the juror, and of such material was the entire panel composed.

One of these, called *Dix Aôut*,[1] was also worthy of individual notice, especially as he had a decided advantage over Varzelles. This consisted in the fact that he was quite deaf, and hence was not easily disturbed by the confusion which sometimes occurred in court. But with this exception the latter was fully his equal.

[1] *Dix Aôut* (tenth of August). This man was clad in a dirty suit of cast-off apparel, and wore in court a greasy red cap. He was not only deaf, but exceeded the common *sans culottes* in filth and degradation. Hence his portrait was taken to illustrate the revolutionary tribunal. The subsequent fate of these men is referred to by Monchotte, page 19.

NOTE. — Having alluded to the Jacobin club house (to which further reference will be made in these pages) we may state a circumstance which adds to the interest which invests these scenes. The club house stood in the Rue St. Honoré, and as the *fournées* passed through this street on their way to execution, many of the unfortunate members of the club could thus behold the place where once their voices were heard in debate, and where, perhaps, their ruin was plotted. The club house was pulled down on the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1815.

CHAPTER VII.

The Night of Conflict.

The distress which Ardine had so long endured instead of being alleviated by time, only increased until the burden became intolerable. In a path so dangerous as that which he now trod, Zoe felt herself unable to advise, and only suggested occasional hints upon points that bore on personal duty. The great question to be settled was this, what course shall be pursued in the convention? This vast and incongruous body, beside its many minor cabals, was rent by two factions which contended fiercely for the mastery, and which in their opposition exhibited the strongest passions. One of them indeed, the Mountain, seemed to have a savage thirst for blood. Ardine had voted against the King's death, an act of justice which had brought upon himself the enmity of the Jacobins. On the other hand he had on several occasions acted with the Mountain, and this had atoned for the error of his obnoxious vote. He had as yet taken no decisive stand with either of these conflicting parties, but he now saw that public affairs were approaching a crisis in which one of them must perish. Much as he admired the Girondins, he perceived that their conservatism was not

strong enough to resist the frenzy of the populace, and with all his friendship for Brissot, Vergniaud, Barbaroux and their associates, he considered their prospects hopeless.

The Mountain had no personal attractions for him, although he could not but admire one of its leaders. This was Citizen Cloots, who had proclaimed himself the orator of mankind. He was a Prussian and had been a baron in his native land, and was reputed to be very rich; yet such was his enthusiasm that he had renounced his title, and thrown his whole influence into the scale of radical revolution, both in religion and civil polity. It was his plan to bring the various nations of mankind into a state of brotherhood, in which all titles of honor were to be abolished, and the only deity to be worshiped was, to use his own term, "*the people God.*"

Ardine however had no personal acquaintance with Cloots, and only observed him as in the fullness of manly beauty, he marched through the hall of the Tuilleries in the graceful dress which the *Montagnard*[1] assumed. With some other of the leaders of the Mountain, Ardine revived a former union; among these were Camille Desmoulins and Robespierre, who had ten years previously spent so many hours at the chateau, and read so often in his library. They had now developed into men of purpose and power, but though changed from youthful manners, they still retained

[1] *Montagnard*, a member of the Mountain.

their original characters. Robespierre had none of Cloots's enthusiasm; on the other hand he was soft and quiet in manners and reticent in conversation, and thus indicated a depth of purpose which few possessed. Ardine saw in these two men the assurance of power, and he was pleased with their friendship, but he perceived that this alone would not suffice: there must be a unity of purpose, for no half-way measures would be permitted in public life, and no friendship could exist between men who differed in politics. The time had arrived when Ardine must define his position, and make a final choice between the two factions. In this act he found his chief embarrassment arising, not so much from the difference in their measures, as from their moral aspect. The Mountain was thoroughly imbued with atheism; the Girondins, on the other hand, although in accordance with public sentiment they were regardless of Christianity, and were in fact skeptical, had not arrived at that pitch to utterly cast off God. In this view of the case, to fraternize with Robespierre and his party, would be a union with that from which his soul recoiled. Skeptical as Ardine was with respect to the doctrines of Christianity, he still felt the voice of nature responding to that in his own heart, and proclaiming the existence of a Being, whose character was goodness, as well as power. Beside this, how could the husband of Zoe wound the one whom he loved, by such a connection? Mormoro was an atheist, Barrêre, Couthon, Danton, Le Bas, and all the other leaders were atheist, and could Zoe endure the

spectacle of one dearer to her than life, mingling his destiny with that of such a crew? But above all, he shrunk from association with the monster Marat, when he first met at the wedding of Desmoulins, and of whom he had an increasing horror.

All night Ardine paced his chamber in solemn thought; toward dawn he ventured into the street and passing the Boulevard St. Martin he turned down the square to the Carrousel. On his way he suddenly shrunk back into a recess between two buildings, shuddering as he saw a band of armed men marching in silence. It was the *gens d'armes* who had been making arrests, and in their centre he saw their captives, whom they were conveying to prison. A little farther on he heard the boisterous revelry from an inferior *café*, where a crowd of *sans culottes* were drinking, and singing revolutionary songs, and he could distinguish the words:

"*Madam veto avait promis,*
Danson la Carmagnole;
Vive la son
Du canon,
Danson la Carmagnole."

Passing on with rapid step he soon came to the Place de la Revolution, and was half across the square when a heavy shadow fell upon his path, and looking up he beheld the clear outline of the Guillotine. It was a sweet soft moonlight which shone on that place of suffering, and gave it a magic charm. The instrument of death was motionless and alone, and in its very

silence it seemed inspired to speak to the wanderer's heart, "Come unto me thou that art troubled"—so the voice seemed to utter, "come unto me for rest. Where are they, the sorrow-laden whom yesterday I embraced—where now are their griefs and their fears? I heal all disease with my touch, I abolish the fire of wrath, and the depths of despair. To-night I rest but the morrow cometh, the sorrowing will come to me again; the morrow cometh, I wait its hour to serve;—and here too, burdened one, I wait for thee. Yes, thy feet shall close their wanderings here, and these rude planks shall be soft as downy beds to those who long for rest!"

Before his return Ardine had determined to risk his fate in that of the Girondins. To conquer or perish with the generous, the poetic, the eloquent, of the convention, the demi-gods of a convulsed and shattered nation, who were writhing like the Laocoon in the embrace of a serpent. As he passed the corner of the street, a form burst out of darkness, seized his arm for a moment and then moved rapidly on, while the shrill whisper pierced his ear, "Fly, citizen, fly, your life is in danger—you are on the suspected list." Ardine turned to follow the voice; the form from whence it issued had disappeared, but still fearful words echoed through his brain: "Fly, citizen, fly; you are on the suspected list." He knew that such warnings were not uncommon. It was a time when friends only dared speak in whisper, and he well knew that whoever revealed such a secret did it at life's peril. Hence he felt that the

words were not to be neglected. But the question was whither should he fly? He had a family in Paris but it could easily be removed to the frontier if a passport could be procured; this was a matter of great difficulty at best,—how much more so at the present juncture. Then the crushing thought overcame him that perhaps he would be obliged to separate from his wife and child, as many others had been forced to do, and this was worse than death. Yet it must be done, if he would live for those whom he loved. In this conflict of mind he paced the streets for an hour, while still the warning pierced his ear, and increased the distress and confusion of his mind.

NOTE. — The Girondins were the conservative party in the Convention, and were so called from the department of La Gironde, which their leaders represented. They were famed for youthful eloquence and beauty, many of them being under thirty. Their more prominent names were Vergniaud, Gensonné, Brissot, Barbaroux and Condorcet; as a party they had the sympathies and support of the rural districts, and the attack made on them by the Mountain awoke great indignation throughout the land. The rupture between the two parties occurred immediately after the execution of the king, and increased in intensity until the Girondins were overthrown and their arrest ordered. This was accomplished by means of the intimidation of the Convention by an armed mob, which, under instructions of the Jacobin club, demanded the imprisonment of the unfortunate deputies. The Convention delivered them up to the Tribunal, and by this course opened a way for that general slaughter which decimated its benches. The Reign of Terror commenced with the execution of the Girondins. October 31, 1793, and continued until the death of Robespierre, July 28 1794

CHAPTER VIII.

The Committee of Public Safety.

Everybody in Paris knew the rooms of that terrible committee, and the very children felt afraid when their names were mentioned. They were a grave, silent, mysterious and careworn body, who labored for the public weal at the expense of private claims, and who were daily devoted to the work of purifying Paris of treason. A silent, solemn body it might well be, since it carried in its pockets the lives of thousands. Such was the idea entertained by the masses, of the committee of public safety, and only those who looked behind the scenes could imagine its true character. The rooms in which it met consisted of a suite of apartments, the outer one a spacious hall, filled by a continuous crowd. Here was the daily herd of loiterers who merely picked up news, all good *sans culottes*, fresh from the Jacobin club, and each ready to inform against such as were guilty of *incivisme*.[1] Here also might frequently be seen anxious members of the Convention, who had friends to guard, or enemies to punish, and who were seeking interviews with these masters of human destiny. In addition to these were the frequent

[1] *Civisme* meant good citizenship—*incivisme* was the reverse.

messengers from "Popular Societies," as they were called, in different parts of the nation, who were bringing in lists of the suspected, or of those who required *surveillance* or arrest. In the adjoining rooms were accommodations for a large number of *gens d'armes;* These men were detailed every evening on duty of arrest, under some trusty officer, in whose hands had been placed a list of the parties whom he was to apprehend, and whose dwellings he was to visit and search, under the protecting shadow of darkness.

These were the outer or ante-chambers; but the inner room was the place where interest centered, for it was the abode of mysteries deep as ever vexed the world's curiosity, or gave importance to midnight conclave. How many gazed upon the door which sealed that secret council, and longed to know the plans which those silent walls had witnessed, but gazed and longed in vain? Six men alone in all Paris had keys to that apartment of mystery and terror, and these six were the committee itself. A *gen d'arme* stood on guard at the door all day, and occasionally admitted such as had important business with the committee, but this privilege was seldom granted, and only to the leaders of the Jacobin interests, who were in fact in the committee's secret service.

There were many libraries in Paris, such as the National, the Arsenal, and St. Victoire, where thousands of curious volumes might have been found, but there was none of such importance as that of the committee of public safety. It had not the value of age,

or science, or even of literature to give it note, and yet what a fame it enjoyed in the city and the nation? It was not large in point of size, but in those volumes, few but well worn, what destinies were written? It consisted of two sets of folios, those of the suspected and those of the imprisoned. The former were divided into two classes, one for the provincial districts and rural towns, the other for Paris; and in these volumes a clerk, whose secresy was ensured by the value of his head, was busily engaged from morning to night, entering the names from lists handed in by the various members of the committee. Nicolé, as he was called, had learned to distinguish the various types of character represented in this inventory of suspicion, from the handwriting in which each list appeared. Thus Robespierre's nervous pen only recorded those, whose arrest and death might cause a thrill of terror. His views were chiefly political, and had reference only to the wholesome fear which the public weal required. Couthon, on the other hand, handed in the names of those against whom he held a personal grudge, his lists were inspired by hate; while those of Barrêre were made up of the rich, out of whom he extorted enough to live in sumptuous style. Such was the folio of the *Suspects:* what a book would that have been for the perusal of the convention, where so many of its proudest members might have found themselves recorded in company with the lesser objects of suspicion—all written up for future arrest?

These volumes the committee studied incessantly,

and here, more particularly, Citizen Robespierre spent many weary hours. It was indeed no trifling task to check off from day to day, the names of those who should be arrested the following night: very tedious and wearisome Robespierre found it, for there were many thousands to be looked after, and the jails were daily receiving such additional crowds.

But beside these, there were the prison folios; huge records of captivity; each one labeled with the name of some prison, such as St. Pelagie, Les Madelonettes, or La Force; and a still more arduous task was it to examine the long catalogue of men and women, in order to select suitable material for the daily work of the Tribunal. One can hardly at first glance measure the difficulty of making up a first-class *fournée*, and it was not until after long practice that Robespierre attained the requisite skill. There should be a due proportion of age and sex, a proper commingling of the different elements of society, just as one finds them at any public exhibition. Thus Count Thiers, aged seventy-two, and the ecclesiastic Broguet, who was four score, and the Countess Duplessis who was over threescore and ten, were finely set off by the young actress Leroy, and the princess Stainville, who, with fifty others, went to death before an admiring crowd on the seventh Thermidor. There is also a power in contrast which is not to be undervalued, and hence Clermont Tonnêrre, once lieutenant general, goes side by side with the chamber maid Onevin, and the grocer Laurent. No one but Robespierre could have thus

like an artist mingled lights and shadows, or like a field marshal led up the *fournées*, like battalions. We may observe also with what striking effect the classes are occasionally grouped together; as when on the second Thermidor, a *fournée* is beheld strictly of the nobility, without a single plebean in it; and then again the capital demonstration made on the female sex, forty of whom were carted to death about the same time; not a man in the number. Here is a noticeable tribute to feminine delicacy; no masculine eye save that of Sansom, the executioner, and his assistants whom no one should care for, shall gaze on the exposure inevitable at such occasions. Robespierre knows what is due to the sex. Another feature, which indicated high art, and was due to the same controlling mind, was the reunion of husbands and wives. These, although confined in separate prisons, were often brought together to die, and after months of separation had a last embrace in the *fournée*. Thus the aged Chateaubriand dies with his daughter, and Demonerif with his wife. A Paris populace could not fail to admire the dramatic effect of this arrangement, got up for their benefit. Such were among the duties of the Committee of Public Safety and such was the literature which it cultivated.

On the day to which reference is made, a group of men had gathered in the mysterious apartment and engaged in close conversation. One of these was Robespierre; any one could have recognized him by his studied calmness, and by the cat-like cunning

which looked out from every feature of his countenance. Another lolled upon a chair; he had a weary look, and though quite young, would pass in appearance for a cripple, even if one had not seen him feebly working his way, by aid of a staff. From the breast of his coat peered forth the head of a dove, which cooed sweetly as he stroked it occasionally with his hand. This was Couthon; he spoke but little, and sat in a listless frame, only showing signs of animation when the names of some of his enemies were canvassed. Then his lineaments, which for a while had savored of the bird which he fondled, instantly put on the ferocity of the tiger, and the full power of a nature almost infernal, began to show itself.

Barrêre and Collot d'Herbois made up the group. The discussion was chiefly confined to the making up of a striking and impressive *fournée;* it having been apparent that a want of judgment and discrimination, had marred the otherwise wholesome effect of the guillotine.

"And you, Citizen Barrêre, have you any choice in the list which we have made up for to-morrow?"

"How many should go into that *fournée*?" was the reply.

"Not less than forty. Smaller than that amounts to nothing just now."

"True, true. But then it depends much on the material; a hundred peasants, all done in one day, would not make half the sensation produced by a dozen roaring fellows of the convention. This is what we want,

men that will make your veins thrill, when you see their bodies lashed to the *bascule*, and their heads held up to the public. Old Custine alone, was worth a wagon load of common trash. But we can't afford a general every day."

"Who is there now in prison that we could bring out at this time?"

"Plenty! there, read the list of La Force, with such names as Sombreiul, Manneville, Duplessis, Trudaine, Coudray; or there is the book of St. Pelagie, with the Leborays, Grammonts, Laboulayes and Guillemotots, or here is l'Abbaye, running over with the *noblesse*; any of these would be of use; no common blood at this time. We shall have to run higher and higher still, before the year is expired; and who knows but before that time the Girondin crew will all have expiated their crimes, and made a *fournée* worth looking at."

"Then" exclaimed Robespierre "make out the list yourself to send to Fouquier before noon; meanwhile let me ask, has the committee any names, whom the public safety requires to be arrested?"

"There is old Barzac who was denounced last night at the *commune*—said to have gold secreted in his house, and also Montholon who has harbored royalists."

"Yes," exclaimed the other, "and here is a long list handed by Chaumette, any of whom may be swept in to-night, or if there be not time then, on any subsequent opportunity."

"Have you anything to add?"

"One more," was the reply. "There is Ardine, *ci-devant* Count de Martel, a man long suspected, and against whom De Ruyere laid information weeks ago. I have no further use for him, and beside he is accused of favoring Brissot, notwithstanding his present friendship for the Mountain."

"A count, too, though by fashion plain Citizen de Martel; never mind, we will take off the head and title at the same time."

NOTE. — Brissot was one of the leaders of the Girondins, and was editor of *Le Courier Francais*. Robespierre's party, the Mountain, made its grand attack on the Girondins on the 31st May, 1793, when the Tuileries were surrounded by an armed mob, on whose demand the Girondins were arrested. They were guillotined on the 31st October following, after a spirited but unavailing defence, in which the eloquence of Vergniaud was heard for the last time

NOTE.— The guillotine is named after its inventor, Doctor Guillotin, a member of the National Assembly, who, in 1792, brought forward a machine for decapitation, as an improvement on the old method of death by the sword. Little did any one at that time dream of the use which would soon be made of it. It has been reported that Dr. Guillotin perished by the machine which he invented. Such, however, is not the case. He survived the Reign of Terror, and died in Paris in 1814.

CHAPTER IX.

The Rent Household.

Ardine, whom we left in the street, soon repaired to his dwelling. His step was changed into a rapid, nervous pace; the hot blood flushed his countenance; his frame shook with the excitement of one awoke suddenly from a dream; and still the words tingled in his ear, and the warning kept repeating itself in the shrill whisper in which it was first given.

Alas, where could he hide?

Again he thought of escape from Paris, but then came the awful fact that a passport was necessary, and this could only be obtained through the very powers that were arrayed against him. There were many prisons in the city, and yet Paris itself was but a vast prison to those who desired escape; to such the guarded gates and sentinels' bayonets, were almost as hopeless as the walls of La Force, or the Conciergerie.

Hardly had he reached his door, when he suddenly recalled himself. Should he enter upon the presence of his family in all the flush and tremor of a panic? He paused, wiped the cold sweat from his brow, and by a sudden effort restored the wonted calm to his features; and then in a moment received in his fond em-

brace the form of his anxious and sorrow-laden wife. "My dearest," he exclaimed, looking her steadfastly in the face, "we must part!" Zoe returned his gaze with a calm and settled expression, and then replied: "This I have known for some hours. During that time I have had a severe conflict, and faith has conquered. At first I determined that nothing should separate us, but that I would go with you to prison and to death; but now I perceive that it is better as you have said." She then placed a billet in his hand which he read as follows: "*Citoyenne*[1] de Martel, warn your husband to flee or to hide. Some of our brethren will afford shelter for your sake—His name has gone on the suspected list." "This came to the door," said she, "shortly after your departure, and has been a messenger to prepare me for the sorrows of bereavement. It has pleased God to send upon us that misfortune which has crushed others.—We part! Yes; we who lived in each other's love, must now be rent asunder—Oh, tis like severing body and soul, and yet 'tis His will; may we be prepared to meet in a better world."

Ardine stood silent, as one rapt in profound thought. "The brethren!" he exclaimed; "no, I will never add to the dangers of that little flock. They have sufficient to contend with in the poverty and terror of the day. All Paris is before me, and I can disguise my-

[1] This term *citoyen* or citizen was universally applied to men during the Revolution, and *citoyenne*, which is the feminine form, to women; as the latter cannot be conveniently translated, it is here transferred.

self so that even Robespierre, intimate as we have been, would not know me. Ah, Robespierre, was it for this that I welcomed you at the Chateau de Martel? but let us look for gratitude from beasts rather than from man. "I shall find support," continued he, "in different ways, for I am used to the world, and by frequent change will avoid spies, and the dangers of a settled life — Give me Boucher's uniform: that will answer a few days, and then you will hear from me."

Boucher, their cousin, had just returned from the Army of the North, and had exchanged this dress for a new suit. It was to have been kept with all his things till the end of the campaign; but it now came to a better use by disguising effectually the form of Ardine, who with an embrace of his wife, and a kiss of his sleeping boy, passed into the street. Day was just breaking when a Carmagnole, with the soiled and weather-stained look of the camp, was seen pacing down Rue St. Jacques, humming the popular army song "the arrierre ban" in a careless manner. He stopped a moment at the Coin de Neuf to gaze into a shop window, and was there bluffly accosted by a stranger, with the inquiry "What word bring you from Hoche?"

"Death to all enemies of the republic at home or abroad; as for news you will get it when the captured cannon comes to Paris."

"*Ca ira*"[1] was the reply, and the two parted.

[1] *Ca ira*, "*That will go*; a popular phrase or byword, and also title of a Revolutionary song.

Before he had passed another square his eye caught a glimpse of one who was no doubt returning from some midnight cabal. It was one whose hand he had often grasped in friendship, but from whom he now shrunk as from a serpent, and he heard him muttering to himself as they passed. "To night the arrest—next week the tribunal—and then a glimpse through the little window. His pale godly wife next, and then the estate; perhaps I may get old Turbine in the same *fournée.*"

Perhaps not, De Ruyere!

NOTE. — The Carmagnoles were the new levies ordered on the commencement of the revolution. The new order of things permeated the army, and the Carmagnoles showed a dashing vivacity which ensured them victory. and under Hoche and Dumourier they raised the character of French arms to the highest rank. At the battle of Valmy the Carmagnoles under Kellerman and Dumourier defeated the Austrians, and thus annihilated the hopes of the Royalists and ensured the success of the Revolution. This brilliant prowess gave victory to the early armies of Napoleon, who might be styled the chief Carmagnole of his day.

NOTE.—The *Moniteur*, to which such frequent reference is made in these pages, was commenced in 1789. The size of the issue at that time was a small quarto, and it was printed on coarse paper of a dark and dingy color. A few complete files are extant, and are valued as affording a daily record of the fearful scenes of the Reign of Terror. The *Moniteur* is still the leading Paris journal, and is the official organ of the government.

CHAPTER X.

Solitude in the Metropolis.

After her husband's departure, Zoe flung herself upon the couch in a state of mind which partook of amazement and stupor. The rapidity with which events of such importance had passed, had given them the aspect of a dream, and she waited at first for the illusion to pass away. At last the truth broke upon her in all its power, and her burdened heart poured forth its flood of tears. Relieved by this flow, she for the first time took a calm view of her situation. She and her boy were alone in a vast city, where selfishness controlled the masses, and danger overhung every step. Ardine was hers no more, and indeed she might never see him again. There lay his clothing upon the floor; it was the tasteful costume of the convention, the long-skirted dress coat, with broad flapping collar and showy sash. These garments were endeared to her by the service they had rendered him, and she folded them carefully, and with a kiss laid them away. This having been done, the oppression of bereavement returned with tenfold power. Such a feeling she had never known before, — never before had she known what it is to be desolate. Alone! why a

prison — the darkest cell that cruelty ever designed, would be a paradise with him. Her first impulse was to call him back — to utter his name with all power of voice, and even though she repressed the sound, yet hor soul from its deepest recesses exclaimed "Ardine!" "Ardine!"

From this frame she was gradually led to consider the power which the Christian may employ in the hour of distress. The first effect of her great misfortune had been a concussion of the intellect, but now as her mind recovered its tone, her spirit rose up to God. O, how different were her emotions and exercises from those of previons years, when tried by affliction! Instead of repeating Latin verses, whose supplications had been so stereotyped in her mind, that their power was entirely lost in formality:—instead of repeating *aves* and litanies to the Virgin and the saints, she now drew near to God; for it was He that had said "Call upon me in the hour of trouble and I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify my name." At one time there came the thought of that precious scripture, "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he shall deliver thee. He shall not suffer the righteous to be moved;" and at another, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer I have overcome the world." Such were the streams of comfort which poured through her soul, as she communed with Him who heareth prayer. It was a new day in the history of her life, and one never to be forgotten; a day in which she laid hold of God's promises and prevailed. When she

arose she felt assured that all would be well, both for herself and Ardine. She had committed him to God, and she now saw that while in his keeping, his very enemies could be forced to yield him aid, and that he would be safe even at the very foot of the scaffold. But what was more than this, she now realized for the first time the unspeakable importance of his salvation. She had loved him with an affection so overweening, that she had never contemplated him as a lost sinner, and although she had often invited him to accompany her to the church de la Foi, yet she never viewed him as one under condemnation. No! he was too noble, too excellent, to be viewed in such a light; but this error was now removed, and she had been able to plead for him as for one who needed "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." Here it was that she felt conscious of having power with God, and she seemed like one rising from earth to Heaven, and there holding audience with the Most High. Having thus sought and obtained assurance of the salvation of her husband, she now reposed as peacefully in the love of God as an infant rests in its mother's arms. Should she meet that husband no more on earth, she felt confident of a union beyond this little life, "in that day when He shall make up his jewels."

In these exercises the time passed quietly on, and the deep yearnings which occasionally moved upward from the soul's recesses, only by contrast gave a more solemn tone to the peace which filled her to overflowing. Frêron, too, was affected by the change which had come

over the household. He was as one suddenly sobered and advanced in age, and seemed at once to enter into the spirit of the occasion. He comprehended from the subdued and mournful appearance of his mother, the nature of the bereavement she had suffered. Hence he made no utterance of sorrow, and even avoided enquiry for his father, but tried with increased activity to aid his mother in the little duties of her household.

Zoe felt the power of her child's sympathy, and in their mutual solace, there was a balm for misfortune of whose value both seemed to be conscious. They ate their supper quietly, and the little boy scarce referred, except by a glance, to his father's chair, now so sadly vacant; at last looking steadfastly in his mother's face, he exclaimed with that simple pathos which is one of the beauties of childhood — "Will not God give papa a supper to night, and watch over him while he is away."

Zoe wiped hastily away the involuntary tear which these words called forth, for she wished to appear cheerful for the child's sake; but it was the first meal from which her husband had been banished, and she thought of the lonely supper he would have that night, if indeed he might not be destitute. Just then however the words of the Psalmist, so simple and so exquisitely beautiful, came into her mind, and gave her comfort. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Zoe retired that night, weary with the cares and

labors of the day, and while Frêron was enjoying the sweet slumber of childhood, the anxiety of her mind returned to chase away sleep. The condition of her husband, now a fugitive, at first seemed like a mountain upon her soul, and fears aroused in his behalf began to conjure up the most distressing apprehensions. At length she remembered the words of the Scripture, "Is any man afflicted, let him pray." Prayer now appeared a far more blessed panacea than ever before, and she continued in its exercise, until at last her cares and sorrows were ended in sleep. The mother and child were there alone. Their style of life had been gradually reduced to a suite of apartments which was cared for by the *concierge*, and the servants had left that morning under the panic of approaching danger. It was the first time they had passed a night in so forlorn a condition, and Zoe's dreams were permeated by a sense of desolation.

About three o'clock in the morning, she was awakened by a gentle tapping at the door, which opened into the hall; the alarm was suspended when the sound of her footstep was heard. She soon struck a light, and throwing a mantle over her shoulders, opened the door, when at once the room was filled with *gens d'armes*.

Zoe uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"Hist, madam!" exclaimed their leader. "Not one word—the house is surrounded"—and then producing a list from his pocket, he exclaimed in a subdued, but determined tone. "I demand the person of Ar-

dine de Martel by order of the Committee of Public Safety."

"Find him!" was the reply.

"What, is he not at home? he was seen here yesterday morning."

Zoe knew that her situation required resolution, and hence in a calm tone she repeated her first answer, "Find him!"

The boldness of her words seemed to convince the officer that he was indeed absent, notwithstanding which in a few moments every closet and place of secresy was opened and searched.

Foiled in his expectation, the officer prepared to leave, but as he did so he uttered a few parting words.

"Hark ye, *citoyenne*, your traitor husband has thus far escaped the punishment of his crimes, but large as Paris is he will do well if he hides himself from me. And you too are known to be deep in his plans of treachery, but mark me, you will yet receive the fate of counter-revolutionists, and both he and you may meet in the same *fournée*."

While these words were still echoing in her ears, the tramp of departing steps was heard and Zoe was left alone with her terrified boy.

CHAPTER XI.

Adventures of a Fugitive in Paris.

Ardine's situation jarred strangely upon his mind. He was a fugitive in disguise, seeking for refuge, a doomed man, whom a few days might bring to the axe. The rapidity with which his circumstances had changed was appalling. It was but as yesterday that he was a member of the Convention, sitting amid its crowded benches, now his very connection with that Convention added to his danger; but yesterday he was at home enjoying the sweet society of a happy family, now he was banished from that home—perhaps forever—and the power of domestic affections added keenness to his bereavement. Other thoughts beside these forced themselves upon him. What course should he pursue? What method should he take to obtain a living? How should he sustain his present disguise? These thoughts bore heavily upon him, and he paced the streets, some times with a rapid stride as the excitement of the occasion impelled him, and then lulled into a gentle walk, as emotion overcame him with its power. Some things were now apparent to him for the first time. One of these was the aspect of watchful care which every countenance exhibited, and the crowd seemed

instinct with fear and distrust, and each one strove to avoid the gaze of the other. Conscious that this was his own master feeling, Ardine now saw how completely the inhabitants of Paris had been imbued with terror. The fear of arrest was written on every face. The day had been passed in wandering, and as the afternoon waned the crowd decreased, for there was a *fournée* to be guillotined in the Place de la Revolution, and thither the steps of the masses were turned. Ardine had no heart for such a spectacle; what he wanted now was food, rest, and time for reflection. He needed some place of safety, where he could project plans, and shape his course for the future.

While wandering in such a mood he passed the Moreau theatre, on which he noticed the following advertisement:

AMUSING PHILOSOPHY AND GAMES OF SKILL!
Citizen Perrin, Mechanical Engineer, and Demonstrator of Amusing Philosophy,
Will give to-day at 6 o'clock:

The Enchanted Sultan — the Incomprehensible Clock — the Insulated Inkstand, which furnishes all colors, as wanted — the grand game of the Dove which brings back the ring shot out of a pistol — the Sympathetic Mill — the Flying Cards — the enchanted game of Automaton *Chasseurs*, who sends an arrow to the mark, and divines one's thoughts; also a quantity of other new games. [1]

A few persons, chiefly children, were going in, and considering himself safe among this class, Ardine

[1] The Editor refers the curious reader to the advertisement in *Moniteur*.

threw down the trifling price of admittance and entered, taking his seat on the first bench. At the appointed hour the performer appeared; he was an elderly, hard-featured man, with a conjuror's cap on his head, and a wand in his hand with which he traced a magic circle on the floor. He then made a brief address to the audience, expatiating upon the great skill which was required in the performance, and inviting the closest *surveillance*.

"It is true," said he, "that I wear a conjuror's cap, but I am no conjuror. All necromancy, superstition, witchcraft, priestcraft, and kingcraft are done away. We are now in a new order of things. My work is one of philosophy, for this is a philosophic age: — every man, every woman, every child, should be a philosopher. No one who is not a philosopher, can be a good *sans culotte*. You will understand, then, citizens, that I only dress as a conjuror to show the absurdity of the claims of all priestcraft, witchcraft, and of everything else but true philosophy."

Having made this address, Citizen Perrin went on with his exhibition, during which Ardine caught a refreshing sleep, and was only awakened by the laughter and applause of the children.

"Very amusing performances, these."

The words were addressed to Ardine by a tall, nervous man, thin and eager, with an expression of inquiry and care.

Ardine assented by a nod: he was in no mood to converse, especially with a stranger.

"You will understand me, Citizen Carmagnole," continued the tall man, "that I do not come here as a spectator. It is all well for those who have no better taste or habits. I am here for the purpose of obtaining some supernumeraries for my own establishment, for here I can select the best looking of these young people, who are glad to earn a few livres. Furthermore, I would say, citizen, that I am in want of a number of soldiers to appear in our new piece, and if you have a mind to serve, the pay is sure, and the duty light."

The proposition fell on Ardine's ear with great acceptance; to him, forlorn and homeless, an abode in some theatre would be a refuge where none of his enemies would look for him, and where his disguise would be easily kept up. "To come to the point," continued the stranger, "I am Garzac, manager of the Opera. The grand play of the Siege de Thionville is now in rehearsal, and its military demonstration requires a large addition to our company. We take none but fine-looking men, and prefer those like yourself, from the camp." In the exigency of his fortunes, Ardine did not stand long on terms: lodgings were to be given in the lofts of the building; food was to be supplied at a neighboring restaurant, and his duties were merely to march and countermarch with his comrades on the stage.

In his new sphere, simple as it might seem, Ardine found that he had much to learn. Indeed to appear in a profession so different from his own, was like en-

tering a new world. He had not before this known much of the theatres of the city, now he was in a place where the whole conversation was upon that subject. The effect of the Revolution was seen in all the shows and amusements of the day. Out of the excitement of politics there had grown a demand for the most exciting of scenic exhibitions, and the populace sought solace from fear and danger in the most thrilling melodrama. Ardine also found that philosophy had permeated the theatrical world. All the plays had an allusion to what was called the *nouvelle ordre;* schemes of free opinion were hinted at by aspiring actors, and the scriptures, and piety, and decorum, were made the butt of each of the performers, down to the meanest of supernumeraries.

The Siege of Thionville enjoyed rare popularity, and was by order of the *commune* (or city authorities) played with open doors, for the benefit of the *sans culottes.* Ardine was mustered in regularly, and marched in platoon to the sound of drum and fife in all the splendor of a mimic war. While passing in the front of the stage, he had an opportunity of observing the countenances of the audience, and he read in those masses the degradation of the nation. It was these monsters in red caps who controlled the destinies of France; — and whose murderous propensities cropped out through the filth of their countenances, — men who had leaped suddenly to mastery from the lowest strata of society, and now ruled, or aspired to rule, polity, art, science, morals and religion, — men whose passion it was to degrade

mankind to their own level, and who hated all things that bore not their own hideous stamp. In the great concourse found at a theatre, there is generally a distinction arising from wealth, culture, and fashion, but in that multitude which swarmed the opera house to witness the Siege of Thionville, Ardine saw no such variety. Boxes, pit, and gallery, were alike packed with that representation of degraded humanity, the *sans culotte*. Here could be discerned no sense of propriety or taste as respects appearance, or manners; no regard for order, and no aspect of neat and cleanly enjoyment. So far from this, the different ages, as well as the sexes, bore a uniform stamp of utter villainy. It was a display of a debased race, exulting in its deformity; and noise, and oaths, and stench and obscenity, proceeded incessantly from that vast array of red capped rottenness.

The Siege of Thionville had a long run, and in a short time the manager requested Ardine to take control of the military appointment in place of Volair, who had been arrested and thrown into the prison of La Force. "Volair was good at his *rolê*," said Garzac, "but he was loose in his political views, and the members of the drama, as well as those of the convention, have their dangers to set off their honors. Volair had forgotten himself at a *café*, and had spoken some ill advised words, and hence it was necessary to fill his place at the Opera."

Ardine did not refuse, and the next night appeared as general of the Carmagnoles, and from his early mili-

tary education acquitted himself admirably. As the habits both of the German and French soldier, were exhibited in the drama of the Siege of Thionville, Ardine now saw the reason why the latter was so often victorious. The former was encumbered at every point. His hat could hardly be poised upon his head, his neck was bound by a stiff stock, his breast was tightened by a strap, his whiskers and mustache were stiffened by wax; and his hair was stretched back tightly by a cue. With these incumbrances his mobility was a matter of continual difficulty. The Carmagnoles on the other hand wore light easy clothing and had only to carry their arms and knapsack. Their movements were quick and unimpeded, and hence their attack on the unwieldly foe was generally successful.

The performance went off finely, night after night; during one of the marches, however, Ardine perceived a pair of eyes fixed upon him with undeviating glance, and riveting his attention at every gaze. Another look at the countenance to which those eyes belonged, and he recognized one whom he had once protected and befriended, but who was now his mortal foe. He knew that he was discovered, notwithstanding the disguise of his countenance; there was no time to be lost, and he felt assured that the order for his arrest would proceed at once, and hence before the play was closed he decided on the course to be pursued. Franconi,[1]

[1] "Amphitheatre d'Astley, Faubourg du Temple, aujourdhui a 5 heures et demi precises, le citoyen Franconi avec ses eleves et ses enfans, continuera ses exercises d'equitation, et d'emulation, tour de manege,

the manager of the equestrian show, was in need of workmen, and the next day a young man dressed in *blouse* and shod with *sabots*[1] appeared at the stables in the position of groom. His hands were rather delicate; too much so for his work, but notwithstanding this, he appeared to be a good hand with horses, "thanks" as he said to himself "to my early experience in grooming my favorite animal in my boyhood at Arras." While thus caring for the horses at Franconi's, Ardine felt a measure of safety, as well of satisfaction. It was a better retreat than he might have expected; true, the stable boys were rough and noisy, but in the gentle submission of finely trained animals he found an increasing delight. There was a refinement in the character of those horses, which might put to shame the loathsome masses of Paris, and the intelligence which they exhibited in their different performances seemed almost to indicate the possession of reason. The riders were lithe and elastic men, chiefly from Normandy; they exhausted themselves by their severe and laborious feats, and at the conclusion of the performance, at once resorted to a neighboring restaurant, where they were regaled with wine and ragouts; but the horses came back from the arena palpitating and exhausted, with meek and sorrow-laden

danse sur ses chevaux, avec plusieures scenes, et entr'acts amusans. Il donné ses legons d'equitation, et de voltege, tous les matins pour l'un et l'autre sexe.—*Moniteur*, July, 1798.

[1] *Blouse*, the coarse shirt—*sabots*, the wooden shoes of the working classes.

faces, like those who were weary of life's labor and longed for rest. It was not an unpleasant duty in one so kind-hearted as Ardine, to welcome them back to their stalls, to wash their dusty limbs and to wipe away the memory of their toil with a gentle hand. In this manner a friendship grew up between him and the animals for which he cared, and the affection which *la fille d'Afrique* exhibited for him was no little marvel. This was a fine Arab mare, whose name was rather derived from her color than her origin, and which seemed to possess an almost motherly sympathy. When Ardine entered her stall in the morning, he was welcomed by a gentle neigh, and she gave him a farewell look of great tenderness when she left his hands to go into the arena. But when the performance was over, there was a joy outspoken from her sparkling eyes, and an accompanying thrill of ecstasy, as she ran up to the groom, and received from him an embrace about the neck, and almost a kiss.

These scenes, as Ardine afterward said, were his only approach to domestic life during his whole time of concealment; though cut off from his family he still had something to love, and he felt that he received a sincere return of affection. Perhaps too, he thought, when thus separated from those who were dear to him, some one might be ministering to them, with a kindness like that which he bore to this noble animal.

The arena, like the theatre, taught moral lessons, and inculcated patriotism and virtue, for the benefit of the *sans culottes*. There were feats on horseback which

set forth Greek and Roman heroism, the fall of kings, the destruction of priests, and the cosmopolitan brotherhood of nations. The very clown of the ring threw out deep political hits in his jokes, and thus showed that the greater the clown, the more eminent might be the patriot. In this manner acts, entr'acts, processions, and national *tableaux* were brought before the public, who for a small admission fee were enlightened, as well as entertained. Ardine discovered that lessons of justice and clemency were witnessed by a class who in daily life were both unjust and cruel, but he also observed that whatever virtue and mercy there might be in a piece, it must still end in some tragical manner. The cry of the people even in their amusements, was for blood as well as for laughter, and the uniform close of each piece was the death of tyrant, priest, or aristocrat, and the elevation of the *sans culotte.*

Among the other grooms who attended Franconi's stables was Schloss the German, who labored in patient silence, answering only with broken words the questions which he could not escape. One day Schloss approached Ardine, and put into his hand a small parcel, which he had picked up in the stables. The latter was greatly surprised at the restoration of a treasure, which he usually wore close to his person, and which he had in some unaccountable manner lost while at his duties. It was a miniature of Zoe. "Ah, citizen" said Schloss, speaking in a low tone, but in the best of French, "you have a token of remembrance

of one whom you love—would that I were equally happy."

Ardine could hardly speak for surprise.

"Citizen," continued Schloss, "pardon the liberty which I am taking with you. I saw at once through your disguise, because it was one of my own adoption. You are one of the *noblesse*—and I am—another."

Ardine was overwhelmed.

"And this dear one, does she yet live?"

"Such is my hope," replied Ardine, "but alas I know not."

"God grant she may," said Schloss, "but mine are no more. They went to the scaffold three months ago, and I often feel so lonely that I regret that I had not borne them company."

Ardine attempted to renew his thanks, but the disguised nobleman turned hastily away. "One word before we part," said the former, "do you think we are safe in this place?"

"Safe!" said the other in a whisper, "no! we are safe no where, but in the *fournée*."

"There are spies on every side," continued Schloss, "and we shall be arrested before we are aware. I must say no more, for I am watched. Franconi himself is watched by spies in his employ, and we may all go to prison the same night."[1]

It was Ardine's habit to sleep in *la fille d'Afrique's* manger, which was of large size and afforded a con-

[1] The *commune* charges the managers of public amusements with affording refuge to the aristocracy.—*Moniteur*, June 18, 1793.

venient bed. The attachment of the animal became in this manner much increased, and at last she would no longer eat in his absence. Her food, indeed, was loathed and rejected, unless he was near, when she readily ate, and then turned upon him her rich black eyes with a pensive longing like that of the gazelle. In addition to this, she exhibited at times a strange jealousy toward him, and a disposition to protect, which often became annoying. Thus, when he was approached by strangers, she would dash forward, and turn upon the object of her suspicion with such demonstration of the heels, as sometimes threatened life. This circumstance became a wonder to the whole stable, and even to Franconi himself, who considered it so novel and striking, that he worked it up into a piece for the arena. Ardine protested against assuming so public a position, but the manager would take no denial. What objection, indeed, could be made against so simple a performance, especially when a handsome *douceur* was to accompany the feat? Ardine now saw that to persist in his refusal would be to excite the suspicion of every member of the establishment; and while he perceived the danger of a public appearance, he felt that another danger threatened him. He must obey the requirement, or abandon his place of refuge; and as the question took this aspect he was constrained to yield. The piece proved highly attractive. It was called "The Rescued *Sans culotte*," and was advertised in large placards as the leading feature of the entertainment. *La fille d'Afrique* entered into the spirit of the

performance with a delight which seemed like extasy, and at the thrilling moment when she delivers the *sans culotte* from his foes, the applause of the spectators was of the most rapturous character. Ardine was as complete a *sans culotte* as he could be, without too great a personal degradation. He wore the red cap, and the heavy jacket of his *rolé*, but he would not permit a nearer approach to the class he represented. As he dressed for the ring on the first occasion, he could not but think what Zoe would say to his present appearance; but he knew that in disguises as unseemly as this, some of the nobility of the day were concealed.

The piece continued to increase in popular favor, as the actors, both rider and horse, became perfected, until both Ardine and the mare waited almost impatiently for the hour of performance, and both found in its exercise a thrilling and delightful excitement. Ardine's sense of danger gradually wore away; but one day in the midst of this fascinating drama, he caught a glimpse of some one in the audience bearing down upon him with a scowl, which changed into the cold glare of hate. He thought he recognized the features; recoiling however for a moment from the horrid sight, he looked again, but it was gone. It might have been something growing out of the excitement of the moment, and with this idea he strove to expel the scene from his mind: and yet the reality would break upon him, that those were the features of Bruno De Ruyere.

About two o'clock next morning, the watchman at

Franconi's stables heard an alarm at the rear door, and on opening it, a body of armed men stepped forward to guard the place of exit.

"Citizen watchman," said the officer in charge, "you have nothing to fear from me. I simply demand the persons of Vichy de Noailles, late Marquis de la Vere, otherwise known as Schloss; and of Ardine de Martel, ex-deputy to the Convention, ex-count, alias Martin Blas. This demand I make in the name and by the authority of the Committee of Public Safety."

On the entrance of this party, *la fille d'Afrique* pricked her ears and uttered a shrill alarm, which aroused Ardine from his slumber in the manger; and as he awoke, he beheld the lanterns of the *gens d'armes*, and heard their confused voices, while the mare was in a moment driven to a frenzy by the appearance of danger. Two of the party advanced to seize him, but the rapid defence made by the animal held them at bay. Another, who was of a bolder stamp, dashed by her side into the stall, but was at once snatched by her teeth, flung up against the rack, and then dropped upon the floor and trodden mercilessly by her forefeet. A momentary pause ensued, during which the mare gazed tenderly upon the object of her love, and then turned her eye upward. The opening in the loft towards which she thus accidentally glanced was used for passing down her supplies of food, and Ardine knew that this orifice was his only hope of escape.

"Surrender, or we fire!" cried the officer.

Two *gens d'armes* leveled their pieces, but as they

did so the mare dashed backward, and with a double kick sent them headlong to the ground, while Ardine in an instant sprang up through the orifice. A shot was fired at him as he ascended, and a heavy groan was heard, accompanied by a fall. Ardine gazed back for a moment:— it was *la fille d'Afrique*, sinking in death. She had performed for the last time the play of "The Rescued *Sans Culotte*." Within one week, Vichy de Noailles, ex-count, alias Schloss, appeared in a grand *fournée*.

NOTE. — Antoine Franconi was born at Venice in 1788, and died at Paris in 1836, aged ninety-eight. He began life as a mountebank and itinerating quack, but afterwards introduced the Spanish game of bull fights into France, and held them at Lyons and Bordeaux. He subsequently joined Astley, the proprietor of the circus in Paris, which, under his management, became distinguished throughout Europe. He afterwards became blind, but quite strangely recovered his sight in extreme age. Agreeably to his orders his favorite horse followed him to the grave.

NOTE. — The following picture of Paris at this time was drawn by Madame Roland:

"Paris, like another Babylon, sees its brutalized population either running after ridiculous public *fêtes* or surfeiting itself with the blood of crowds of unhappy creatures, sacrificed to its ferocious jealousy; while selfish idlers still fill all the theatres, and the trembling tradesman shuts himself up, not sure of ever sleeping again in his own bed, if it should please any of his neighbors to denounce him as having used unpatriotic expressions. * * * O, my country, into what hands art thou fallen!"

CHAPTER XII.

The Artist of Doom.

The rooms in which Paul St. Helen pursued his profession had been, previous to the Revolution, a place of resort for those who cherished a taste for the fine arts, and here the young painter passed hours of the most patient application. Ambitious in the highest degree, he had wrought his way through the obstacles of poverty, and humble life, sustained by the hope of writing his name among the great masters. In proposing to himself some speciality he had found much embarrassment. Guido, Correggio, and Raffaelle had assumed the creation of sacred scenes, and he shrunk from the idea of being a copyist. Le Brun had exhausted battle fields; Rembrandt had mastered the profundities of light and shadow: Claude and Poussin had shut up the paths to landscape—while in the lower walk of the art, the Dutch masters, such as Teniers, Cuyp, and Ruysdael held full possession. In either of these fields Paul might have done passably well, for his pencil exhibited marvelous versatility; but he felt the importance of concentrating his talents on some distinct feature in which he might achieve a

name. His spontaneity was for grandeur, rather than simple beauty, and like Salvator Rosa he felt at home in deep heavy shadows thrown across mountain gorges, majestic forests, and toppling mountains; amid which as in the Appenines, the eagle had a home and the bandit a shelter. But whatever might have been the leading of his taste, there dwelt within him an undying thirst for fame, and fame could only be achieved through some new path in which he might appear before the multitude advancing and ascending in the lonely grandeur of his upward march.

As Paul contemplated the more earnestly these difficulties, he felt their overwhelming nature. They were deep-seated, and evidently irremovable. They had their existence in the past, and they crushed him with their shadow. Often in his dreams the forms of the great masters would march in grand procession before him to taunt him by the show of their skill and grandeur. The Transfiguration, as it is portrayed by the sacred writers, was once brought before his presence in the hour of sleep, and as he beheld its glory in all the gorgeous hues of dreamland, he exclaimed "I will paint this and then die." Just then some unseen power thrust in its place the master-piece of Raffaelle, and the form of that artist appeared pointing to his great work, and with a bitter smile bade him attempt it. Thoughts like these continued day after day, and these visions reappeared night after night. Leonardo Da Vinci bade him gaze on the Last Supper, until he groaned in anguish. Titian arrayed before

him his magic colors until his brain reeled at their brilliance. Guido agonized him with the Aurora, and even the Madonnas, soft and beaming with love, now glared upon him as with a curse. As he awoke from one of these awful visions he exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart, "Would God I had been born when Art was in its youth, or never seen the light. Ah! how the ages mock me. Raffaelle flourished in the fifteenth century; why did I not have an opportunity equal with his? In the sixteenth Guido outstripped me. In the seventeenth came Rembrandt, and Rubens, and all the masters of the modern school — and here am I at the close of the grand column of art, checkmated in every move which my burning spirit prompts." As he uttered these words they swept again in majestic procession through the apartment — the old masters, in all the self-consciousness of unapproachable majesty — first the mediæval school, and then Giotto Cimabue, and then Michael Angelo in hoary old age, contrasted with the youthful form of Raffaelle, and followed by the long array of those who had won the immortality of art.

As they gazed upon him Paul felt his blood chill and curdle in his veins, and the blight of unutterable disappointment entered his soul. "And they," he exclaimed, "have had the good and beautiful, and of this they make their boast! Be it so — let them have their glory! One thing is left to me, in which I shall have no rival: there is one field, at least, in which I may win undivided fame. This glory shall be mine,

I will cause man to bow before the horrid and the deformed." From this time, Paul's study was closed to the public; and there, in silence and in solitude, he held court with the mute forms of horror which came at his spell. The mythic dwellers in the curtains of the nether world, sat by his side, and the wierd persons of the old drama stood in that ghostly room. The slain of high tragedy were there, and there Orestes fled from his Fury pursuers, while the rent and riven soul of Medea uttered its wail; and thither came Chaos and old Night, and all bore part in the chorus of agony which echoed through the chambers of his heart.

The guillotine was as this time called into frequent exercise, and Paul was occasionally engaged in making drawings of the scenes which occurred at the scaffold. The harrowing aspect of the doomed, even while it excited his pity, seemed a fitting exercise for his pencil. Ghastly old age, tottering up the ladder, while its silver locks floated on the wind, was sketched into instantaneous life, and the weeping eyes of high-born maidens, pale with imprisonment, seemed to possess a deeper sadness in the colors which dwelt upon his canvas. He also frequented the grim Tribunal, and often made sketches of the more important prisoners, as well as of the grotesque and revolting *sans culottes*, some of whom served as jury. Many of the latter were hideously deformed, and in some instances they appeared proud of their sheer ugliness.

These drawings became popular, and many persons, in view of the approaching fate of their friends, em-

PORTRAIT OF DANTON.

"The huge burly chest displayed by the opened shirt, the broad muscular neck, and the colossal head commanded Paul's attention." Page 109.

ployed Paul to preserve them in the rapid limnings of the moment. In this way he supported himself, and obtained the name of *the artist of doom.* He also visited the convention, for here in the whirlwind of debate, where the passions were holding their fearful course, the features of the members often put on the aspect of demons, and the artist found in them new and powerful studies. This was peculiarly true of Marat, whose countenance was a marvel of hideousness, and whose filthy and degraded features would in a moment of passion exhibit alternately the wolf, the serpent, and the hyena, all combined in diabolical humanity. The form of Danton was another favorite subject. The huge, burly chest displayed by the opened shirt, the broad, muscular neck, the collossal head, and the features instinct with passion, as the sonorous voice roared its peal of invective, all these commanded Paul's attention in this new branch of his art

NOTE. — The fury of Revolutionary speech to which allusion is made above, may be judged from the following report, extracted from the *Moniteur* for March, 1798:

"Marat descends from the tribune uttering these words, 'the hogs, the idiots.'

Lehardy. 'It is time to find out whether one half the Convention be composed of villains.'

Marat. 'I demand that those *statesmen* be sent to the mad house.'

Thomas. 'Silence, thou idiot.'

Penniere. 'I demand that Marat be declared insane.'

Collot. 'I demand that Bancol be declared insane.'

Marat. 'Hush, ye wretches! Let the patriots speak. Ye are blackguards, aristocrats and knaves.' (Long complaints and groans, etc.)."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Fugitive Again.

The loft into which Ardine sprang to escape arrest, had a scuttle in the roof through which he rapidly passed, and having quietly closed it he made his way cautiously down the slanting roof to Franconi's garden, whence by opening a postern door he stepped into the cold, dark street. The pressure upon his faculties had sharpened them to such a degree that he felt himself possessed of new resources, and he drew fresh vigor from the occasion. Fortunately he had recently received his salary, and hence had provision against immediate wants. By seven o'clock he had changed his apparel, and shortly after that time, a cleanly young man in student's dress, and with a portfolio in hand, appeared at the breafast table in the *Café Civique*, Rue de Madelaine. On the opposite side of the table sat a stout, cheerful looking man, wearing the customary red cap, who gazed with interest upon the new comer. Ardine's suspicions might have been aroused, had not the conversation been thus commenced:

"You appear to be a student — after you have

finished your plate, may I show you a few books which I now offer for sale" —

Ardine had no other claims upon his time and at once assented.

"My name is Citizen Fauvel, and my present employment is the book trade. I am careful to carry none but those of the most patriotic character, and I am serving the Republic by opposing truth to falsehood, and thus aiding to put down the Counter-revolution," so saying the stranger opened his satchel. "Here, citizen student, is a *brochure* entitled *Conversation between an Honest Man and a Priest*, which you will find full of valuable suggestions, and proving the utter rottenness of all superstitions. The Revolution is giving impulse to literature, and I may say, is to permeate the world with new opinions. The press! citizen student, the press! this is yet to be all powerful, for the pen is mightier than the guillotine!"

"Have you a turn for music?" continued the bookseller. "Here then is the *Republican Almanac or Triumph of Liberty and Equality*, with songs new and appropriate by the widow *Citoyenne* Ferraud" — without waiting for a reply the voice ran on: "Here, too, is the *Honest Man's Almanac* by Sylvan Marchal." "You look young, citizen student, but perhaps you have children — what say you to this?" and he thrust into Ardine's hand *The Moral and Republican Almanac for the use of Children, with the Declaration of Rights and the French Constitution*, — a new edition, citizen, I am sure you will need it?"

Ardine looked at the volumes, for he had nothing else to do; the friendly voice of the bookseller soothed his nervous and excited frame, and in a few moments he made a purchase:.

Encouraged by his success Fauvel still plied his trade — *Republican thoughts for every Day in the Year — particularly for the use of children, — Republican Alphabet, to teach children to spell and read,* — containing the rights and duties of men and citizens, followed by Republican prayers and maxims. *History of all Religions*, a book which has received honorable mention from the Convention." The voice was still uttering its habitual tale when Ardine beckoned to a news boy to approach, and the book dealer withdrew.

"What have you this morning, my lad?"

"All the papers in Paris," replied the boy, whose face was half hidden in a large greasy red cap, "here is Marat's journal, *The People's Friend* — Here is the old *Cordelier*, which drives home at Brissot and all his crew. — Here is *Père Duchêsne*, by Hébert."

"Have you the *Moniteur?*"

The lad handed the paper forward and received his pay, and was about to depart when Ardine exclaimed.

"One word more, where did you get that red cap?"

"Picked it up at the guillotine at yesterday's *fournée.* It belonged to the old *scelerat*[1] Doctor Turbine, who has just looked through the little window. A red

[1] The word *scelerat* was in common use in the reign of terror, and meant villian, scoundrel, miscreant, or anything else that is evil.

cap won't save you citizen, unless you are a true Republican."

On opening the *Moniteur*, Ardine glanced rapidly at its contents, political and municipal. There was not much to excite interest until his eye fell upon a paragraph in the following words:

"Wanted at 153 Rue de Menars, section Le Pellettier, a young man to serve as secretary for a man of business—must understand French and German, and if possible English; none but an approved Republican need apply."

Ardine had lost that fearful and restless frame which marks the first hours of a fugitive. He had twice been detected while in the use of what he considered to be sufficient disguises, and now like one hardened to danger, he determined to boldly meet the hazards of his situation. He felt like one over whom a hopeless fate is suspended; that fate others had braved, and he, like them, must take his place at the wheel of destiny. The advertisement to which his attention had been called, offered him employment which he needed, and it was necessary that he should risk his safety in obtaining even a temporary home. He now saw that his first disguise was better adapted to his person, and habits, and hence he resumed the Carmagnole uniform, to which he added the limp of one who had been wounded in battle. Having done this, he proceeded at once to Rue de Menars, where his acquaintance with English gave him hope of success. On making application he was ushered into a

receiving room where several others were in waiting. They were summoned in their turn, to an inner chamber and after a brief interview each departed; when all had left, Ardine was called. On entering the apartment, which was simply but neatly furnished, a man rose up to meet him, with a face beaming with smiles, and an aspect of kindly welcome. That form and countenance he had often seen before, and in his momentary surprise, he feared that he had betrayed himself, but this was not the case, and he was reassured in an instant.

The person with whom he found himself in conversation appeared to be over thirty years of age, and possessed easy manners and open engaging features, though they bore an expression of self conceit. He has a long conference with Ardine, in which the duties of the position were discussed in detail, as well as his various points of fitness. The chief advantage which Ardine enjoyed above all others, was his knowledge of English, but he was encumbered with one objection, the lack of a certificate of *civisme*.[1] Ardine in explanation urged the difficulty of procuring such a document and the fact that some of the most worthy people in Paris were destitute of them. This was often

[1] The certificate of *civisme* or of citizenship was necessary to safety and to the privileges of buying food and clothing, so that without it one would almost be an outlaw. Ardine afterward discovered that it was the absence of that certificate which ensured him the place, Cloots suspected that several of the other applicants were Robespierre spies and he knew that had Ardine been one of that class he would not have been thus deficient.

due to the *pique* or opposition of parties in power, who indulged their hatred by preventing the issue of the certificate and thus left their victims to suffer.[1] This expostulation did away the objection which at first seemed formidable, and Ardine was that day installed secretary for Jean Baptiste Cloots, member of the Convention and better known by the *soubriquet* of Anacharsis. It may appear surprising that a man of so important a position as his, should accept the services of an entire stranger and place him so near his person, but it is to be considered that implicit confidence could not be reposed in any one, however bound by friendship; and for this reason a stranger in that time of doubt was as safe as the most intimate acquaintance. Indeed the knowledge that such an official must obtain were less dangerous in his hands than in those of a familiar. Hence to his great astonishment the Carmagnole found himself in the intimate employ of the most distinguished foreigner in Paris and one of the leaders of the new opinion.

[1] The *Moniteur* gives the following instance of this: Palessot, through one of his friends asked the *commune* for a certificate of *civisme*. Chaumette takes the floor. "Palessot, a man of letters, has let his pen mould in the inkstand, rather than write for liberty. This is he who like a venomous reptile endeavors to sully the crown of the famous Rousseau. In his popular comedy of *The Philosopher* he dares to put *Rousseau on all fours and makes him eat lettuce.* In consequence of this I oppose giving him a certificate."—*Proceedings of Commune*, July, 1793.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Orator of Mankind.

The field into which Ardine had now entered, soon opened upon him its importance, and in contemplating the duties which had been identified with his previous disguises, he marveled that the groom should so readily be transformed into the secretary, and gradually into the confidant of the Deputy. From time to time, as he found opportunity, Cloots spread before him his broad and enthusiastic schemes, and Ardine was soon led to form a different opinion in regard to his former associate in the Convention.

Jean Baptiste Cloots, although a Jacobin, and a member of the Mountain, exhibited none of that vile and abominable stamp which marked the genuine *sans culotte*. He was foreign to everything of that nature, both by birth and habits. By the former he was a Prussian, and by the latter a gentleman; hence, he exhibited breeding and courtesy in his intercourse with the public, and a high tone of thought in his conversation. The predominant feature of his outer life was his unassumed and undying enthusiasm, while that of his soul was his dream of human restoration. This

n inspired all his efforts and speeches, and gave a
to his character which redeemed its many eccen-
ies. Cloots had prepared a long and labored
h, which he intended to deliver before the Con-
on, and in which he essayed a full exhibition of
avorite scheme. In other words, he now would
op his plan of human restoration. It was this
that led him to vote for the death of Louis, for
called upon for an answer, *yes* or *no*, he ex-
ed, "*Oui, pour genre humain!*"[1] and now that
crowned head had fallen, he was encouraged to
for the speedy abolition of all tyranny.
is speech he read frequently to Ardine, and was
fied to find in him an intelligent and attentive
er. He was at this time contemplating a corres-
ence with the liberalists of all civilized nations,
xpected by a general coöperation to accomplish
grand result. He had traveled extensively for
age, and spoke several languages: had visited
and, Italy, Portugal, and other countries, and was
ably in many respects the best informed man in
Convention. Having carefully prepared his ora-
it was delivered in a full house, but it failed to
nand the attention it deserved simply for the rea-
hat it was too exalted in principle, and too pure
itiment for his audience: and because he was not
in language and abusive in debate, the noblest
in the Convention met a failure.

[1] "es, for the benefit of mankind."—*Moniteur.*
is oration is published at length in the *Moniteur.*

But Cloots was not disheartened. He saw the fondness of the people for scenic shows, and he determined to appeal to them in behalf of human brotherhood by means of a general representation of mankind. For this purpose he planned a grand procession which was to move through the principal streets of Paris, and to visit the Convention, in which all nations were to be represented in the relation of brothers. It was to symbolize the harmony of a race restored, and exalted to liberty and happiness. Ardine was charged with the duty of arranging appointments for the occasion, and this recalled the facilities of obtaining men and costumes from the theatres. Without revealing his former connection, the late assistant of the opera secured a host of supernumeraries from that establishment, and as the duty did not interfere with the evening performance, it afforded them a double profit.

After a long preparation the demonstration took place; all Paris was agog with so novel an affair, and the line of march was thronged by spectators of all ages and classes. First came a band of music discoursing soft and soothing strains such as might melt even the hearts of tyrants. Then appeared the high priest of humanity, clad in white vestments, with a palm in his hand. After him came the nations, each represented by persons dressed in appropriate costumes and with countenances colored to the hue which befitted their origin. In this manner the different races, and many of the distinguishing tribes of the human family, followed each other; and the people of Paris for the

first time beheld the Chinese bearing the tea plant, the North American Indian with his bow and quiver, the Arab with the implements of desert life, the Laplander with his furs, and the Negro with sugar cane and ivory. After these came the representatives of European civilization, including those of England, Scotland, Holland, Italy, the Tyrol, and all was concluded by a deputation of the *sans culottes* wearing the red cap of liberty. The pageant made a profound impression on the spectators who greeted it with incessant huzzas. At its close a solitary individual walked with lofty bearing, bowing on either side to the crowds whose cheers expressed their admiration. That man was Anacharsis Cloots, 'the orator of mankind,' who then saw the happiest day of his life.

Square after square was traversed by this imposing array until at last it reached the Tuilleries and approached the door of the Convention. This body was awaiting its arrival, and full arrangements had been made for its reception. The doors were suddenly thrown open and the procession entered and passed proudly before the admiring benches. The President arose and bowed; the representatives of the fraternal races, each did homage in response, until Citizen Cloots, following the last rank, received a marked obeisance in return for his graceful salute to the President: As this took place the latter exclaimed as the voice of the Republic, "The French people henceforth accept all nations as brothers."

Had not Cloots been thoroughly inflated by his

present self-importance, he might have noticed a group in the Convention which did not unite in its boisterous applause. It consisted of Robespierre, Le Bas, Couthon and St. Just, and could he have heard the bitter words, and marked the insidious glance of the former, the glory of his symbolic show would have withered beneath a sense of danger. "Let the fool have his play," whispered Robespierre, "he will go in another procession soon." From that day the 'orator of mankind' was a doomed man.

There was one individual whom above all others Cloots had desired to draw into his scheme of human brotherhood, since by doing so he might influence the nation of his birth. That man was the deputy from Calais, the former ally of America and the stern remonstrant against British oppression, Thomas Paine. It was perhaps this desire of influencing Paine, and a hope of coöperating through him with friends in England, that induced Cloots to give Ardine preference as secretary.

Paine and Cloots had many interviews, and yet they failed to harmonize. The former was now an old man, and although as bitter as ever in his hatred to religion, yet he had lost that confidence in mankind which still inspired the other. He had learned something of the corruption of the heart, although he had not discovered its remedy, and with all his conceit and his affected love of the truth, he was wandering still farther in the downward path of error. His residence in Paris was lonely, and in many respects very wretched. He

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS PAINE.

understood nothing of French, and hence the debates in the Convention were to him little more than rude ebullitions of murderous wrath. He was glad to have Ardine's company as a relief to his solitude, and they had long and frequent conversations.

Paine made no secret of his views and feelings, and confessed himself a disappointed man. He had been disappointed in the Convention, since instead of judicious legislation, he had found it filled with madmen, with whom he held but one sentiment in common — hatred of Christianity. He had been disappointed in America, where he had hoped to have established infidelity on the ruins of time-honored piety. "They have" said he, "escaped the British yoke, but they stopped half-way; they should have thrown off their superstition, burned their churches, and abolished their priestcraft. They failed for want of nerve. Their Washington whom so many admire, is a pusillanimous Christian. So are all that follow him, except a few who know me and understand me. Jefferson understands me; Ambassador Barlow understands me; these men are above the narrow bigotry of churchmen." See there," he exclaimed one day, pointing to a pile of manuscripts — there is a work which has employed me for months, when I should else have had nothing to do. I have had it on my mind for twenty years, but until now have had no time to grapple with the subject. That work I call *The Age of Reason*, and in it I annihilate the scriptures, and all priestcraft,

and bring the world back again to morals and to common sense."

"As you are attacking the Bible I would ask" said Ardine, "what edition you use for examination, or rather which one do you consider the fairest representation of the original?"

"As for that" replied Paine, "there is no difference: each and all are full of error. You ask which I use, and I reply none. I have not read the Bible for years: no man of sense needs to read it more than once to see through its absurdities, and I read it years ago." Ardine did not conceal his surprise that any one should attack the Bible without having a copy of it by his side to refer to, and expressed his doubt of the fairness of such a course, but Paine's self-conceit was proof against any such remark, and Ardine learned a new lesson as to the manner in which infidelity makes its assumptions and attacks. His confidence in Paine's doctrines were by no means increased by that person's appearance and manners. He was slovenly and filthy in the former, and vulgar in the latter, and this led Ardine to infer that the filth and rags of the *sans culotte* were in a measure illustrative of their impiety.

While engaged in the service of Cloots, and thus brought into frequent intercourse with Paine, Ardine's curiosity was continually aroused concerning that volume which each alike contemned. He discovered that however they might disagree in other matters, they both concurred in the rejection of Christianity. "And this faith" he exclaimed "which they

despise is that on which my Zoe has rested her hopes for present and future happiness; can this question then be one of little import to me, when to her it is of so momentous a character?" From this time he held frequent arguments with Paine, all of which tended to convince him that the latter was laboring under strong prejudice and ignorance. At length said he "I will examine for myself, for this subject has a depth that I have never yet fathomed." As a result there soon appeared in Ardine's desk a copy of the Holy Bible.

NOTE. — The editor is well persuaded that the character of Jean Baptiste Cloots has never been fully understood or appreciated. Walter Scott spoke of him as the most inimitable personage of the revolution. The name has been Anglicized to Clute. The account of the procession is strictly true to history.

NOTE. — One cannot but mark the cool assertion with which Paine states a circumstance, which, for audacity, has scarcely a parallel in all literature. "*Under these circumstances I began* the Age of Reason, *I had neither Bible nor Testament to refer to, nor could I procure any; notwithstanding which I have produced a work that no Bible believer, though writing at his ease, with a library of church books about him, can refute.*"

CHAPTER XV.

The Flower Girl of the Tuilleries.

Trine de la Cour sat in her little kitchen arranging flowers for the daily market. It was a soft spring morning, and as her fingers passed over one and the other, and selected the snowy camelias, the fragrant daphnes, and the plumed acacias, and tied up the little *bouquets*, her voice broke out in one of those sacred songs which had come down from the worshiping assemblies of past generations.

"*Heureux celui qui par un juste choix*
S'abstient du mal, et vit dans l'innocence,
Qui craignant Dieu se soummet a ses lois;
Heureux celui que dans son alliance,
Garde avec soin ses statutes precieux,
Dont il a fait son unique science."

The blind old man sat by her side. "Ah Trine," said he, "you cannot know how it fills me with delight to feel that you are peaceful and even happy. You who are poor and perhaps looked down upon by some, yet bear your lot with such submission and serenity. Not every one could do that, Trine, but God has blessed

you with a contented spirit, and this after all is the true riches."

"Father" said Trine, "why should I not be happy—I whom God loves, and for whom he has created so many things of beauty here, and provided a heaven above? How can any one be unhappy for whom the sun shines, and the flowers bloom. I sing like the bird because all is sunny in God's love, and the music springs up from the heart before one is aware;—and then I think that if there be so much that is joyful on earth, how far lovelier will heaven be, where there is no more sin, and where death can never enter?"

"Yes" replied the blind man, "and where we shall see, and that too face to face."

"You will not be lonely to-day, I hope, father," said Trine, "you know I will return as early as possible, and if they don't sell quickly I will not wait till night."

"I will try not to be," he replied, "though 'tis sometimes hard to be otherwise when you are away; the day is so long and heavy although I sing and pray and repeat scripture to pass the time—but then again it is sometimes sweet to be alone. When you are gone my child, and the house is all solitary, then it sometimes seems as though God comes down and fills it with his presence. Then I can lift my voice in prayer and in praise, and feel the answer often coming upon my soul like the spring showers upon the plants: and yet Trine it is sometimes lonely, very lonely, till you return. But after all, what company a Christian may behold with the eye of faith. 'For ye are not

come to the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest. But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels. To the general assembly of the church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and the spirits of just men made perfect, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel.'

A few tears bedewed the old man's sightless orbs as he finished, and with a tender kiss his daughter bade him farewell. At the market Trine opened her basket of flowers, and then taking her seat she plied her needle, until the voice of some purchaser changed her occupation. The market was a place of activity notwithstanding the public distress, for there were some who would still buy flowers even in that time of dismay, just as there are those over whom the beautiful will hold its power until death.

When the noon came, Trine closed her stall, even though most of her stock was unsold, and the petty dealers who surrounded her, wondered at such early close of trade, though it was always the way with Trine. They had not learned that another market was awaiting her where she uniformly disposed of whatever remained. Tripping onward from the stall, Trine made her way to the Tuilleries, and there took her place in the spacious hall. The morning session was still in progress, and visitors were passing to and

fro in great number, and crowds of women were making their way to the bar of the house in order to offer petitions and make speeches. Among these were smaller groups who might lay claim to the name of ladies, at least from their appearance and manners, who attended the sittings and encouraged their chosen party with their smiles and applause. It had become a fashion with these to send flowers to their favorites, and Trine found immediate sale for her stock. One thing was required of her by the purchasers — that she should be the bearer of their flattering messages, which were hastily pencilled and attached to each *bouquet.*[1] For this purpose Trine entered the doors of the Convention. Before her sat the president in nervous anxiety, while on either side of the house were ranged the two grand parties, and she could not fail at once to discover the different indications of power. The Girondins on the right appeared careworn and distracted, while the Mountain on the left towered in seats one above another, stern and determined in conscious strength.

Trine advanced to the page and inquired for the persons for whom the *bouquets* were intended, and followed the lad to their seats. Here is one for Tallien, who accepts it with a smile, and places it in a tumbler of water on his desk; it is from Clothilde. Another for

[1] This custom is thus alluded to in the reports of Convention: "*Le President recut un bouquet des mains innocents d'une jeune enfant*"—*Moniteur* July 1792

Duhem from Marie; and here is one for Danton with a note which runs in these words:

"Citizen deputy, an unknown admirer greets thee with flowers; let them breathe to thee the fragrance of her love—love for thee the mightiest of the Mountain. Be ever strong, as thou art now, and a greater reward awaits thee."

This one is for Robespierre:

"A bouquet with many hopes and fears thy Ernestine has sent—hopes that thine arm be nerved; fears because of surrounding foes. On thee, citizen, rests the nation's weal; strike home and spare not."

And here is one for the hideous Marat, from whom Trine recoiled: he had just returned to the Convention, acquitted by the Tribunal, and was now in the glory of fresh *eclat.*

"Citizen, the destinies bid thee hail. The serpent that twined about thee, thou hast crushed, and France beholds her deliverer once more. Citizen, the time has come; let the blows fall fast on a nation's foes. I send thee flowers: but blood is redder than roses. Citizen, dost thou understand? From

AMANDINE.

Having distributed the flowers, Trine was about to withdraw, when a woman appeared at the bar of the house and offered a petition, after which she uttered a loud and noisy speech. "In the name of the society of female Revolutionary Republicans (*Republicains Revolutionnaires*) I bear witness" she exclaimed "to the Convention, of their solicitude with respect to the necessaries of life. The insolent tradesmen are getting rich out of your slackness. Let the stroke come upon

the guilty. I am one of the people, and you are the rulers — relief is promised us and yet to whom has it come? — Ah! we are like the blind, to whom light is promised by some base quack, and yet they go to the grave mourning that they had no better physician."[1]

The woman finished her address, the president made a reply, and Trine turned to depart; as she did so several of the female deputation turned upon her with malignant glances, and marking the lofty elevation of her character several exclaimed at once, "Another aristocrat — equality is now the order of the day — down with your pride and affected meekness; away with you!" As these words were uttered, a pair of female hands snatched at the ribbon which bound her hair, and another rent off her loose flowing shawl — she tottered back to the door, and scarce had passed it, when a hideous *sans culotte* thrust upon her head his own greasy red cap and then flung about her his arms to give the civic embrace.[2] As this attempt was made a form suddenly started between them, and the blow that followed was hardly seen before the *sans culotte* rolled upon the floor. Trine looked up in amazement at her rescue, and beheld a tall youth with portfolio still in one hand while with the other he pointed to the senseless body. "Take that brute away" he exclaimed to the guard, "or I shall finish the work at once — as for

[1] *Moniteur*, 1793.

[2] *L'accolade civique.* This was one of the new fashions of the Revolution.

these furies, sufficient though they be for the powers of Hell—there are bounds even to their malice."

As the youth turned around to Trine, his eyes lost their fierceness, and in a gentle tone he half apologized for his conduct. The maiden was too full for utterance, but she fixed upon him a gaze which told the emotion which possessed her soul. A single detached rose, broken from some *bouquet* lay in the empty basket. "At least this for a remembrance," said the youth as he placed it on his hat, and with a bow passed on.

As Trine turned to depart, her eye was attracted by a small drawing which lay on the floor. What was her surprise on examining it closely, to find it to be a sketch of herself as that morning she appeared in the Convention.

Was that stranger an artist, and had it dropped from his portfolio? What led him in that place of fame to sketch a poor flower girl? These were questions enough for one day thought Trine de la Cour.

NOTE. — The hall of the Convention to which reference is made in these pages has long since passed away. At the time of convening the States General no suitable building existed in Paris for the accommodation of a deliberative body, and hence a large hall was erected near the Tuileries. In this hall the thrilling scenes of the Convention took place, and after the close of the revolution it was pulled down. The present *Corps Legislatif* meets in a modern building

CHAPTER XVI.

The Wanderers.

Zoe and her child had now entered into a new experience. *desolation.* The sun arose and set, and day after day passed drearily on, but no form of husband or father crossed the threshold, except in dreams. Then it was to revive the olden time at Arras in the sunny hours of life's spring, when the shadows of the present had not a place, even among those fears that sometimes hover over the future; or again, it was in courtly receptions where they mingled with the old *noblesse* in halls dazzling with splendor, and vocal with music and song. And then it was in their recent Parisian life, so domestic and serene, when their little household was drinking a cup of unmixed felicity. But sweet as these dreams might be, there was an hour of waking into the cheerless, stupifying atmosphere of the real, when darkness and despondency followed.

From this frame Zoe at last had fears, and in view of that collapse of hope which sometimes took place, it became a question whether she had a right either to rebel at Divine Providence which had separated her

from Ardine, or to sit down in cold apathy, as though to charge her misfortunes on God. Other thoughts, too, forced themselves upon her. Her means were rapidly diminishing; the amount of money in her possession was small, and her resources were cut off. The agent of the estate could make no remittances, even had he desired to do so, and she had no friend in Paris to advance the means of life. Hence stern necessity at times aroused her to a consideration of her circumstances, while at others she sunk under her burdens.

At length while meditating on her condition, this word of scripture suddenly came into her mind: "*Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward.*" The view of herself and her duty given by this lesson was electric. She at once perceived that under all circumstances the believer should press forward when called to either duty or suffering, and she also saw that the spirit of Faith always leads those who possess it to the improvement of every advantage and opportunity. Thus she was taught that even though life be but one long protracted trial, it should nevertheless be endured with patient confidence in God's purposes of love. The chief comfort which she had at this time was the worship enjoyed by the church *de la Foi*, where the little band met each Lord's day. A heavenly unction accompanied the discourses of pastor Beaupère, and the tear springing from melted hearts testified the power of Christian love. Each seemed to warm with sympathy, and the tale of sorrow which some bore upon the countenance awoke a current of feeling,

which was in itself a potent balsam for life's woes. Among others whom she met in this sacred convocation, were two persons in whom she found great comfort. They were the flower girl and her blind father, whom she had seen on previous occasions, and in whom she saw so much to love. The lessons and influences of these seasons of worship served to deepen and strengthen Zoe's spiritual life; the views which at first were imperfect, as in the case of one "who saw men as trees walking," became clearer from day to day, and in the midst of solitude and depression she began to enjoy the permanent possession of that peace which passeth understanding. A serene resignation assumed control of her mind, and the grandeur of the holy will of God swallowed up all her thoughts. That will, once so contrary to her desire, as it had been to her purpose, now appeared as a majestic stream in which all the volitions of creatures were to be merged, and she rejoiced that grace enabled her to yield her own as a tribute. To take another view of the case, the only sacrifice which she could make to the being she adored, was written in one word, "submission," and now by *his* help she could utter those words once spoken in the agony of Gethsemane, "Not my will but thine be done."

In order to support her little household Zoe prepared a portion of her suite of apartments[1] for the use of lodgers, but no occupants as yet had been obtained.

[1] It appears from this statement that Zoe had taken apartments in the extensive pile known as the *Hôtel de la Providence.*

One day in July a young woman from the country made application and was accepted, She was a person of pensive countenance, lit up by a sweet rural expression, and with curling tresses that clustered about her forehead, and fell gracefully upon her neck. Zoe became much interested in the stranger, for she observed beneath her girlish simplicity a deep undertone of character, and a solemn earnestness of purpose. Her eyes were eloquent with thought, and at times her features were radiant with an air of devotion that might have become a martyr. Then again she possessed an appearance of childlike innocence, which might guard her as with an escort of angels.

After a few days the mysterious maiden went out one morning and returned not. That day Paris was thrilled by one of the boldest deeds that woman ever performed. The monster Marat had been stabbed at his own dwelling by a female stranger. Another day passed and still the maiden failed to return. But soon a vast and eager throng pressed down to Rue St. Honoré, and amid the gaze of thousands, the cart moved on bearing the heroic slayer to her doom. As it passed Zoe happened to be near, and looking up was smitten with horror. In that solitary victim who stood calm as a statue, and rapt in self-conscious grandeur, she beheld the mysterious stranger that once dwelt beneath her roof. She had entertained one of the noblest of her sex, and she never forgot her wondrous guest, Charlotte Corday.

This at once startled Zoe to a sense of danger. She

knew that enough had occurred to render her liable to arrest, and this alone would have driven her to seek a new refuge, even had she not received a fresh warning. This came in a note hastily thrown in the door, and which read thus: "*Citoyenne* Zoe, once more I send you word of danger; to-night you may expect the *gens d'armes.*" No signature was attached, but Zoe recognized the handwriting of the first warning, and she made immediate preparation for departure. Any place, if it were but the abode of innocence, were better than a prison. Companionship with guilt alone she shrunk from; all else she could endure, and although she was fully willing to lay down her life, so far as the mere pleasure of existence was considered, yet life was desirable for the welfare of her child, and possibly for that of her husband. But the question immediately occurred, whither should she fly? No friendly house stood ready to receive her; no roof, however humble, offered shelter.

In this distress she determined to cast herself on God. She knew that He was able to provide for her, and he who describes himself as hearing the ravens when they cry, would not turn away from the voice of one whom he had redeemed. In this confidence she felt returning strength, and with it there came a soothing of her excited frame which permitted her to proceed quietly with her duties. The more she thought on God, the stronger grew her faith, until at last she felt in her heart a pleasure in being dependent alone on his almighty hand. With cheerfulness she pro-

ceeded with her tasks. The furniture was put in complete order, the clothing laid carefully away, and the closets locked. In this way she gratified her inborn love of neatness; a small parcel containing the most necessary articles of apparel was tied up to be taken with her, and this with a few letters and miniatures, was her only burden.

Having made this preparation, the mother and child kneeled down in prayer, and the words of scripture seemed to come to her heart like a voice from Heaven. "*He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?*"

Strengthened by this word as by a cordial, Zoe took her child by the hand and descending to the street commenced a journey, she knew not whither. But even now in this awful destitution she felt the true grandeur of the Christian. Though like Abraham she was a wanderer, yet like him also she had one above to guide her path. The heaven was her covering and the earth her place of rest; God was her father, and in his almighty hand the elements were her friends. The hand that stopped the mouth of lions could restrain her enemies, and the power that sent the winged messengers to Elijah, could supply her wants — and with this view of her condition, she still even in that dark hour felt assured that all things would work together for good to her, with respect to the interests both of body and soul.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Enthusiast and his Schemes.

Cloots and Ardine were objects of mutual esteem, and the former gradually opened a grand scheme which the latter could not help but respect, we had almost said admire. With the exception of his secretary, it is doubtful whether Cloots had in all Paris one who fully understood or appreciated his plans. It was evident that Robespierre had no regard for the general elevation of mankind, and it was easily seen that he viewed with jealousy any enterprise which interfered with his own aggrandizement.

Cloots hoped first to see France liberated from the yoke of royalty, and then regenerated by philosophy; after which a similar emancipation was to be extended to other nations, until the entire globe should present the unblemished glory of mankind. When contemplating this magnificent idea he would often become rapturous, and while Ardine listened he would expatiate in glowing terms on the spectacle which would be witnessed by coming generations. A large globe stood in a frame in one corner of the apartment, and on its divisions he had traced a pencil outline of the

progress of fraternal love. After France had been brought up to the standard, England was to be evangelized by emissaries of the new opinion. After Great Britain, the United States would be attempted (whose regeneration was considered an easy task), and then by a bold and universal effort, tyrannical Europe was to be invaded by a host of popular and well-trained propagandists. The control of the department of Britain was to be offered to Thomas Paine: but if he declined it, then Cloots was desirous to commit it to the hands of Ardine, in whom he hoped to find an efficient assistant.

While examining this scheme of elevating mankind to a family relation, Ardine was led to compare it with the doctrines of the Bible; and especially with that grand scheme which had been commenced eighteen centuries previously; and he now examined the distinctive features of the two. In the latter he found to his surprise that the regeneration of the race had been undertaken by Jesus Christ and was set forth under the term GOSPEL, and that the last words of Christ were a command given to his disciples to proclaim that gospel to the whole world. Ardine here obtained new views of Christ's character, for while the Romish teachers exhibited him as a destroying king, whose mercy must be obtained by intercession of saints, and angels, and above all the Virgin Mary, the Revolutionists of the day spoke of him as a common reformer of the *sans culotte* order. Ardine however saw him portrayed by the sacred writers as a Redeemer, whose

work was to benefit the spiritual nature of man, and as a consequence his physical nature—all to be accomplished through the gospel; from which it was evident that Christ had implicit confidence in it as a means adapted to an end.

It was therefore apparent that Cloots's desire to benefit mankind was by no means a new idea, and Ardine wondered why he could not just as well have adopted the Christian scheme as have got up one of his own. But he also saw that in the gospel there was a reference made to a great fact in human experience of which Cloots said nothing. This was SIN. The work of Christ was commenced by a removal of sin through redemption, and the exaltation of the race was initiated by a change of heart or '*new birth*,' from which all other benefits were to flow. Thus a spiritual basis was laid down on which the work of reformation was to be built, until at last the world should be filled with its glorious result. It was evident that sin was the great obstacle in the way of human happiness, and until this should have been removed, no progress could be made in the work of true reformation. But it was admitted by Cloots that he did not attempt the removal of sin, and hence it was clear to Ardine that his plan was imperfect. As to the reason why Cloots did not accept the gospel scheme, Ardine thought that it might be explained by the fact that the latter brought down the pride of the heart, whereas an invention of his own would gratify the deputy's vanity. These things Ardine calmly stated to his patron, but the latter could

not look so far back into the past. "The times" said he "demand progress, and Christianity is too old for an advancing age."

Cloots was full of pressing engagements, and Ardine's experience in public life was of vast assistance. In the morning Cloots attended the Convention, and appeared in full dress as a member of the Mountain, and the evening was spent at the Jacobin Club, of which he had been made president, while his correspondence and other duties filled up the remainder of his time. He was reputed to be rich, and his occasional visits to his bankers, the Vanderneyvers, strengthened this opinion. He gave freely to public demands, and was ostentatiously liberal to the poor, as became the self-styled orator of mankind. But notwithstanding the applause of the multitude, he felt a degree of danger. Paris was an ocean which knew no rest, and the waves of public opinion showed no signs of abatement. Some of his correspondence had been tampered with, and there lingered about his steps a class of men whom he considered *mouchards* or spies, but could not shake off. As a measure of caution, his letters were after this time addressed to Gaspard Thiers, his secretary (which was the name Ardine had assumed), under cover for himself.

As a part of his duty, Ardine frequently visited the *Commune* and the Jacobin club. The latter was held in the old convent of the monks of St. James, who had been expelled, and were now wandering in search of bread, while the society for extending its so-called

liberal principles, here held its meetings. The power of this club was vastly greater than that of any other, and although there were many societies of this character in Paris, the Jacobins were supreme. The *Commune* was the municipal government, and was composed of three delegates from each of the forty-eight wards or sections of Paris. Besides this he occasionally looked in at the meetings of the sections, and particularly at the one in which Cloots lived, which was that of Lêpelletier.[1] The names of the sections had been made to correspond with the *nouvelle ordre*, and both ancient and modern patriotism were honored by such remembrances.

At the *Commune* Ardine saw the deep working of a series of petty plots of the same nature with those that vexed the Convention. Different interests were contending for mastery, and the public weal was forgotten amid the flames of faction. The *Commune* was thoroughly *sans culotte*, and its leaders were adherents of the Mountain. The chief of these was the *procureur* or attorney, Gaspard Chaumette, who, in accordance with the custom of the day, had assumed as his middle name the classic title of Anaxagoras. Chaumette was from Nêvers. He was a stout built man with large, coarse, and yet not unhandsome features; but an expression of stern and relentless decision pervaded his countenance, and like the Gorgon his glance repelled and petrified. He was one of the most san-

[1] Named after Lepelletier San Fargeau, the member of Convention who was stabbed just before the king's death.—*Vide page* 86.

guinary men of the day, and from his seat in the *Commune*, he reëchoed the sentiments of Robespierre, and still called for blood.

Next to Chaumette in importance was Jacques Renê Hébert, who like Chaumette, was young and of rural origin; a description which indeed would apply to all the leading men in Paris. He was a revolutionist by trade, and published an abusive journal called *Pere Duchêsne*, in which he poured out his wrath upon all who opposed him. Like Chaumette, he was thoroughly identified with the interests of Robespierre. Hébert was of heavy and sensual appearance, with a brutish mouth and a ferocious expression which indicated both strength and cruelty. As *sub procureur* of the *Commune* and editor of *Pere Duchêsne* and other works, Hébert was a man of great importance among the *sans culottes*. The former of these had a vast sale, and large quantities were ordered by the authorities for free circulation, for which purpose alone thirty thousand livres had been voted him in a single year. Every session of the *Commune*, which met in the *Hotel de Ville* or town hall, was the scene of rude debate and fierce denunciation, and there the voice of the sections was heard demanding the blood of all who were obnoxious.

Ardine had also frequent occasion to visit the Tribunal, which was a place of fearful interest. He learned much in the *Palais de Justice*, where he became acquainted with its leaders, at least so as to know their names and persons. The most important of the mem-

bers of this court was the accuser-general, Fouquier-Tinville. He was a large man with an expansive forehead, which was a correct indication of his great energy, his executive power, and force of character; and Ardine could not but observe the rapidity with which he, with his clerks, drove on the prosecution.

As the autumn of 1793 advanced, the excitement in the *Commune* and in the Convention steadily increased, and the fever of doubt waxed still higher in its fury. Ardine now heard Chaumette denouncing prominent citizens with blood-thirsty hate. Among these were Lebœuf, who was charged with deficiency in Republican character; and Michonet and Desavannes were included in the same category.[1] Chaumette also demanded that the roll of the *Commune* be called and that each member be required to define his Republicanism. After close examination all passed but one; this was Jobert "who was accused of some deeds not consistent with *civisme*, and as a result he was cast out and his papers put under seal." With this spread of doubt Ardine noted a corresponding increase of bloodshed.

The Queen was executed in October, and the Girondins suffered in a few days afterward. The *fournée* of the latter was one of the most fearful scenes which he ever witnessed. Five carts moved down Rue St. Honoré laden with the doomed, who sang in a clear and al-

[1] *Moniteur*, Oct. 1793.

most triumphant voice the following lines from the *Marsellaise.*

"*Allons enfans de la patrie*
Le jour de gloire est arrivé,
Contre nous de tyrannie,
Le couteau sanglante est levé."

These were men for whom Ardine held the deepest sympathy and with whom he probably would have perished had he not made timely escape. Dreadful as was their fate, he saw that it might soon be his own. The Girondins comprised the larger part of all that was lofty or excellent in the Convention, and yet Paris rejoiced when the Mountain sent them to the scaffold. Conscious of the outrage perpetrated on mankind by this murder, which would have put even a barbarian to shame, Ardine felt as he saw the *fournée*, that there was at least one of that throng who burned with indignation, and who could have cheerfully died in their rescue; but the fiendish mob seemed to regale themselves with the sight, and fed high on the repast of horrors.

That night Ardine walked to the place where the Girondins were buried. A trench was visible, a part of which was filled up, and thus he distinguished the line of burial. The most recent interment was easily to be recognized from the fresh gravel, and in this way each *fournée* added its number to the long trenches of the dead. Beneath that mound there lay the forms of twenty-one of the most eloquent and gifted men of their day, thus smitten out of existence. The morning beheld the captive band in the fullness of their powers; the afternoon witnessed their appearance in

THE GIRONDINS GOING TO EXECUTION.

the Place de la Revolution, and the night saw Ardine a solitary watcher by their place of rest.[1] The scene was full of painful suggestions. In front there rose before him the unfinished walls of the Madeleine, a church whose exquisite plan might have been completed, had it not been for that sudden triumph of faction. Near him was the grave of the king, on either side of which a long mound marked the scenes of some vast interments. The one covered the remains of those who were killed by the casualty that accompanied his marriage, and the other indicated the trench where the Swiss guards who fell in the defence of the Tuilleries had been buried. As he gazed upon the spot he heard the voices of the dead speaking to his soul, as he had once heard them in the day of their power. "Brother of the glaive; each of us has tasted the keen edge of the steel. Here the sons of La Gironde enjoy the patriot's reward. Shalt thou not share it also and have a part with the glorious dead?"

[1]The burial ground above referred to has since been ornamented by the edifice known as the *Chapelle Expiatiore*. The remains of both king and queen have been placed in suitable receptacles on a raised platform in the chapel. Those of the Swiss guards as well as of the Girondins and other victims of the guillotine were at the same time placed in two large graves. The vicinity of la Madelaine to the Place de la Revolution was no doubt the reason why so many of the condemned were buried there. This spot is one of the most interesting in Paris, since all that is mortal of the greatest Revolutionists is there mingled in dust. Robespierre and his foes now sleep in peace together, and the *Montagnard* and the Girondin have ceased their warfare. In this chapel a mass is said once a week for the benefit of the royal victims.

CHAPTER XVIII.

God Provides.

Zoe and her little boy, hand in hand, proceeded several squares down Rue St. Honoré, in that listless manner which marks the pace of those who have no purpose before them. It was *Décadi*, and the streets were decorated in honor of the day; banners were flying from all public buildings, and long streamers waved from many a house top. Occasional strains of music fell upon the ear, and gay equipages dashed along toward the *Champ Elysees*. The shops were open, and all the places of amusement offered, by their placards, both day and evening performances, and an appearance of pervading levity indicated the absence of all religious sentiment.

The mother and child continued walking in silence until at last they approached a public hall which bore a placard of "*cours de morale*," and being somewhat wearied they followed the few who were entering, hoping to obtain a brief rest. The audience, which was composed of women and children, was small and scattered. An elderly man occupied the desk, before

which a group of singers was seated. An ode was given out and sung by the choir, after which the speaker arose to open his subject. From his appearance he had evidently been one of that church from which so many priests had apostatized. He commenced by expatiating on the injury which society had received from priests and from other agents of superstition, and added that all religions were now exploded, and that priests and churches were useless. He then alluded to the benefits of philosophy, which was now asserting its power over mankind, and which would have been long since universal, had it not been for the opposition of the church. "Philosophy," he said, "was all in all; it needed no priests and no worshipers. It led the heart to nature, where all could worship, without bible or creed." He also spoke at length on the practice of the virtues; they should be cultivated as the fruit of philosophy, and he exhorted his hearers to industry, honesty and temperance, but pressed upon them the great importance of being truly republican. "A good republican" said he, "is one that hates kings and priests and whose sword is ever pointed against tyrants; he is in spirit a brother of Brutus, and a follower of Harmodius and Aristogiton; he will spare no one who is not sworn to liberty, and will send his own brother to the guillotine if he doubted his *civisme.*"

Zoe's heart was burdened, and she was in need of strength and encouragement, and the cold, dry utterances of the speaker fell upon her with a chilling effect.

Not a word was said of the love of God, of the faithfulness and fulness of Christ, or of his death, resurrection, and ascension, and the work which he is now carrying on in behalf of his people. How different thought she from the rich simplicity of pastor Beaupère, and the unction which marked his preaching. Another ode was sung, and then the *cours de morale*[1] was finished. The audience dispersed, and passing out with them, the mother and child took their way wherever God might lead them. Frêron said but little, for children quickly catch the key note of the occasion; but he seemed to feel the power of that faith which sustained his mother, and when he spoke it was of heavenly things such as he had heard at the church de la Foi. "Pastor Beaupère says that our Saviour had no place to lay his head, mother," said he, "but I never thought till now how bad it was. But if we live as he did, won't we go where he has gone?" Zoe found comfort in the tones of her child, and he continued: "I am not afraid of night any more, and when it gets dark you shall rest on the grass under the trees, and I will walk around and watch you. I am not afraid, for God is near. Then to-morrow we will go out of this wicked city, and we will go back to Arras, and perhaps we shall see father there again." Night was approaching as Frêron said this, and while he was speaking they passed a lad who was weeping

[1] The *cours de morale* was intended to be a substitute for the gospel, but having no spiritual power, it did not meet the wants of the soul, and was soon abandoned.

bitterly. "Oh! won't you come and be my mother," exclaimed the child to Zoe. "I have no mother now, nor father either; they have been taken to prison, and I am left alone. They call me Pierre, the orphan."

"And where do you live, my child?" asked Zoe.

"I sleep in the porch of St. Etienne, and am *commissionaire*[1] for the market women, but I have no father nor mother now — won't you come and be my mother?" Zoe's heart yearned over one so early called to bear misfortune, and she did all that was in her power by giving him a kiss of affection and sharing with him her stock of refreshments. The boy passed on still weeping, and the sound of his sobs ceased not from her ear until the shadows of evening overhung the wanderers. They had now reached the suburbs of the city, and were among gardens and rural cottages where they stopped to rest, while the distant range of fortifications warned them of the difficulty of escaping from the city.

As they sat there night came on, gorgeous in the summer's beauty, and fragrant with balmy winds, and glorious in the sheen of mighty constellations, and the half-hidden majesty of the starry universe. The wanderers looked up and worshiped the God that made all these things of glory, and the stars seemed to answer back in words of cheer like sacred messages to their souls. At this time of solemn meditation Zoe felt a new consciousness of the goodness of God

[1] Errand boy, or lad of all work; a common term for boys of that class.

as shown in her past life, and a burst of gratitude ascended to him whose love had been proven in the giving of his son to the death of the cross.

At this moment two men advanced toward her, and spoke in an earnest and hurried tone "*Citoyenne*, thy husband has sent us for thee, there is not a moment to be lost. Our carriage waits at the next corner, and we must hasten or we shall be detected."

Zoe was at once embarrassed to the highest degree. It was a moment of critical importance. She hesitated at first at thus entrusting herself in the hands of strangers, but the hope of meeting Ardine mastered all fears and suspicions. Looking at her boy and giving him a rapturous kiss, she exclaimed: "Your father has sent for us, my child; we shall soon be in his arms."

"And that will be much better than lying out all night, mother. Is not God good in sending our papa just when we wanted to see him, and have him help us?"

As soon as the mother and child had taken seats, the door of the carriage was closed, and the horses dashed on at a rapid pace. Zoe was so overcome with emotion at the thought of meeting her husband, that she lost all sense of the flight of time, but was soon awakened out of her reverie by the halting of the carriage. The two were handed out, and trembling with expectation they were led into a large front room. Here a man tall and haggard, and pale with watching and anxiety, was pacing the floor in great agitation. He started forward to meet the new comers, but

recoiled in astonishment, which was fully equalled by that of Zoe.

"This is not my Jeanne!"

"And you citizen, alas! are not my husband!"

The interview was one of increasing embarrassment — what more should she say?

"Were you brought here by the coach?" he inquired.

"I was, and with me this boy, who is now all that is left me on earth. I came not seeking this place, but sought out, and urged hither by others."

"Then some fatal blunder has defeated my plans," exclaimed the stranger with a sigh — after a moment he added: "*Citoyenne* I will try to explain; the coach in which you came was to have brought me a beloved wife. Weeks ago she that was the light of my countenance and the pride of my house was snatched from my arms and mured in a prison. Since then, her escape has been my hourly study, and to-day it was to have been perfected: at Point Delure she was to meet my coach, and when I heard its wheels my heart beat with new life — but instead of her it has brought yourself. — My wife is either a wanderer in Paris, or is still left in prison.

"Citizen," replied Zoe, "allow one to sympathise with you, who like yourself has been torn from the object of dearest affection. It is now two months since I saw my husband, nor do I know if he is still alive; but I regret to bear a part in your present sad disappointment, and if you will take me back to the place where I entered, I will at once with my child retire."

"Circumstances will prevent your leaving the house to-night," said he "or at least I may say that such a thing could not be thought of. The streets of Paris are not a fitting place at night for a defenceless woman; but let me state that you are in safe quarters. This I can say, although I am but a guest."

"I must first ask where I am, and under whose roof?" said Zoe.

"You are in the house of Citizen Sicard, a friend to me and to the human race, formerly known as Abbé Sicard, and this is the institution for the care of deaf mutes. One word in addition; you have met me before, though you do not recall my name. I am Roland, once minister of the interior, but now like yourself a child of misfortune."

As he said this he withdrew, and in a few moments returned in company with a person of kind and benevolent aspect. This was the master of the house, who as soon as he understood the incidents of the occasion, gave the wanderers his hospitality for the night.

As Zoe and her boy retired, she could not but feel grateful for the mercy she had received, and she poured out her soul to God in praise for his goodness. Her faith had not been unrewarded, and she felt the blessedness of those who put their trust in HIM. Homeless as she was, she had found a most unexpected shelter, and one which reminded her of Hagar and the well in the desert.

The next day Zoe became better acquainted with her asylum, whose character seemed profoundly im-

pressive. Here in Paris, amid the bloodiest scenes, she found a man devoting himself to the amelioration of his race, without respect to party or opinion; and here she beheld a daily gathering of the dumb who were taught not only to read and write, but also to converse, and thus, as their instructor expressed himself, the prophecy of Isaiah was fulfilled.[1] Classes were held in various stages of progress, and Zoe was astonished to behold the mute thus full of utterance. Sicard was enthusiastic in his idea of perfecting the system which his predecessor Abbe de l'Epée had invented, and though he was but recently called to this institution, yet he had become a master of his profession. His life in Paris was one of incessant danger, yet as he only held his existence to be valuable so long as it was useful, he would not abandon his post to save his head.[2] It was only a few months previously that he had been cast into prison and from thence brought to the Tribunal. He would have been guillotined had it not been for the courage of a poor mechanic who volunteered in his behalf with the greatest earnestness, and affirmed that he would die in his defence as a man of philanthropy. Since his assumption of this work, Sicard had been so much encouraged

[1] Isaiah 35th: "The eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped."

[2] Sicard's devotion of character may be judged from his advertisement: "Citizen Sicard believes it to be his duty to notify his fellow citizens that *public lessons* of *deaf mutes* are given every Friday at 10 A. M., at the Institution, No. 19 *Rue de Petite Muse*."—*Moniteur*. The italics are his.

that he expressed the hope that not only England and America, but the whole world would embrace this system of instructing this unfortunate class. The reverend appearance of this excellent man filled Zoe with renewed confidence in God, who in the midst of the horrors of the revolution had established so strong a witness for himself. "Thus," thought she, "while Jacobin and Girondin are contending for the mastery, and Paris is filled with blood and agony, the work of Christ is holding its onward way; and thus through wars and commotions it will continue to advance, until all nations shall be brought to the obedience of faith."

Sicard was in need of assistants, and upon consideration of circumstances so providentially ordered, he offered a position to Zoe for whom he expressed a warm sympathy. Indeed he was too recently from prison and from the scaffold not to feel deeply the sorrows of his guest, and he quoted with true force and eloquence those words of the poet:

——— "Non ignara mali."

As aid to the matron of the house, Zoe could be of service, and these duties did not require that familiarity with the alphabet which was necessary to the work of instruction, in which she was afterwards engaged.

As for Frêron, he was exceedingly delighted with the language of signs, which he learned with great readiness.

The unfortunate Roland departed in a few days, having during that time learned that his plan for rescue had utterly failed. Alas, that accomplished couple never

met on earth! In a few weeks the gifted and lovely Madame Roland perished by the axe in the Place de la Revolution, and her husband afterward died by his own hand.

Note. — Sicard was born at Toulouse, and died in Paris, aged eighty. He was engaged in the instruction to the deaf and dumb at Bordeaux, but on the death of Abbé de l'Epee, in 1789, he was called to succeed him at Paris, where he began his labors in 1790. He was arrested and imprisoned during the revolution, and escaped, as has been stated. He improved de l'Epee's system, and enlarged the sphere of instruction of the deaf and dumb. In 1815 he visited England with some of his pupils, where he met Mr. Gallaudet, the American instructor of the same unfortunate class. Sicard died in 1822, in great poverty, which is so often the condition of the truly excellent.

Non ignara mali, etc., "Not ignorant of misfortune; I have learned to succor the distressed." This exquisite sentiment is from Virgil.

Note. — Manon Jeanne Phillipon was the daughter of a respectable Parisian, who gave her a fine education, and she became one of the most brilliant women of her day. She married Roland, a prominent Girondin, who bore a part in the government as Minister of the Interior. Her friendship for the Girondins led to her arrest and confinement in St. Pelagie, and she was guillotined in the Place de la Revolution on the 8th Nov. 1798. As she approached the place of execution she consoled an old man who stood with her on the cart, and afterwards apostrophised the statue of liberty with the oft quoted exclamation, "O, liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Roland, who had been in concealment in Rouen, committed suicide within a week after the death of his wife.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Sybarite of the Revolution.

The Hotel de la Roche situated on the Boulevard St. Denis was one of those spacious mansions which marked the luxurious reign of Louis Quatorze. It fronted on one of the finest squares in the city, and was once the scene of many a brilliant display, having witnessed some of the most splendid of courtly assemblies. The parlor of this establishment was fitted up with every indication of taste, and the wealth of its former occupants was attested by the splendor of its furniture, and the abundance and magnificence of its pictures and mirrors. In this parlor might have been seen almost any day in 1793 a person of apparent taste and elegance, though stamped by an aspect of sensuality and self-indulgence. On the occasion referred to he was clad in a dressing robe of royal texture and reclined on an easy chair, while before him was spread a breakfast which proved the excellence of his *cuisine*. On the floor lay a few journals carelessly scattered, and an adjoining table was covered with papers of a more important character. The occupant of the chair referred to seemed absorbed in thought, his coun-

tenance was overcast and its sensual aspect was shadowed by doubts and cares. The position and engagements of this man might reasonably be expected to cause frequent perturbation, for it led him into many of the difficulties of that perilous time, though thus far he seemed proof against any positive danger. His history was one which illustrated some of the paradoxes of the Revolution. He was in principle, an open and avowed *sans culotte*, and yet he lived in luxury and splendor. He was a noisy republican, and yet never exhibited a particle of that simplicity which was affected by the republican leaders. He was influential among the national counselors, and yet had no sympathy either with them or the nation. He preached purity and virtue, and yet lived in hideous licentiousness, and he discoursed on the blessings of poverty while he rolled in affluence. Such a man was Bruno de Ruyere, member of the Convention, *Montagnard*, associate of Robespierre, and favorite of the Committee of Public Safety.

The secret of De Ruyere's success in maintaining this series of paradoxes, lay in one word GOLD. He was one of the few who had not been carried away with the illusions of the day. He saw, for he felt its strength, that selfishness controlled human action, and while so many around him ran mad with their dreams of liberty and human perfection, he knew that wealth would always be power. Hence he determined at an early hour to gather amid the general shipwreck the basis of a splendid fortune.

De Ruyere had conceived this plan in all its details, and had wrought at it with great success. Having procured an election to the Convention, he had pursued his path to power until the Committee of Public Safety acknowledged his importance; and thus while others bore the burden of office, he reaped its benefit. His services in the Convention consisted chiefly in the extortion of large sums from the capitalists of the city under terror of the guillotine, and the purchase and sale of official influence. The great end however toward which all his plans tended was, as has been stated, emigration — and he determined to escape from this scene of bloodshed and danger as soon as he should have accumulated sufficient treasure. This accumulation however was not so rapid as might have been expected. It is true he had received enormous gratuities from different usurers, whom as soon as drained he sent to the axe, by means of his influence with the Committee.

Among those whose hoards of a lifetime he had wrung out by fear, and then finished their wretched history by judicial murder, was the miserable Turbine. But of the funds thus obtained it required at least one-half to maintain his position. To keep in favor with the *sans culottes*, continued subsidies were required, and these through his agents were distributed at the *Commune* and the sections. Hence whatever complaint might be urged against the luxury of others, De Ruyere's establishment escaped criticism. The Committee of Public Safety needed funds, and of course

hare in the spoil. Robespierre confessed that no faculty of compelling the flow of money; nconsistent with his character for republican ity to attempt it, and there was great con- e in having an open-handed confederate. In n to this branch of revenue, De Ruyere received resents from those who had friends in the pris- d who solicited his influence to effect their ance. These unfortunate parties little dreamed aid they hoped for and sought in this costly , was never extended to the objects of their de, nor even made the subject of a thought. to the gratuities thus received are added the n the sale of confiscated estates, many of which rough his hands, it will not be a matter of sur- learn that De Ruyere's income was equaled in all Paris.

e morning to which reference has been made, he rossed with the contemplation of a list of names lifferent circumstances demanded consideration. ere is Chambaud," said he to himself, "he has thing for a fortnight; and there is Garvelles, jeune, each of them is good for five hundred t the first call; then there are Loison, Aucune and oman; all of these fellows are fattening on the ic, and should be taught lessons of patriotism." e last words were an unconscious repetition of eotyped language before the public, for he al- pt a few patriotic lessons at his tongue's end. have said that De Ruyere's brow was clouded.

There was a reason for this; the subsidies required to maintain popularity in the *Commune* had been exhausted, and the present supply was hardly adequate. "Blessaire wants five hundred livres next week, and Dessai is crowding me; I will yet guillotine these fellows for spending so much money; meanwhile who can be touched to-day;" so muttering he rang a bell. "Lébon," said he to the attendant, "notify the Citizens Durant, Vrigny, and Loutrel, that they call on me at three, on business of importance—and clear away the table, it will be levee in a quarter hour."

De Ruyere held levee three days in the week from nine to ten o'clock, and applicants were gathering to improve the earliest moments. As the hour struck, the door opened and a delicate youth was ushered in. De Ruyere by a gesture invited him to approach.

"I present to you, Citizen Deputy, the case of my father Geffroy Delluc, who has on false information been thrown into La Force. Here are certificates from one hundred citizens who testify to his *civisme*. His arrest has been caused by a man who owes him largely, and who takes this method of cancelling the debt."

"You are aware, Citizen Delluc, that there is an expense attending this duty, and however greatly I may desire to serve you"—

"I am prepared for that," said the youth, "for poor as I am, I have gathered my funds for this purpose, and will not begrudge the cost, if so be I can once more behold my father free; here are fifty livres."

"Leave your papers on the table," replied De Ruyere

—"pardon me citizen,—you know that my time is precious," so saying, he bowed the youth out and picked up the fee, while the opening door admitted another petitioner.

It was a sorrow-laden woman who spoke in a faltering tone. "Citizen, I implore your intervention in behalf of my son Quentin Troyes, who is now in L'Abbaye under charge of conspiracy. He is a hard-working boy who knows nothing but his trade. His father was guillotined in May, and I have no other support."

"*Citoyenne*," was the reply, "I shall be happy to serve you, and my own labors shall be without charge; unfortunately however there are expenses to be met at every step of the business, and I have already impoverished myself to aid the unfortunate."

"How great will be the cost?" the woman anxiously inquired.

"How great?" that I cannot say—but you may do what you can, and I will supply the remainder; I cannot refuse the cry of distress."

"I have but a trifle," said the woman, "a little sum which I have borrowed on a pledge; 'tis ill spared from my wants, but if you will restore me my boy, we will recompense you joyfully as we are able to do—here are my papers."

The woman laid down a petition bearing many signatures, and placed upon it a small piece of gold. "I brought gold, citizen," said she, "even at the present rate, for if my gift be small in point of value, its material at least is not unworthy."

The woman withdrew, and others were in their turn ushered in; some came in coaches and some afoot, but each had a tale of misfortune to relate, and a cause to present, and each left a fee and obtained a promise.

Among the most striking of these clients was the case of the printer St. Ardin, who was eloquent on the peril of his youngest brother. They were a family of children who had grown up happily together, and their affection had been concentrated on the youngest, whose name was Bertrand. He had learned his trade of his brother, and had got employment in the office of *Le Courier Francais*, where he not only labored daily as a compositor, but also wrote occasionally for its columns. On the fall of Brissot he had been arrested and thrown into La Force. The whole family was plunged into great distress by this misfortune, and contrived every means to insure his release. At last they concluded to approach De Ruyere with a fee, but being utterly impoverished by the calamities of the day, the only one of them who could raise anything was the elder, who by mortgaging his press, obtained a hundred livres. With these he came with a heavy heart which De Ruyere reassured by his promises. The eye of the printer sparkled with new hope at this encouragement. He delayed De Ruyere to describe the beauty of the youth, and the loftiness of his character, and expatiated on the love which the brothers [redacted] sisters bore toward him, adding that his death [redacted]ld break their hearts. With tears and entreaties

he urged the importance of the case, and left confident of his success.

This was the last scene in the levee, and as he left De Ruyere eagerly approached the table and counted up the pile of money which lay upon it. "Five hundred and thirty livres — that will answer for the day — a proper encouragement to the cause of patriotism and virtue." These last words were uttered in a tone of bitter irony, and his face put on a smile of contempt as he looked upon the mass of petitions which he was expected to present to the Committee of Public Safety — and then rang a bell.

"Lébon" said he, "throw this trash into the fire. Do they think me a god or a fool? and mind Lébon, dinner at five, and *cuisine en rigeur*. Now for the Convention."

So saying the deputy threw off his robe, and put on the broadskirted coat and guady sash of the *Montagnard*, and then stepped up to the glass. As he approached the mantel, he noticed lying upon it a large gold seal, which seemed to recall a thought. "Presented to me by Countess de Martel, a memorial of old time," said he to himself, "so then I am a babe to be pleased with baubles: but never mind, I will have that estate yet. *All aristocrats must die — Brutus spared not his son; the true patriot knows no kindred, but the sans culotte; the nation must be purged of traitors, and society reorganized on the basis of the nouvelle ordre.*"

De Ruyere was in these last words repeating a fragment of his stereotyped speeeh, and as he finished it he passed into the street.

CHAPTER XX.

The Flower Girl and the Queen.

On the sixteenth of October 1793, the excitement which had so long pervaded Paris, was wrought to an extreme by the crisis which had arrived in the destiny of Marie Antoinette. On that morning crowds had been pressing toward the *Palais de Justice*, and although only that limited number who had *cartes* were admitted, yet these were sufficient to fill the *salle* or court room to overflowing. The mockery of a trial which the Queen of France had undergone in that place was now approaching its close.

Among the charges brought against that noble but unfortunate woman, none were more glaring in their falsehood than those urged by the perjured Hébert, *sub procureur* of the *Commune*. These changes exhibited the extremes of frivolity and obscenity. To the latter we need make no further reference, but among the first was the statement made by this miscreant "that he found in her apartment a church book containing the following[1] *counter revolutionary symbols, a flaming heart*

[1] The italics are copied from the report of trial.

transfixed by an arrow; with the accompanying inscription, *Jesu have mercy on me.*" And thus the daughter of Marie Theresa came from the imperial halls of her ancestors to receive outrage and death at the hands of as impious a crew as the world ever saw.

It was four o'clock in the morning; the trial had continued all night and the Queen still sat in the midst of her implacable foes, serene and self-possessed as though sustained by angelic ministration. Hébert had just finished his infernal train of falsehood, and was gloating over the lovely victim of his hate and perjury; there sat the implacable Fouquier Tinville—his accusation just concluded—there were the jury, Varzelles, and Dix Août, and their associates—and there sat the President ready to utter condemnation. The accusation is complete, and the jurors give their instantaneous verdict—sentence is pronounced—and the Austrian[1] is to be guillotined at noon; such is the penalty of purity and greatness. It is half-past four o'clock. The trial being now over, the crowds in the benches have passed the first pitch of excitement, and taken breath.

The Queen is led away between guards; and while some look on with pity, and some vent curses and reproaches, Marie Antoinette moves on in calm and unblenched majesty. She has passed Hébert, and will see his vile countenance no more—she has passed Fouquier, who will never accuse her again; and as she

[1] *L'Autrichienne*, the Austrian, by which term of hatred Marie Antoinette was commonly designated.

approaches the descending stair, a female form graceful and undismayed, glides before the illustrious victim, and places in her bosom a cluster of roses, while a sweet voice exclaims, "*My sovereign, there is one that loves thee here, and one above!*" The Queen bowed gently as she clasped the flowers, and replied by a sad yet lovely smile. In the crowd and gloom of that stairway, the form of the flower girl was lost in an instant, but an artist who had been sketching the trial caught the scene at a glance, and he if no one else, knew the countenance of Trine de la Cour.

The artist felt his cheek tingle, his hand trembled and he could sketch no more; to close his portfolio, and make his way forward was the work of a moment, but the form was gone. He followed the guard as it escorted the Queen down to the dungeon of the *Conciergerie* but the flower girl was not to be seen. Her retreat was too sudden to permit an arrest even had one been attempted, and she had mysteriously disappeared.

Paul walked out into the street. The scenes through which he had passed seemed like a dream. He had watched the trial all night, but impressive as it had been, the occasion received its strongest feature from the last of its events; and the contrast between the hideous members of that tribunal, the staid majesty of the Queen, and the lovely innocence and heroism of Trine de la Cour, now absorbed his mind.

As he passed homeward the mist that precedes dawn sunk heavily upon his excited frame, and in his heated

imagination it took forms of hideous ugliness, repeating the scenes of the night. Huge *sans culotte* faces, without bodies, hovered over his head, and glared upon him out of darkness. A monster of collossal form, with the face of Hébert, paced by his side and writhed with grimace of fiendish hate; and Fouquier and his jury, all bleared, and deformed, and devilish, pursued him step by step, and bade him join their band. While surrounded by these horrors, and vainly endeavoring to escape their power, he was aware of a gentle presence that shielded him as by a charm. It was a girlish form, tall and graceful, that with uplifted hand beckoned back the shapes of dread; and now like one sailing in air rather than touching earth, she passed onward until the hideous array was fled, and a calm sense of the lovely and the gentle soothed his feverish frame; and then as morn advanced, and the sun chased away the murky clouds that overhung the troubled city, that form entered into the inner chambers of the artist soul, and there it dwelt in all the loveliness that adorns the good and makes true beauty.

On his return to his studio Paul felt ill at ease in the presence of the works of his own hand. The forms of horror which once held him as by a spell, now stood bare and grim, until he revolted from their sight. What surprised him still more was the fact which he discovered on taking up his pencil, that the power of delineating the fearful and the horrible was gone. Several times he attempted creations of that nature, but that form which flitted by his side when

returning from the Tribunal, interposed between him and the canvas, and hid all from him but her own countenance, radiant with innocence and love.

Paul walked the floor of his rooms in anxious thought, and the question now arose, what spell had overcome him? what new power had mastered his soul? He turned to the easel, endeavoring to escape the questions which racked him as with torture, and began to paint with an ease and delight which he had seldom known before. The canvas was not of large size, and the group delineated was equally small, but in that scene Paul poured out his soul with rapture and devotion.

When evening was come the work was finished and then as Paul gazed upon it he perceived that a new inspiration had indeed been given him. The beautiful had once more taken possession of his soul, and he felt that thenceforth he could serve at no other shrine. All forms of horror fled like frightened ghosts, and now debarred from their presence he was like one new born into a world of beauty and of life.

"And this," said he, "I owe to the flower girl of the Tuilleries; her's then be the first work which she has inspired." It was not long before Trine de la Cour received an anonymous parcel which with much curiosity she opened. What was her surprise to find in it a sketch boldly handled and finely done in oil, of the scene which occurred that morning at the Tribunal.

There was the Queen, sad but majestic: there was

the guard sullen and forbidding; and there was herself placing the roses on the bosom of the lorn and friendless Marie Antoinette. What a picture was this to send to the unconscious flower girl? With it was a note bearing these words: "Maiden there is one that loves thee here, and one above."

From that moment Trine de la Cour understood the secret of the artist's soul.

NOTE.—Marie Antoinette, daughter of Francis I, Emperor of Germany, and Marie Theresa, was born at Vienna in 1755, the same day (Nov. 1) the famous earthquake of Lisbon occurred. In her fifteenth year she was married to Louis. Her nuptials were celebrated with great pomp, yet it was remarked that a series of sinister omens followed the festivities. Shortly after the marriage a storm of unparalleled violence created universal terror. During the preparation for the fêtes which attended this occasion, a scaffolding gave way, killing and wounding a great number. The young queen was at first very popular, but was afterwards disliked from political reasons. She shared the troubles which fell on the king, during which she became known as "the Austrian," a term of bitter hatred. In June, 1791, she accompanied her husband in his attempt to escape, but the royal *cortege* was brought back in disgrace. After the execution of the king, she was kept in close imprisonment for eight months. Her case was strikingly different from that of the king. Louis was tried by the Convention, and went to execution in a coach. The queen was tried by the tribunal, and went to death in a a cart. The route was traversed slowly in order that all might behold the object of hate, and at twelve o'clock she was guillotined in the Place de la Revolution. It is remarkable that Hébert, the chief witness against her (whose testimony is too foul and obscene to be repeated) was guillotined on the same spot, within six months afterward; and also that in due time her prosecutor and the members of the tribunal shared the same fate.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Apostate Clergy.

The pressure on Ardine's mind was heavy and incessant, but still he found time for deep and solemn thought on those great questions which concern the immortal nature; and it was proven in his experience as it has been in that of multitudes, that activity in secular duties need not necessarily crowd out the claims of the soul. He devoted the moments which he could spare from his daily labors to the careful reading of the scriptures, and to his surprise he found the Bible to be a book of deep interest.

It was not only the vast questions which it handled and solved, but the number and variety of its writers; the unity which bound up the monographs of ages; the purity of its tone; the accurate fulfillment of prophecy; and the sublime philosophy of Christianity, mingled with the love, meekness and grandeur of Christ; the breadth of the gospels' offer; the deep argument of the epistles, and the promises of the future. All of these gradually opened before his astonished gaze. "Ah," exclaimed he with a sigh, "how blind, how ignorant have I been? how stupid

and depraved? Against this book have I held the most bitter prejudice."

These conclusions were strengthened by the contrast which forced itself upon him, between Protestant nations such as Great Britain and America on the one hand, and France on the other; and he found that the latter from its rejection of Christianity had been involved in its present horror. Peace and prosperity as he saw followed the extension of Evangelical truth, while anarchy and bloodshed were the result of its rejection.

These points he set before Cloots as he had opportunity, discriminating between the true teachings of the Bible and the scheme of salvation which it unfolds, and that erroneous system which had been engrafted on it, and which under the name of Popery had wrought such mischief.

Cloots however turned these things off with a smile. He classed all religions under one head, superstition, and was too careless and conceited to examine the doctrines which Ardine set before him; and the latter could not but regret that one as amiable and noble as his patron should turn away from light to darkness.

Ardine's present convictions were strengthened by the perusal of some old volumes which he had recently met, such as the works of Pascal, the Jansenists, and the writers of Port Royal. He was also led to contemplate the character and history of the old Huguenots who had been so bitterly persecuted in earlier days, and it was very evident that had that body been pre-

served to France, its influence might have averted the present scenes of blood.

While these thoughts were at work, the lessons of the hour assumed a new aspect. While he could not but connect the atheism of the people with their violence and bloodshed, he was led to consider the cause of that loss of public confidence which was so prominent a feature. This alone seemed a sufficient cause for much of the present misery, and he now saw that faith of man in man or in other words *general confidence* can only exist *where man has faith in God.*

Ardine's occasional visits to the *Commune* gave sad confirmation of this truth. Here all piety was a matter of open ridicule, and while the errors of Romanism were the ostensible object of attack, there was no acknowledgment of a better faith. All truth was assailed when the being of God was denied. Hébert, who was an avowed atheist, made the church the standing object of his shafts, and at one time presented to the *Commune* a number of pretended relics.[1] Among these was a fragment of the robe of the Virgin, made, as he sarcastically remarked, "of *double taffeta silk;* three apostle's eyes made of rosin, and a piece of the rod which *Aaron* used to make water flow out of the rock."

Chaumette was equally profuse with his irreligious wit, and made propositions which further indicated the spirit of the age. On his motion the *Commune* voted "That their anti-ecclesiastical orders should be translat-

[1] These proceedings of *Commune* and Convention may be read in the *Moniteur*, Nov. 16, 1793.

ed into Italian, and sent to the Pope for his benefit." He also demanded "the removal of the sacred and royal insignia from the churches, and that in their place there should be an inscription to perpetuate the curse which rests on priests and kings."

The atheism of the day at last reached an extreme. This was shown by the messages which the different sections sent to the *Commune*,[1] stating "that yielding worship to reason, they had closed the churches, and wished to lay on the altar of their country all the finery of the so-called interpreters of divinity." Along with these messages came quantities of relics, comprising a large quantity of the bones of some of the most venerated saints.

The section of *Quinze Vingts*[1] offered a number of objects of worship, among which was the famous shirt of St. Louis, which as the speaker facetiously remarked, "proved on examination to be a woman's *chemise*." It was ordered "that this sacred trumpery be laid aside until enough be gathered for a bonfire." The *Commune* also ordered "that the departments be invited to batter down the church steeples, since by their elevation, they appear contrary to the principles of equality." At the same time Du Barron read to the *Commune* a letter, stating the great success which Reason had in the department of Gers; "many priests had been unpriested, their crosses destroyed, and fanatics and fanaticism leveled."

[1] These proceedings of *Commune* and Convention may be read in the *Moniteur*, Nov. 16, 1793.

In connection with this public renunciation of God, and the bloodshed which followed, Ardine could not but be struck with the utter frivolity which marked the national councils. While in the Convention one day, he saw a lad lifted up to the President that he might receive the fraternal kiss, in order to give it to his companions. The lad promised both for himself and the other boys, "that he would imitate the fine examples which the defenders of the people had given them." The lad's words received applause, after which the President gave him the fraternal kiss,[1] and then said to the Convention, "I ought to inform you that this boy knows by heart the declaration of the rights of man. He asked me when the assembly would make a catechism for youth; he burns to learn it." At the same time Hébert proposed to the *Commune* that the statuary which stood in the niches on the outside of Notre Dame, comprising kings and saints, be cast down. In a short time this was followed by the well known decree, introduced by Fouché concerning the burial of the dead. This required "that the corpse should be covered with a pall, on which should appear the word *Sleep*, and that no other device should be allowed in the burial ground, but a statue representing Sleep. There should be inscribed on the gate, out of regard for the *shades* (manes) of the dead, these words *La mort est une sommeil eternelle.*[2]"

One of the most revolting of those scenes which

[1] *La baiser fraternelle*, one of the new customs of the Revolution.

[2] "Death is an eternal sleep." Proceedings of *Commune.*—*Moniteur.*

.e impiety of the age was that which he be-
Commune. A member of the section of
:lle (Good News) presented a babe for civic
The mother gave it the name of Fraternité,
rsons who heard her voice, exclaimed
:velle." The mockery of the solemn rite of
n took place, and the officiating member
:he child with water, while some one held
flag of the section, exclaimed "*Fraternité*
elle, I baptise thee in the name of Lib-
ty, and Fraternity, Amen." The babe was
ed amidst lively cheers, while Ardine re-
;ust.

dst of these appalling lessons of the dark-
pravity of man, he was one day invited by
company him to the Convention, where as
siness of great importance was to be trans-
ɔme" said he, evidently animated at the
ınd see the proceedings; you will have an
of learning the advance which Philosophy
The scene this day to be witnessed, will be
ıs the world has never beheld. Bishop
eligious head of this city, and his assistant
curés, are to renounce their former voca-
) profess Atheism in the presence of the
ıvention of France. This is the greatest
ıt Reason has ever achieved. Let us go
ıe house will be crowded." Ardine felt no

ique, one of the new fashions of the day. Proceedings
ɔv. 6.—*Moniteur.*

desire to behold the scene, yet out of deference to his patron he accompanied him. It was a soft November day, and nature even in her decay was full of beauty; but the joy of sunlight, and balmy breezes was lost on one whose mind was full of sadness. Little as he valued either Bishop Gobel, or the church which he ruled, he was pained to hear of his surrender to the avowed enemies of truth.

As Cloots had expected, the hall was packed to overflowing, and the spectators seemed to be permeated by an intense excitement, though in many parts of the house there were signs of levity, and some appeared to look upon the affair as a splendid farce. As soon as the house had been brought to order, the *huissier* opened the door of the lobby, and a number of men of pale and timid appearance, advanced toward the Tribune, exhibiting as they saw the eyes of the mass fixed upon them, an air of consternation and dismay. As they entered, the President arose and exclaimed,[1] "I announce to the Convention, that Citizen Gobel, bishop of Paris, with his priests and *curés*, desires to be heard."

Deputy Mormoro, who stood in the Tribune, immediately added: "Citizen legislators, you have before you the bishop of Paris and other priests; led by REASON they come to strip off the characters which superstition has given them. It is thus that the mountebanks of despotism concur in its destruction. Soon

[1] Proceedings of Convention.—*Moniteur*, Nov. 1793. The speeches are given *verbatim*.

the French Republic will have no other worship than that of liberty, equality, and eternal truth—a worship which will soon be universal, thanks to our immortal labors." This conceited address was received with great applause, in the midst of which a trembling old man made some faltering remarks. He appeared to be in great distress, and but few could understand his language.

This was Gobel, bishop of Paris, who there demitted his office, and accepted the worship of Reason. No sooner was this done than Ardine heard another voice which he recognised as that of Chaumette the *procureur* of the *Commune*, who spoke thus: "The day on which Reason resumes its empire deserves a place in the brilliant epoch of the French Revolution. I, at this moment offer a petition that in our new calendar a place be given to the DAY OF REASON."

Another burst of applause was heard, in the midst of which the President thus addressed the priests: "Citizens, the example you have given us is the effect of philosophy to enlighten the mind. You who come to sacrifice these ornaments on the altar of your country, are worthy of the Republic; citizens who come to abjure error, hereafter you will only wish to preach the practice of virtue."

A scene of general confusion then took place; the members left their seats and overwhelmed the priests with embraces and expressions of friendship, a degree of attention which only embarrassed these wretched men. In a moment the shout was heard, "The em-

brace to the bishop of Paris;" the idea was received with frantic glee. A red cap was handed to the apostate dotard, who put it on his head and then was led up to the President, who gave him what was called the fraternal embrace, amid mingled laughter, sneers, and applause.

Such was the sickening spectacle which Ardine beheld on the ninth of November 1793. It was far more painful than some of the bloodier scenes of the day. In the one there was a mere extinction of vital power, in the other there was a renunciation of principle, and a sacrifice of religious conviction to the idle mummery of an hour of madness. "Better by far" thought he "had that old man given up life, than thus have given up God;" for Ardine knew that Reason was here used as another term for atheism. "The Bible tells us that the fool hath said in his heart that there is no God — here he has uttered it before the world."

In a short time Ardine saw the great error of the day consummated in that infamous demonstration by which the people formally disowned the Almighty and repudiated his service and worship. Such a spectacle the world had never witnessed, even in its darkest hours of error and dereliction. It was the *fête* of Reason. Notre Dame was thrown open to the masses, who at an early hour poured into what was now called the Temple of Reason. Among these Ardine beheld many members of the Convention, and near the altar a large number of the most prominent men of the city were gathered. There were Hébert and Chaumette,

Ronsin, Danton, Mormoro, Cloots and other leaders, near whom was arrayed a large group of the military. The church had been stripped of every token of its religious character. The altar had been dismantled, the pix, the chalice, the bell and tapers, the vestments, the missals, and all the appointments of Rom sh worship had been placed in the hands of the *Commune* for a future bonfire. The statue of the Virgin had been destroyed, the sacred symbols had been removed, and the sanctity of this ancient pile was now violated by the shouts of maddened thousands.

A band of music both vocal and instrumental, the former being artists from the opera, filled the organ loft, and opened the performance with a grand march; a chorus then followed, after which Chaumette delivered a brief oration suited to the occasion, in which he called on the people to renounce all jugglery, priest-craft, and superstition, and henceforth to worship only that deity whose impersonation he was about to exhibit. As he said this a flourish of music was heard, in the midst of which a curtain was withdrawn, and a female form of great beauty, in the graceful undress of classic style, appeared, and received the loud applause of the mass. It was the Goddess of Reason. Chaumette did obeisance to the new deity in the name of the people, and another burst of music filled the house, after which the final chorus was heard and the crowd dispersed. Ardine recognized the woman who with brazen indifference received the gaze of the multitude as the wife of Mormoro, whose reputation did no

credit to the deity she personated. And thus amid all the splendor of music and scenic show, and gathered thousands, Reason was inaugurated as the divinity of the day.

As Ardine passed out, an old man by his side uttered a groan; it was the late bishop of Paris who had witnessed this mockery in what was once his own cathedral.

NOTE. — *Notre Dame* is the metropolitan church or cathedral of Paris, and is the only Gothic structure of importance in the city. It was founded in the tenth century, and is located on one of the islands in the Seine, which is the oldest and most central part of Paris. Its distinguishing feature is massive greatness, and it strikes the beholder from its immense size, while its venerable and gloomy antiquity affords an impressive contrast to modern buildings. Its walls are covered with the smoke of ages, and it conveys the most lively impression of the massiveness of mediæval architecture. Notre Dame was despoiled of its statuary by Hébert, under orders from the *Commune*. Bishop Gobel was guillotined in April following, under charge of atheism. The description of the worship of the goddess of reason is strictly accurate.

NOTE. — The name Jansenist is applied to those christians who consider the opinions of Jansenius the true doctrine of the Catholic church, notwithstanding their condemnation by the popes. Jansenius was bishop of Ypres. He maintained the Augustinian faith, and was bitterly attacked by the Jesuits. The same views were advocated by the famous Pascal in his Provincial letters — and by a number of other writers who resided near Port Royal in the seventeenth century, and who, with Fenelon and Madame Guyon, represent the spiritual element of the Romish church. The Jansenist church still exists, and sustains a theological seminary.

CHAPTER XXII.

ZOE AND THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Zoe found her new abode to be one of remarkable interest, and the instruction of the dumb became a source of great pleasure. The peculiar power of the countenance to convey thoughts, and the obedience of each muscle of the body to the demand of the soul for utterance, gave a dignity to the language of signs and gesture. Wells of sentiment and emotion which never before had been opened were now unsealed, the hitherto dormant powers of the soul were aroused, and new life was breathed into those who had always dwelt in silence and gloom.

Some of the pupils came from neighboring families and some boarded in the establishment. Among them were children of tender years while others were youth approaching maturity. The school was opened every morning by Sicard, who led the repetition of the Lord's prayer in which all joined, and it was a beautiful as well as touching spectacle to behold the entire class with eyes turned upward and every aspect of true devotion, uniting in the gestures of supplication.

Although the science here taught had been the

fruit of years of study, undergone by its founder the Abbé de l'Epée, yet Sicard was continually contemplating improvement. Arbitrary signs were invented to express complex ideas, and a continued effort was put forth to raise the grade of instruction from common to superior branches. It was Sicard's ambition to teach not only the intellect but the soul, to call forth exercises of imagination and sensibility, and thus to people the silent chambers of the mind with forms of beauty as well as life.

Zoe entered into this scheme with enthusiasm; she soon was called to the work of instruction, and shared the earnestness of the benevolent teacher. One feature in the establishment gave it at first a tone of solemn mystery. It was the abode of silence, at least as regards the human voice, and hour after hour passed away without an articulate sound; yet all that time the mental powers were at their toil, and messengers of thought sped silently to the secret cells of memory and reflection, and there scattered rays of cheerful light upon the dull path of the dumb.

"Here," thought Zoe, "I will be content to remain and pass my days in serving the unfortunate, and if it be the will of God that I never again meet my Ardine, it will at least be better to consecrate my powers to so high a purpose, than to yield to incessant sorrow."

In the intervals of leisure Zoe had opportunities of conversation with Sicard, not only on the duties of the school, but also on the higher theme of immortality. Like his predecessor, de l'Epée, he had remained in con-

nection with the Romish church, and yet he had never endorsed its extreme assumption of authority and infallibility. In fact like many others, while in the church he was not of it, and probably it was because he had found no other body with which he could better unite, that he abode in its connexion. His brief residence in Paris and the troubles of the day explain his ignorance of the church *de la Foi*. He was therefore as Zoe thought to be viewed as one of the same stamp as Fenelon and Pascal, who remained pure and spiritual amid the gross and the carnal, and who saw beyond those forms beneath which so many are crushed.

Sicard was thoroughly engrossed with his work, and paid no attention to politics, orators, journals or danger. With a childlike simplicity he trusted in a Divine providence, and felt that amid all the convulsions of the Revolution he was as secure as the vessel in which Christ was embarked. "The tempest might howl," as he said, "and the waves beat high, and the timbers shake, but so long as the Saviour was there, all was safe."

This, thought Zoe, is a peaceful haven which amid the boisterous wrath of faction, and the wail of a nation's agony, speaks of that rest which Jesus gives his people, and here in hours of labor as well as in moments of quiet she felt the hovering presence of her Saviour. Her apartment was hallowed by prayer; the morning and the evening testified to heavenly intercourse, and here was heard solemn intercession in

behalf of that husband and child whom God had given her, and who were more precious than life itself.

The meetings of the church de la Foi, were for a time suspended, for threatenings had been breathed against it, but soon afterward notice sped through the little circle that a new place of worship had been found. Proceeding one evening with her little boy, Zoe met a friendly guide who directed their steps to the famous island in the bosom of the Seine, and in a short time they stood beneath the lofty tower of Notre Dame. This grand old cathedral had been despoiled of its external statuary which was too suggestive of priest-craft and king-craft for the age, and was then as has been stated, selected as the place for the inauguration of the worship of Reason. That ceremony having been concluded, the edifice was shut up, for Reason needed no house or form of worship. Being thus closed from all other service the brethren availed themselves of its shelter. A postern gate was thrown open, and the party descended a darkened stairway, and in a few moments they were in a vaulted room, athwart whose darkness a few lamps struggled for the mastery. An orifice opening into the body of the cathedral afforded air, and here in the crypt of that ancient pile, pastor Beaupère welcomed his once scattered flock.

It was an hour of sweet and solemn worship, offered to the true God in what once was a stronghold of ancient error, and after ages of false service the old church now witnessed the power of the truth. Here

slept the mighty dead of past ages, and here too piety had been buried in the corruption of forms and ceremonies, but now she could rejoice that in that realm of death there beamed the flame of holy life and Christian love. It is thus that the hoary structures of past ages are sometimes made hiding places for truth, whence she re-appears with new power, like a resurrection from the dead. The safety of this hidden spot indicated its value as a place of sacred rendezvous.[1] Holy and blessed hours were those which were spent in service here, hours which no doubt God had in view when he permitted that house to be reared; and hence may it not be hoped that every structure now devoted to superstition will yet be reclaimed to the service of the Most High.

Among those who were under Sicard's instruction was a youth of striking interest. He was of fine personal appearance, and was marked by manners and address such as indicated gentle blood. Sicard was evidently proud of the beautiful student, and paid much attention to his lessons, while he on the other hand made excellent progress, especially in reading and the use of the pen. Such was his indication of future usefulness, that Sicard intended to afford him permanent employment as a teacher as soon as he became perfected in the art of conversation by signs. Zoe also became engrossed by the lovely mute, and marveled

[1] It has since been supposed that Robespierre was aware of these gatherings, but allowed them to proceed unmolested, from the hope that they might aid in his new scheme of "*L'Etre Supreme.*"

why amid such a rich series of gifts, that of speech should have been withheld, and little Frêron loved to walk with him hand in hand, or mingle in childish sports.

Le Clerque, as the young man was named, was recluse in his habits, and rarely went into the streets. His origin and family he seldom referred to, and his arrival at the school had something in it of mystery. He had come alone, and only exhibited a letter of introduction, proffering in advance the expense of board, and demanding earnestly to be received.

All of these doubts with respect to his history were cleared up in a few weeks, at the end of which time a body of *gens d'armes* visited the school, and demanded the person of Emile St. Pern, ex-noble. The mute was arrested, and for the first time found utterance. He thanked Sicard for his protection, and hoped Heaven would reward him for all his acts of piety and love; as he said this he was dragged off to prison.

In the *fournée* of July 25th, 1794, Sicard might have read the name of Emile St. Pern, ex-noble, aged seventeen.

While Zoe was at Sicard's, the following letter addressed to her, was handed in at the door by a stranger:

MY DEAREST:

I have just learned your abode, and cannot but feel overjoyed that you are in so excellent a place. Surely God in whom you trust, has provided it for you. You may imagine, but you cannot feel, the anxiety which I have endured on be-

half of you and our dear little boy. I have pictured all kinds of destitution and misery coming upon you in this great city, without money and under the suspicion of our despots. What then was my joy to learn that you are under shelter, and have so kind a protector? But this is the reward of faith. I will add that I am well, and have like yourself, been wonderfully provided for and defended. I have had several remarkable escapes, and have now got used to my daily hazard of life. We indeed all live in an atmosphere of danger and suspicion. I will not say where I am, for should this be intercepted, I may be tracked by its contents, but will write you again soon.

Before I close, I must add a statement concerning myself which cannot but please you. I think I have become a Christian. Your influence on me was not lost, though I seemed to pay so little attention to your words,—but since then I have had more time to think and read, and pray, and I have new views on that grand theme of which you so often spoke to me, and new views of myself. Kiss Frêron for his papa, and pray often for me; we may yet meet, and O, how my soul leaps at that thought. This night of terror cannot last forever, and we may survive; but if not, I trust that we shall meet above, and share our Redeemer's glory. Blessed hope, which cheers me during my present trials! Keep up courage my dearest, to the end. I had almost rushed to see you when I heard of your place, but I knew that others had in this way been arrested and guillotined, and I crushed my emotions, and forebore for your sake and our child's.

A line addressed to my first name may be placed in the corner of the Maison Dugard; a loose brick just under the water spout is to be removed and placed back *on your letter*. By exercising care it can be done at night, and thus detection escaped. God bless you. ARDINE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Love's Conflicts.

The inner conflict to which Trine de la Cour was now subjected, was as deep as it was hidden. Ever since that picture had been received, she was aware of a strange alteration in her feelings. It was not so much that her habitual peace was gone, as it was that a new element had entered her existence, and strove to share that peace and all its attendant blessings. A new phase of life had been opened before the flower girl, and one that she found hard to understand. It was but a thought, and yet how a thought will grow in power, and refuse to be shaken off. No, no! she did not understand herself; there was that within her she had not dreamed of. She had now to her surprise awakened to a new life.

But this was not the only time she had received from the other sex tokens of the most decided preference, yet how little emotion had they excited? Had she not refused Dorival, kindly, but in the most decided manner? That had not cost her a sigh; but now, alas, the question, what should she do, was difficult to answer. And yet something decisive must soon be

done. O, for a friend to aid by an intervening voice to speak those important words; and yet there was no friend.

At first she thought that she would at once see him and explain in her simple way the barrier which separated them, but how could she speak thus to one so noble as he. Then again she would write, but how could a burning, overflowing soul like hers express its emotion on paper. Yet write she must; and how many sheets of paper did Trine spoil before she discovered the impossibility of the task. The sheets were burned and she gave up hope of utterance. At last with a nervous impulse she dashed off a few words which she would not look at the second time lest she should burn them too. They read thus:

"*Let the artist think no more of the flower girl; she is a Huguenot and a Christian.*"

And the message went to Paul St. Helen.

What made the affair the more decisive was that she had often met Paul at the Tuilleries, and had there marked the earnestness of his feelings which he could not hide in her presence. They had occasionally walked together in the long avenues, for as she went home he would assume a place by her side, and thus in many untold ways he had manifested an expression of affection, which from a point of conscience she could not return. But the picture had revealed all.

That night when Trine bowed her head at her place of prayer she had a new supplication to offer. Let Divine power efface that image from her heart, which

so often intervened between her and her God. Let help be given her to struggle on in life alone if need be, rather than unite with one who was not partaker of like precious grace. That was a sleepless night for Trine de la Cour!

But what a night was it for the artist? He read the message; it was but a girl's scrawl, and yet it brought pallor to his cheek, and as he threw it down his heart by one convulsive sigh acknowledged its burden. He took the note up, looked at it again, scrutinized each letter and stroke of the pen, and took a turn in the street to get a breath of fresh air. What made Paul's gait so heavy, and his countenance shadowed, and what caused that heaving chest? One might at first suppose him to be the victim of some great misfortune; and yet it was but a girl's scrawl; what weakness, he thought—what absurdity!

He moved on until he came to the Tuilleries, where he sat down to think, and there the great thoughts came and went while the stars fixed their watchful eyes upon him. What a fitting place for meditation—those broad grounds of the Tuilleries—and should he not here think on love? What lovers just as ardent as he had been, had there walked; had there tasted their brief hour of bliss, and then had passed away! What scenes of smiles and greetings between high born dames and courtly knights! What whispers beneath the trees, with the moonlight shining just as now it shone, but all had gone to shadow and silence. And then he remembered the Queen whose

doom he so lately witnessed — fair Marie Antoinette! She too had had her hour of love, and her dreams of future bliss — dreams that so quickly changed to life's sternest reality.

Thus Paul communed with his own soul amid the shadows which flitted by his side, and at last he exclaimed, "I will love no more. I will transfer myself into the past: I will be as one that hath lived, but whose joys, and hopes, and love, have fled forever. I will walk the earth sublimed by the memory of withering disappointment, I will only hold communion with the dead. Some maiden of saddened brow gazing like the Cenci from the canvas of by-gone centuries shall be my consort, and all within me shall rise upon the mighty wings of the past, and I will love no more."

As he said this the stars seemed to look down as with a solemn amen, for they had witnessed the sorrows of disappointment in every generation since man had learned to love and to weep.

The artist went to his studio and spent the night making a sketch. The subject was a monument placed over the dead; about it faded autumnal leaves were drifting, and nature had a sere and haggard look that told of coming desolation, and on that monument he inscribed with a firm and unfaltering hand.

"PAUL ST. HELEN."
"TRINE DE LA COUR."

This picture he sent to no one. It stood upon his easel and met his glance at every turn. "We are buried now in mutual oblivion" said he; "buried to-

gether like Abelard and Heloise, who sleep beneath the same marble in the storied Paraclete." A pencil sketch which he had made of Trine as she appeared in the Convention, lay upon the table, and as he looked upon it, his voice broke forth in soliloquy — "Better, far better, that we are both among the dead. Had I gained her, what would it have been? — a few brief years of bliss, even at best, and then death after all. I should have seen disease wasting that form, and devouring its beauty. That soft lustrous eye might burn with fever, and that downy cheek pale with decline, while my inability to help would upbraid me. I might have been compelled to see relentless age pursuing her year after year, with ever hasting pace, and at last fettering her with palsies or torturing her with rheums. All this I have escaped."

"And she too! she will never find suffering in me. Whatever be her cup of sorrows, my ills shall never cause it to overflow. Death shall not rend us. We have escaped the last farewell, the dying embrace, and the long mournful hush of the funeral — ah, how well it is!"

As Paul said this, he walked once more into the street to escape the restlessness of intense excitement. As he passed down the spacious Boulevard all radiant with the morning's sun, he felt that the voice of Nature spoke with less power in his heart, and he perceived that he had become old as with a sudden lapse of years. His head was bowed, and his heart was heavy-laden, and the autumnal sunshine threw a sickening smile upon his shattered and lonely soul.

With this came other emotions, and among them a view of life's battle in all its magnitude, contrasted with the emptiness of the victory. What if he had been another Raffaelle in design, or Titian in color? What if the dreams of his boyhood had been fulfilled? What if he had been a Michael Angelo, and thrown the mighty dome of St. Peter's across the sky, or clothed the Sistine Chapel with its awful frescoes? Where would have been the reward? Would the applause of conquered criticism, or even the whole world's admiration satisfy the unutterable longings of the soul?

And he felt the abysmal depth of man's inner nature which tries all things and calls them vanity.

Then came a longing for death. Death which extinguishes all desire and hushes every ambition; which relieves the weary of his burden, and speaks peace to the troubled. He wondered why he had not thought of that before; but now the grand remedy was before him, and it expanded until it filled the thoughts and imaginations of his heart. Whichever way he turned all things once more looked bright and cheering, for he had found the great balsam for human woe. Thus the delirium of suicide electrifies his soul: for suicide, which in itself is the greatest of crimes, often takes the form of an angel of mercy, and deludes its victims with the most captivating treachery.

Thus it was with Paul's sensitive nature. He felt his blood leap at the thought; his eyes grew dim with exstacy; he lost sight of all about him, houses, trees, and even men, for one idea now led him captive, and

the cry of his soul was "to the Seine!" He dashed on toward the Pont Neuf, and was making rapid progress to that place of death, when he felt some one in the crowd seize him by the hand, and heard the words, spoken in a hurried whisper, "Citizen artist — your friend Chenier was arrested last night — to-night will be your turn — *you are on the suspected list!*"

Paul paused in strange confusion of mind, and the speaker passed on. It was not a time for explanation, for danger dwelt on every breeze, and he knew that warnings of this character were generally true. The informant was of course a friend, but he was out of sight before a word of enquiry could be had. His work however was done, and Paul's whole frame was changed. The name of his friend André Chenier had awoke a new current of thought, and the sense of another danger exorcised the demon of suicide. He thought no more of himself, and while that fearful crime into which temptation had so nearly drawn him, caused him to shudder, he found his mind aroused by sympathy for one whose fate filled him with distress. "André Chenier arrested! tis well! the glory of genius must perish while the fury of passion is the inspiration of the hour. They are reviving classic days, and bringing up names and stories from the legends of Rome and Greece, but then Orpheus could charm the tigers with his melody, now the beasts rend the bard."

Thus he muttered and still wandered on, thinking

of that bright-eyed joyous poet with whom he had so often communed on the achievements of art and song—now shut up from the light of day—mured within cold damp prison walls, and soon to face the guillotine. He remembered the day when the honors of the Mountain were proclaimed in song in their presence, and when Chenier as one of the poets of the occasion stood up wearing the myrtle of the bard, and chaunted the panegyric, while the applause of the thronged benches rewarded the graceful effort. The very lines now came into his mind as he once heard them set to the Marsellaise.

"*Citoyens chers a la Patrie,*
Nous venons vous offrir nos cœurs,
Montagne, Montagne cherie;
Du peuple les vrais defenseurs."

"*Par vos travaux la Republique,*
Recoit sa continuation,
Notre libre acceptation
Vous sert de couronne civique;
Victoire aux citoyens, gloire aux legislateurs,
Chantons, chantons,
Leur noms cheris sont les noms des vainquers."

"And such," said he "is the laureat's reward, the prison and the axe!"[1]

Paul suddenly determined that he would live. He would live to watch the fate of his friend; life which a few moments ago appeared but a burden, never

[1] The name of André Chenier appears in the *fourné* of 7th Thermidor

seemed more desirable than now. But with this frame a new emotion showed its power; it was a sense of danger, a dread of the inexorable committee; which had now put him under its ban, and with that arose the fire of his nature; he would baffle their skill: he would outwit their cunning, and defy their malice, and thenceforth he became a great leader, marshaling his memory, invention, and all his faculties, in the campaign waged against the murderous committee.

NOTE. — André Chenier was one of the most brilliant young men of his day, and was guillotined in his 32d year. He had lived in England, and on his return to France had assisted in the defence of the king. He applauded Charlotte Corday, an act which brought on him the anger of the Mountain, and he was arrested. While in prison he wrote his bitter poems against tyranny. On leaving the prison for execution he is said to have knocked his head against the post, uttering these words: "There was something *in that.*"

"*Citoyens chers a la Patrie:*" "Citizens, dear to the fatherland, we come to offer you our hearts. O Mountain, cherished Mountain, the people's brave defenders; by your labors the Republic is prolonged. You deserve our free offering — the civic crown. Then let us sing again and again victory to citizens and glory to legislators; their cherished names are the names of conquerors."

The scene in which these lines were sung is fully described in the *Moniteur*.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Game of Chess.

During the months of November and December, 1793, a change took place in the position of Deputy Cloots, with respect to his relations to the Mountain. The turmoil and excitement of plots, intrigues, cabals, and all the elements of political warfare, had daily increased in power, and both Cloots and Ardine became gradually aware that there was an undercurrent working against them. To counteract this, the former put forth increased efforts to maintain popularity, while as a secret precaution, he commissioned a number of *mouchards* to watch the movements of his chief antagonists.

The conflict into which he had now entered, gave Cloots an intensity of character which surprised his secretary. He rose early and retired late, and his countenance became sad and earnest, and exhibited a dignity which for the time hid his natural self-conceit. It was in fact like a grand match at chess, the stakes of which are both fortune and life, and which is played between Anacharsis Cloots and Maximilian Robespierre. Cloots felt this, and seemed confident of his strength and ability. "I shall yet checkmate him,"

said he. "It will here be put on record for the encouragement of all future philanthropists, that I urged on my beneficent schemes amid the hot wrath of treacherous partizans. This man and his *clique*, forsooth, encouraged me with their smiles and their approbation, because they thought to use me as their tool. Now since Robespierre has no farther need of my influence, he looks coldly upon me and scouts my adherents, while all his sycophantic crowd take their cue from him, and ape his scorn: thus he begins the game. I know his plan, and shall meet him at every move, and we shall see if right and truth do not prevail."

To extend his schemes of defence Cloots needed a large increase of funds, and for this purpose applied to his friends the house of Vanderneyver & Sons, who had at one time been preserved from arrest by his influence. These bankers were so largely indebted to their patron, that they could not refuse his request; while a sense of common danger led them to cling to his further protection. Hence on mortgage of his estate in Cleves, they took a large loan to be drawn as he might need. This financial stroke encouraged him very much, and he immediately added to it efforts of a different character. He visited the Jacobin Club every night, where his paid adherents cheered him lustily, while in the Convention he labored equally for popularity and support.

Thus Cloots thought his game well played, but he knew not the skill of that adept against whom he was matched, and who would be satisfied with nothing less

than his ruin. And yet his danger lay not so much in Robespierre's cunning, or Barrére's malignity, or the rank hatred of Couthon, as in the implacable enmity which goodness always awakens in the human heart. It was the old lesson of the malice which the degraded bear toward the excellent; a renewal of the same popular current which banished Aristides, and gave the cup to Socrates. Cloots strove to elevate the people, and they hated him for that effort. True, he did not take the correct method to accomplish his ends but he was sufficiently right to be obnoxious.

Every evening the reports of the spies were brought in; but it was embarrassing to decide on their conflicting statements, so many of which only seemed to be made up in order to earn the wages of suspicion. For instance, Chevaux reports that "he had hired an apartment directly opposite Robespierre's lodgings, and had watched all night at his post with the room purposely darkened, in order to note all that passed across the street. The door had been heard to open three times after midnight; steps as of several persons were also heard, and by daylight the sidewalk was diligently searched, and a number of fragments of paper had been found. Robespierre himself went out before breakfast, and did not return till noon — was in full dress for the Convention, with sky-blue coat and sash, but did not appear there; he therefore must have been at committee rooms: and it was whispered by some that a dozen of nobles and as many more deputies were added to the suspected list."

As for Trénure "He had commissioned a servant who was to seek employment in De Ruyere's house, and who was to report daily the domestic matters. He had learned that a party of *Montagnards* had met there to breakfast, and that some strange things were said. He was sure that on the morning referred to by Chevaux, Robespierre, instead of going to Committee of Public Safety, had been at De Ruyere's, where several of the rich had been selected for death, in order to sequestrate their gold. Lebas had been seen walking the street arm in arm with a strange man, and talking very earnestly, and he had detailed a party of two to watch them both, and if possible to get the strange man drunk, in order to pump him of his secrets."

Then there was Du Nord, who "had disguised himself as a buyer of second hand clothes, and entered several houses occupied by *Montagnards*. At one place he saw bottles on the table, and had no doubt a scene of revelry had occurred the night previously; this was at Lacointre's, where many were in the habit of meeting to denounce patriots, not only at night but in the daytime. He had good reason to believe that on the morning referred to by both Chevaux and Trénure, Robespierre had been here instead of either at the Committee's or De Ruyere's. At these places he knew that the doctrine of human brotherhood was made the subject of ridicule. He had at other places found out strange things; among others that the leading members of the *Mountain* were about to make a clean sweep of

their enemies, and that Paris would soon behold a scene that would make every ear tingle."

Le Chesne in his turn had much to say. "He had employed a chimney sweep who had descended the flue of Robespierre's lodgings, and got within hearing distance; a large number were in his room, and words of the most earnest and exciting character were spoken; he could distinguish the tones of Barrére's voice, and also the cooing of Couthon's dove. He also heard a list read of those who were to go into the next *fournée*, but he could not repeat the names. The conference lasted until noon, and as it was on the very day mentioned by the other spies, he was for his part satisfied that they were all mistaken, and that Robespierre did not leave his house that day.

"Furthermore, he was informed that Robespierre intended to proclaim pardon for all priests, and to establish a new worship for the *Décadi*, in which they should preach against the doctrine of the human brotherhood; because if it were universal, it would include Pitt and all the English, who were only worthy of death, and were not to be taken prisoners, but to be slaughtered in battle."[1]

The spies having thus rendered their meagre and contradictory reports were paid and departed, while Cloots paced the room with an expression of dissatis-

[1] Barrére proposed a decree that no quarter should be given to any British or Hanoverian soldier. "Humanity," says he, "consists in exterminating our enemies; no mercy to the execrable Englishman." His proposition fortunately was not carried.

faction, and an occasional sigh of deep distress. "I thought that all was well" said he "until this morning, when I learned that the Vanderneyvers were arrested, and this I know was but the prelude of an attack on myself." He was right thus far, but he knew not that in reality his own name had been placed on the suspected list, while at the very time he was speaking, the Vanderneyvers were going to the axe.

He now determined to appear without loss of time in the presence of the Convention and there attempt a general vindication of himself, and his plans. In this effort he would not only assert the purity of his motives in the most convincing manner, but would show his enemies the futility of their designs. The remainder of the day he was engrossed with preparation, and on the evening of the nineteenth of December, in a full house he took his place in the tribune, and began his address.

As he arose, he was disconcerted by the contrast between the present appearance of the Convention and that of its better days. Once he had beheld on the right of the President's chair the Girondins, numerous and imposing in gifts of intellect and personal beauty; but that illustrious band had been butchered, and their seats were either vacant or were filled up with idlers from the club. On the left was the Mountain, grim, and terrible as of old; it was the faction which had triumphed over its enemies, but now though the Girondins were dead, it found new dangers in its own bosom. Cloots was to appeal for justice not to the

Convention of last year which possessed some elements of honor and truth, but to a narrow and bitter party controlled by prejudices, all of which were moved against him. He was a Prussian by birth, and should a foreigner teach the French people? He was rich, and what place had a capitalist in the voluntary poverty of patriots? He was a gentleman, and what gentleman is ever welcome among *sans culottes?* But notwithstanding all these untoward circumstances, the speaker went on calmly with his oration, presenting each statement with all possible clearness and power, while his strong self-conceit bore him along on the current of justification.

It was evident that the speech was not relished or appreciated by its hearers. The Mountain was prepared to resist its influence by the electric current, which starting from its leader, had instantaneously reached each member. There sat Robespierre calm and serene, listening with an aspect which might seem both attentive and courteous, but whose frigid self-possession at once revealed his feelings. Occasionally there played across his countenance a cat-like expression of cunning, and then as he saw how completely his victim was in his hands, and how futile were his attempts to escape, his countenance was subdued into a soft glow of satisfaction.

All this while his eyes were steadily fixed upon the speaker and sometimes exhibited that glance with which the serpent charms its victims. Turn which way he might, Cloots could not escape those eyes, and

he frequently felt while speaking as though a serpent was coiled about him, and waited the moment to strike. But above all the ill tidings from the Vanderneyvers threw a chill over his voice and feelings, and he saw that to escape the general fate, he must rise above his ordinary powers. Hence after vindicating himself and his policy, he referred to his volume in defence of the new opinion, and expatiated on its value as the tribute which he had brought to truth.[1]

When Cloots had finished, he looked around for his usual meed of admiration, but to his surprise the Convention made no response. The scorn of the Mountain was redoubled in bitterness, and though a few *claqueurs* (or hired applauders) tried their voices, they

[1] Extract from Cloots's speech, from the *Moniteur*:

After referring to the persecution he had endured in the cause of Truth he adds:

"I rejoice to have been persecuted by an Archbishop of Paris, when I urged the clergy of France to abjure a doctrine against which I launched my book, ten years ago before the Bastile fell. I owe it to my continual travels, and my cosmopolitan independence, that I have escaped the vengeance of tyrants, both sacred and profane. I was in Rome when they wanted to jail me in Paris, and I was in London when they wanted to burn me in Lisbon. It is by moving like a shuttle through Europe that I have escaped *sbirri*, *alguazils* and police. At last comes the Revolution and finds me in my element, for as Brutus says, 'It is Liberty, not locality, that makes the citizen.' My wanderings ceased when the emigration of *scelerats* began. Regenerated Paris was the post for the *orator of mankind*. I have remained here since 1790, and since then, have redoubled my zeal against the pretended sovereigns of earth and heaven. I have preached earnestly that there *was no God* but *Nature*, no other *sovereign than the human race, the people God.*"

hushed after a feeble attempt to create an expression. Cloots now felt the chill of disappointment creeping over him, and at last it settled upon his heart. His throat became dry, and his lips feverish, and he sunk back in his seat in exhaustion; while without knowing what he did he fumbled in his pocket, and drew from it a copy of an evening newspaper. He opened the sheet with the nervous impulse of habit, and turning to the proceedings of the Tribunal, he read a few names, when his head dropped, and the paper fell to the floor. A momentary dizziness passed through his brain, and he became for the time deadly sick at heart.

In the partial swoon which followed, he saw on every side the names he had met in print. The experience of hours and even of days was pressed into an instant. He seemed to have passed through long avenues in which every house bore those fatal names in every style of inscription; men walked the street carrying them as badges — quaint and grotesque creatures dragged them after them, while imps with devilish laughter pointed them out, and bade him read till his brain was in agony, and still he could not but read. The words were these: "*Jean Baptiste Vanderneyver, aged* 66, *and his sons, Edme Jean, aged* 32, *and Antoine August, aged* 29, *convicted of conspiracy at eleven o'clock, and executed at four in the afternoon.*"

Robespierre! that move makes you master of the game!

CHAPTER XXV.

Checkmate.

The night of December twentieth, 1793, was one not soon to be forgotten in the Jacobin Club. General suspicion prevailed, and it was determined to purify the club by casting out each member against whom aught could be urged. Long before the hour of proceedings the house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The benches were filled with a broad array of *sans culottes*, whose rags and filth attested their adherence to the good old cause.

Near the speaker's chair were places arranged for the more important members, such as those who held a place in the Convention, or in the Tribunal, and farther back the whole space was crowded by a motley mass, among which the most varied aspects of human deformity might be seen. All was pervaded by an excitement which was reflected from the glare of a thousand eyes, each eager, greedy, and suspicious. The hall was lit up by rows of lamps and chandeliers which threw a dim light below, while the smoke rolled up to the ceiling, and was lost in the rude arches. In a short time the work of purification is commenced.

Robespierre, Dumas, Tinville, are passed in with great applause. Coupé is rejected on the score of having been a priest; Casa Bianca is rejected for having voted against the death of the king.

At last the expectation of that vast assembly reaches its highest pitch, when Robespierre takes the stand, and impeaches the loyalty of Anacharsis Cloots. How dare Robespierre lift his voice against the acknowledged orator of mankind — against one who has been president of the club itself? He dare because the powers of evil rally to his aid; because about him are gathered the myrmidons of crime, and he feels his strength in the legions of the abominable. His attack on Cloots is based upon two objections. The first is his foreign birth — the second his intimacy with the Vanderneyvers. Robespierre speaks in his soft and sarcastic manner, and the effect of his address is at once apparent.[1]

[1] Robespierre's speech against Cloots, from *Moniteur*, December 1793:

"Citizens: Can we regard as a patriot, a German baron? Can we consider a man to be a good *sans culotte*, whose income is more than 100,000 livres? Can we believe a man to be a Republican who lives only with bankers and counter-revolutionists? No citizens! Let us set a guard against these strangers who are more patriotic than the French themselves!

Cloots! thou passest thy life with strangers, with the spies and agents of foreign powers. Like them thou art a traitor, whom we must watch. Citizens, Cloots has tried to explain this. He knew the Vanderneyvers, and he knew them as counter-revolutionists. He assures you that he ceased their acquaintance, but this is only a Prussian trick.

Why then Cloots, if thou knowest them as counter-revolutionists,

The *sans culottes* roared in their noisy wrath against the victim marked for sacrifice, and Robespierre had the satisfaction of seeing his rival voted out of the club, as a preliminary to another and a more fearful attack.

When Cloots left the club that night, it was with a reeling brain and a form that almost staggered. Ardine led him to his dwelling, which he entered with difficulty, and then sat down in a stupor brought on by the reaction of his system. Ardine at first endeavored to arouse him, but afterward forebore out of sympathy. "Let the unfortunate man" said he to himself, "have a brief oblivion," and he took a seat by his side. There they remained all night, and while

didst thou seek to have them set at liberty? *Speak, if thou hast anything to say!*

I accuse Cloots of increasing the number of federalists; his expressed opinions — his persistence in speaking of a *Universal Republic* has inspired a rage for conquest, and produced the same effect as the writings of Brissot.

Disdaining the title of citizen of France, he took that of *citizen of the world;* indeed had he been a good Frenchman, he would not have attempted the conquest of the universe. Could these ideas of pretended philosophy enter into the head of a man of sense, much less of a patriot?

Alas, what can we do! surrounded by enemies who cover themselves with a mask, and tear us to pieces!

Ah, I do not care for the death of patriots; they ought to make the sacrifice, but alas, that of the country is at hand, if these neglects be permitted. Foreign powers are in our midst; their spies, their ministers, and their police; but we have the people left, and THEY WISH TO BE FREE."

the dull hours crept on and the light burned dim, the servant watched his master like one that watches the dead.

Toward morning Cloots aroused from his stupor, and then subsided into a slumber which was frequently broken by fearful starts; at these times he would stare wildly around him, utter a few incoherent words, and then close his eyes and sink backward.

Instead of the refreshing repose of health and good cheer, it was that sleep which nature extorts after long excitement, when the exhausted frame collapses into self-forgetfulness; and the state of his mind was indicated by the occasional groan which seemed to afford relief. At length he opened his eyes, and looking at Ardine as earnestly as his shattered condition would admit, he exclaimed in a half sigh, half whisper, "All is lost!" In a few moments he spoke again in tones of deeper agony. "Fool that I have been to throw my influence with those reptiles of the Mountain. Would that I had voted for Louis, and saved him from that death which either has come, or will come, on all who sent him to the axe. Yes, first on the Girondins, and then on the Mountain itself. Ah, who would have thought that the ex-president of the club, the champion of the new opinion, the orator of mankind, should meet such a fate. I to be cast out, and that too by one whom I have served so well as Maximilian Robespierre!"

"Thiers," continued he, addressing Ardine after a brief pause, "I had a dream in this very chair. I saw

or seemed to see a vast and solemn procession moving through the streets of Paris. All its members bore a saddened look, with pallid faces and funeral aspect, as though representing some mighty sorrow. At the head there marched Louis, and after him came Egalité, and then the majestic forms of the Girondins — there was Brissot, and Gensonnè and Vergneaud, grand as in the days of their glory, and then among many others there came the Mountain itself. I saw them all; there was Robespierre and Couthon, and Lebas, and the others, each in his place, and all passing in silent and solemn array; there too were multitudes of the *noblesse*, some in youth, and some in age; and last of all there was the Tribunal. Tinville and Herman, and Dumas, and Fleuriot L'Escot, and their associates — all marching in that awful column which followed the murdered king."

Ardine listened with a sympathetic ear.

"One word more, Citizen Thiers. I saw the *orator of mankind in that array of doom.* And I knew the spot to which they were marching. Yes, it was the Place de la Revolution."

Ardine shuddered, but could answer nothing.

Day dawned, but the closed shutters excluded its light, and when Ardine threw them open he found that the morning had advanced; the winter's sun was shining brightly, and threw a cheer upon the desolation of the season. The bracing atmosphere entered the apartment, and Cloots arose and walked the room. His step was feeble and his countenance was haggard;

the last week of conflict had done its work, and Ardine could not but sigh at the change which so short a time had wrought. That bowed form but a few days ago was strong and erect, and those wan features were radiant with that hope which inspired the orator of mankind, now he was but a wreck both in body and mind.

"Thiers," said he, "leave me and seek your own safety; mine is gone. I now see my error, but it is too late to retrieve it. I am ruined beyond hope. Robespierre has out-witted me, and I am his victim—the victim of a misplaced confidence. I am a deluded enthusiast; fool that I was, to think of elevating the hordes of Paris, who live on blood. I might as well have tried to reform the Furies. Go then my friend and save yourself; there are funds in the *escritoire*, take your pay; you know where it is, and may you find some one faithful to you in your need as you have been to me. The servants will keep the establishment up in your absence without incurring danger, which you cannot avoid.

Ardine could not but weep at the words of the unfortunate man. "Leave you, Citizen Cloots," he replied, "that I cannot do; you need a friend now more than ever."

"But shall not need one long. I doubt if I live long enough to reach the axe."

As he spoke this, Ardine observed the flush of fever play upon his cheek. In a few moments it was repeated with increased power, and before an hour had passed, the unfortunate deputy was tossing upon a bed

of frenzy. The attendants understood the case at once, and plied every effort for their master's benefit. No physician however was called, for no one of character would care to visit a proscribed deputy, and Ardine determined to assume care of the case. He had seen enough of disease to know that nursing was the chief hope of recovery, and for ten days he, with the aid afforded by the household, attended the sick bed, and gladly witnessed a speedy recovery.

By the first of January, 1794, Cloots was able to walk the floor, and had thoughts of venturing out. He did so sooner however than he expected. That night an alarm was heard at the door which when opened admitted a party of *gens d'armes*. Ardine and Cloots at once understood their errand. No useless words were spoken. They were soon dressed and Ardine only asked time to wrap the invalid in his cloak, and otherwise prepare him for the night air. While thus engaged, the officer put seals on Cloots's desk and papers, and in the course of an hour both the deputy and his secretary found themselves in the Luxembourg. Thus Robespierre gives the checkmate.

NOTE.—The record of the execution of the unfortunate bankers (referred to in a previous chapter) may be found in the *Moniteur*. There seems to be some reason to suppose that they were related to Cloots. In addition to their business connections, it may be observed that Vanderneyver is not a French but a German name, while both Cloots and the elder Vanderneyver bore the christian name of Jean Baptiste.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Night in Notre Dame.

The arrest of St. Pern gave Zoe a new view of her position, and opened her eyes to its extreme embarrassment. To remain in her present abode would not only be to encounter increased personal danger, but would also compromise the safety of the establishment. After Sicard's kindness and hospitality, it appeared ungenerous, and to a certain degree ungrateful, to remain longer either as a guest or an assistant, and the anxiety to which this question subjected her, plunged her into great distress. Deep and pungent indeed were her exercises with respect to the path of duty. An asylum had been opened to her in the hour of need, but had she a right to become a source of danger to that friendly abode? Did Divine Providence intend her to still remain there, or did it not by the affair of St. Pern indicate that her sojourn was to close.

But another consideration arose. If she forsook the refuge in which she had been so providentially placed, could she be assured that such an act would not be a lack of faith, instead of an exercise of that grace? Could not God preserve her as safely in the house of

Sicard as in any other place? This was a serious question, and one which cost her many an hour of prayer, even unto agony.

At this critical juncture she was much cheered by this scripture: "*Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not to thy own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.*"

Thenceforth she determined to watch the course of Providence with renewed confidence, while the promises of God filled her with a sweet yet solemn peace. She took occasional walks abroad with a view of seeking some mode of life which should relieve the benevolent Sicard from all danger on her account. That excellent man noticed the indications of internal conflict, but he had too much tenderness to enquire its cause; his sympathy indeed was only the more increased by it, and he dealt with her with paternal kindness.

One day Zoe observed several men whose suspicious glances followed her in her walk, and her sense of approaching danger was at once aroused. It might have been nothing more than one of the common incidents of that day of suspicion, but still it was under her circumstances an alarm which she could not neglect. She now felt the necessity of at once obtaining a new refuge, and in her lonely chamber she made that the subject of believing prayer.

That night the church de la Foi was to hold a service, and in connection with the expected meeting, a new plan suggested itself to her. After supper she

arranged to leave the institution, and made all preparations, while at the same time she sighed at the thought of bidding farewell to her benefactor. Feeling it to be impossible to do so in person, she penned the following note which she left upon her table:

"To Citizen Sicard:

When you read these lines, the writer will have left your house, no doubt forever. She takes this method of thanking you for the kindness and protection which she has received at your hands, and for which God will in due time give you a rich reward, as he will for all your labor of love in behalf of the suffering. The writer does not leave because of anything in your power to rectify — but only from a sense of duty. Furthermore cannot now be said, but all may be explained should we ever meet again."

Having written this message, Zoe took her little boy by the hand, and left the apartment with tearful eyes and a burdened heart. It had not only been a shelter to her body, but a Bethel to her soul, and she felt that its memory was impressed upon her very nature, and could never be blotted out.

She breathed a sad farewell to this haven of brief repose, and offered up a heartfelt petition for its master, and then the pair proceeded to the street, and with the parcel in one hand, and her boy by the other, Zoe turned her steps toward Notre Dame.

It was a cold day in December, and the raw wind struck a chill to her thinly clad person, but the agony of her soul expelled all sense of bodily distress. She felt the forlornness of her condition, and as she once

more found herself an outcast, her soul was humbled within her. But she "remembered the day of the right hand of the most high," and the memory of that which God had done for her, gave her assurance for the future; surely he who had undertaken so wonderfully in her behalf, would not now forsake her in her hour of need. More particularly was she comforted by the experiences recorded so touchingly by the Psalmist: "*The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth and delivereth them out of all their troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit. Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. He keepeth all his bones, not one of them is broken.*"

While these thoughts were sustaining her soul, she felt that she could cast all on God, and in this frame she moved slowly onward, confident that it would be well. The postern door of the old cathedral was unlocked, but the hour of service had not arrived when the mother and child entered the crypt. They sat down, and the former remained for some time rapt in silent devotion. The atmosphere of the place seemed peculiarly suggestive of worship. All was silence, solemn and even oppressive like that of the tomb, and she felt like one buried from the world. But one person beside her boy, existed upon the globe in whom she still felt an abiding interest, and he was hidden from her in a concealment which she dared not to penetrate. Separated from him, she felt that both she and her child were like waifs floating on the ocean

of life, but certain of reaching at last a haven of sure rest.

While awaiting the hour of service, Zoe ascended from the crypt and in the soft hue of twilight took a view of the interior. All about her was vast, and the dim outline of the proportions stretched into a distance that seemed almost boundless. The pillars towered upward from the massive buttresses, until they were lost in the shadows of the vaulted ceiling and the half hidden arches. The mist of antiquity permeated the structure, and the solemn presence of the past stood by as though veiled in darkness, and waiting for some master to evoke its voice. The banners that hung motionless were like pages in the volume of history, every page a century; and their story was found in a nation's records, while the forms that once defended them mouldered in the vaults below.

And this majestic pile, thought Zoe, has stood as a silent witness of the revolution of ages; unchanging though all things else have taught earth's mutability, and unmoved by those shocks which have been the earthquakes of dynasties. Yet with all its splendor it was but a monument of genius degraded to the service of superstition, which had here held power for ages, until expelled by the horrors of that atheism which she herself had engendered.

It was the triumph of art, but the defeat of truth; as though art had been enslaved by falsehood and then been held before the world as a trophy.

And all this mighty work had been done for error!

what then might the world not do for truth! But no! the world hates truth while it yields obedience to the vile and the false. Thus thought Zoe, and then her mind turned to the sublime destiny of the soul. The error from which that cathedral sprung controlled her in early days. But now her soul was free—to be enslaved no more. And while the maddening crowd was crying for freedom, she at least had found that liberty with which Christ makes his people free.

When in that house on the last previous occasion, it was to receive the sacrament in wafer from the hands of Bishop Gobel—now that wretched man had exchanged the error of Romanism for that of Atheism, while she had cast it off to embrace the truth. Here too under the name of Reason, Atheism had held court, and all that was sacred or hoary in the old cathedral had been polluted by the presence of the foul *sans culottes*. But the gorgeous pile repudiated this perversion, and now having been locked up and sealed as it was supposed, from all future worship, it seemed to rejoice in its darkness and seclusion, and its escape from future desecration.

As Zoe gazed upon the scene, she became absorbed in its grandeur. She felt that God was there, and that thought made it home; and with it came the assurance of the presence of one who was her guard and her consolation, the Christ who redeemed her by his blood: and his everlasting love filled the mighty fabric until it was electric with the atmosphere of heaven. Having enjoyed this meditation until the melody of

sacred songs from beneath, warned her of the arrival of the hour of service, Zoe resumed her place among the worshipers in the crypt, where the pastor Beaupère opened the riches of God's love and the grace and fullness of Christ. To one in a frame like hers, it was an ante past of heaven.

That night the mother and child remained in the cathedral after service, resting on one of those couches prepared for royalty, and which had escaped the recent desecration. There they slept, and there the angels held their watch about the lonely children of God. During the night Zoe wakened frequently, for the burden of her forlorn situation broke the slumbers so greatly needed by her exhausted frame, but she fled at once to the Father above, remembering the words of the Psalmist: "God is a refuge and a strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

Then her heart was calm, and she felt a strange and supernatural peace overspreading it, as though breathed from holy beings, while voices speaking as from the spirit world whispered such utterances from the scriptures as seemed appropriate to her hour of trial. They came as songs in the night, with a melody of refreshing delight, and resting there upon the downy bosom of darkness, her spirit seemed to soar upward as one borne by seraph's wings.

The very stillness of the old cathedral gave her a sense of quiet happiness, and she felt like one on whom

sun and shade, night and day, society or solitude alike shed their blessing. Never before had night put on such majesty as now. It was like a mantle in which God had hidden himself, so that his child might draw near and perish not. It made her think of the darkness of Mount Sinai, in the midst of which God appeared to Moses, and still he lived.

The swift hours glide on, while the soul basked in God's favor, and Divine love filled it to overflowing. She thought of the great army above, with which she, though on earth, held a union. These had all come out of great tribulation, and had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Many of them had been martyrs, and she now felt how great a privilege they had enjoyed to bear testimony even unto death. Then there appeared to her so great an honor in suffering for the name of Jesus, that she almost longed to take a place in their ranks.

By her side slept little Frêron in the sweet unconscious slumbers of childhood, and naught occurred to mar the joys of triumphant faith. O what a night is this for old Notre Dame; and thus while Atheism lifts its audacious front, and crime is holding its bloody course until the cry of agony burdens the very air, the glory of true but humble piety fills the old abode of error and renders it the sanctuary of the true God.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Inside the Luxembourg.

The morning of the first of January 1794, saw Paris wrought upon by the most contrary and exciting influences. A year ago all parties thought that but a single step was necessary to settle all difficulties, but after it had been taken, the troubled waters gave no signs of rest. That step was the execution of the king: alas, it was but the beginning of the work of death, and that too by the same method of judicial murder. "*Expediency*,"[1] the cry uttered by Manuel, and reëchoed by Camille Desmoulins, when voting for the king's death, was now the stereotyped plea for removing all who stood in the way of party ends. "*A king dead! what is it but one man less?*"

Thus was repeated the false sentiment once uttered by the high priest Caiaphas with respect to Jesus. "It is expedient for us that one man die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not." Instead of this, the language of humanity and justice would have

[1] "A King dead! as Manuel says, what is it but one man less. I vote for his death, too late perhaps for the honor of the Convention." Spoken by Camille Desmoulins on the vote on Louis's death.—*Moniteur*. Both Manuel and Desmoulins shared the King's fate and were guillotined on the very same spot.

been, "no man shall suffer except on proof of guilt; better let a nation perish in defence of the innocent, than permit that innocent to die." But expediency, not guilt, was the term introduced into French ethics, and it was on this ground alone that the Committee of Public Safety justified its wholesale slaughter.

On the second day of January 1794, two deputies to the Convention were arrested, and it is strange to behold how expediency will reconcile the greatest differences. The first of this pair was a Jacobin, a *Montagnard*, an avowed friend of the *sans culottes*, and had voted for Louis's death. The other voted against the king's death, and was neither Jacobin nor *Montagnard*, nor friend of the *sans culottes*. Yet such was the facile exercise of expediency, that both of these men were arrested the same night, on the same charge, and thrown into the Luxembourg, where they met in sudden and most unexpected reunion. They were Thomas Paine and Anacharsis Cloots.

The Luxembourg was one of the architectural splendors of Paris; a palace in size and in locality, and once the abode of princely festivity; but matters had changed, and instead of palaces, prisons were in demand. The jails were crowded, and the pressure for places of detention was now filling all public edifices which could be spared from other service.

As the party having Cloots, Paine, Ardine and others in charge approached, the sentry uttered his challenge, and on receiving the countersign, they made a farther advance, and were admitted to the guard

room. This they found almost filled by that night's arrests, and the prisoners exhibited the usual variety of age, condition and sex. Here they were detained several hours, during which other parties came in with new victims of misfortune.

The keeper of the prison, La Rue Contant, was very busy making accommodations for his guests, and as fast as quarters were arranged, they were marched off, and thus room was had for new comers. A clerk was employed registering the name, age, profession, and birth-place of each prisoner, and also the number of their room, while on the outside a large number of the invalid corps of the Carmagnoles maintained an incessant guard.

The record having been taken, and the apartment designated, the attendant summoned a number of prisoners to follow, among whom were Paine and Cloots, and his late secretary. They paced the long and spacious hall, and then ascended two flights of a broad staircase, entering a room which had that day been vacated by a group doomed to the scaffold, and in an instant the key was turned upon them.

It was the first time that Ardine had ever been locked in a prison, and the grating of the bolt and key sent a chill to his very heart. Paine was buried in sullen silence, while the unfortunate Cloots seemed too much stupefied to notice anything; the shock of the arrest had again unmanned him; from these two Ardine soon found himself separated, for the prisoners were afterward sent to different rooms.

The grey light of dawn soon entered the windows, and it was not long before Ardine could distinguish the features of the different occupants, and the appearance of their new abode. The latter was a spacious apartment with high ceilings and ornaments indicating primitive elegance. The windows were large, and protected by heavy iron crossbars, while the ever vigilant guard below, was a double security against escape. Rows of berths raised in tiers one above the other afforded lodgings while a number of rude benches were the accommodation for day, and on these were seated a score of prisoners huddled thus together in sudden companionship of misery. Some were silent, and communed with their own hearts upon the misfortunes which befel them; others wept, and thus appealed to the sympathy of those around them, while a few endeavored to take the matter as a joke of the season, and smiled at the sighs of their associates.

About nine in the morning *soup maigre* was served, and while some could not eat for sorrow, others devoured their own and all the surplus, with cheerful appetite. One of the most thoughtless in levity was a young man, who was almost vociferous with his absurdities. "He had laughed at the committee, and he would laugh at them still. As for the guillotine, he cared little for that. Life had been merry, and death was but going to sleep. He knew that death would come at last, and therefore he had been making the most of it. A jollier fellow than he had never lived in Paris. It was all sport to him. He had seen the

fournées go down to the Place de la Revolution for more than a year and they generally died well. Now and then some hung the head and played the fool, but upon the whole they acted their part bravely. He never cared how soon his turn would come, and when he stood in the cart he would huzza to the crowd, and let them see how well it went off, *ça ira!* let them do their worst. They would yet be obliged to have a guillotine at every corner to keep up to the times."

After breakfast there were brief conversations and the prisoners became slightly acquainted. Some found in this a slight relief to their misfortunes, while a few turned away in silence. Several expressed great confidence in speedy liberation. "I was arrested," says one, a middle-aged man, "not for any act of *incivisme*, but because I happened to live in a certain district, and they had to make a clean sweep. But my case is a clear one. I am an old-established patriot; my children are named after the Gracchii. I have spoken at the section against all tyrants: I have stood out for the *Décadi*, and the *nouvelle ordre*, the destruction of superstition and the death of Louis. I cheered when the Girondins were in the carts. I am one of the most loyal of the adherents of the Mountain, and since it is the interests of the Mountain, I am willing to remain here for a few days, but my safety is necessary to the Republic, and hence I must soon be released."

Another had been arrested on a false report, which was an instructive lesson as to the way in which trifles will work. It had been stated that he had said that if

Robespierre should succeed, the Republic would be *etouffé* (suffocated) whereas he had said *sauvé* (saved), which made all the difference in the world. The mistake was pardonable on the score of the authorities, but he felt sure that that very morning it would be corrected. Nay he knew the very man who would take the matter in hand. There was Nicholas Bretin, his neighbor and a member of the club, who would see Robespierre that very day about eleven o'clock, if indeed he had not already attended to the business, and the order for release must come before night. Thus they spoke, and yet Ardine observed that no release came, and that they remained week after week, yet still hoping for some act of intervention.

Others were desponding, and one wept bitterly, and on Ardine's enquiring in a kindly tone, he replied by pointing to an inscription upon the wall, Jacques and Pierre Bellanger. "These," said he," are the names of my two younger brothers, twins. They were guillotined last September. Little did I dream that I should find these memorials of the loved and lost. In this room they must have been confined; these walls echoed to their sighs; from these windows they beheld the city which they loved, and which they were so soon to leave, and this memorial warns me that I am to share their fate."[1] Ardine listened with deep sympathy to this tale of misery. Taught as he had been

[1] Jacques and Pierre Bellanger, twin brothers, were convicted of a *design* to avenge the King's death, and were condemned to death.—*Moniteur*, Sept. 1793.

in the school of misfortune he had learned to feel for the sorrow-laden. These he had met often in the occurrences of daily life, but here the burden was oppressive. Every chamber in the Luxembourg was full of the unfortunate and there was nothing but mutual sympathy to alleviate distress.

Among those who excited his sympathy, the most important was his recent patron, who had been lodged in a different apartment, and of whom he could hear nothing; at last, for a moderate bribe, the attendant informed him that he was on the same floor, in a room occupied by strangers. He thus learned it was the custom of the prison to separate acquaintances as much as possible, so as to defeat all concert of action. In this manner the members of the Convention, and other distinguished personages, were frequently mingled with plebians and prisoners from the country.

The morning passed heavily on; steps were constantly heard of persons pacing the hall, but the door was not opened until noon, when black bread and a soup made of coarse vegetables, were served in small rations.

After dinner steps were again heard in the hall, together with the opening and shutting of doors, and the confusion of voices, some in a loud and others in a subdued tone; at the same time the sound of many feet was heard as of groups passing down the stair, after which all was still again.

Ardine afterward learned that these sounds indicated that a demand had been made on the prison in behalf

of the Tribunal, and that these persons had been designated to form the next *fournée*. They were collected during the afternoon, and held in the guard room until the approach of evening, and were then marched down to the *conciergerie*.

The Luxembourg was one of the last places, in point of time, that had been used as a prison, and not till all others had been filled to overflowing was this palace thus transformed. It consisted of two grand pavilions connected by a terrace, all of stone, and each of the former contained about five hundred persons. It was called upon in its turn to furnish its quota to the Tribunal, and thus in connection with the other prisons, it served to make up a constant supply to Fouquier's court.

No sooner were parties removed, than their places were filled up by fresh arrests, and thus about midnight Ardine heard the tramp of heavy feet, and the confusion of voices mingled with sobs and sighs, and he knew that a fresh arrival of the unfortunate had taken place.

After a few days' confinement, Ardine became to a certain degree habituated to his new abode, although the dreariness of prison life wore heavily upon him. He had brought his Bible with him, and found it invaluable as a companion for his listless hours. He commenced reading it through from the beginning, and while he found many things in its pages which he did not understand, yet he was from day to day the more profoundly impressed with its simple majesty and power.

Among those who were cast into the Luxembourg during Ardine's imprisonment, were several natives of Great Britain, embracing William Newton from London, J. Murdock from Edinburg, Thomas Delany and Patrick Roden, both Irishmen. He became interested in the two former, who were glad to meet some one with whom they could converse in their own tongue. They narrated their adventures to him and their history is given in the following pages.

NOTE.—The two succeeding chapters are not an integral part of this volume, and are only inserted by the editor for the reason that the histories of these unfortunate young men throw some light on the state of the public mind in Great Britain at the time referred to.

NOTE. — The Luxembourg palace was built by Marie de Medici, after the plan of the Pitti palace, Florence. On the breaking out of the revolution it was converted into a prison, and contained one thousand captives. It was afterwards turned into government offices, It is now used as the *Palais du Sénat*, and contains a fine collection of modern pictures. The gardens of the Luxembourg are extensive and beautiful — a broad avenue leads from the palace to the observatory. A bronze statue marks the place where Marshal Ney was shot, December 7, 1815.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The History of William Newton.

I was born in Islington, March 21, 1761. My parents were respectable, and the family was of the same stock as that from which the great astronomer drew his origin. My father was reduced in circumstances, and kept a small book store; both he and my mother were church-going people, being of Whitefield's connection, and attending as regularly as possible the tabernacle at Tottenham court. Whitefield was dead before my remembrance, but we had his portrait hung in mourning on our parlor wall, and that mourning my mother would never remove; such was her veneration for that remarkable man, of whom whatever may be said, none can deny his true greatness. I recollect hearing Wesley preach in the tabernacle, and also Berridge, and can well remember the effect produced upon me by the eccentric but powerful eloquence of the latter.

As I grew up I attended my father's store, and aided him all in my power, for our united efforts were needed to keep the family afloat. My mind was of an enquiring turn, and I read all that my duties would allow, especially of theological controversy. My father was at first pleased with this, for as I afterward learned, he

had a secret desire that I should enter the church, but he little thought that so far from reading with a desire to profit, my only idea was to cultivate the gift of argument in which I made my boast. I could, when not over sixteen, dispute with any man, and had often silenced those who thought themselves my superiors, and who at first despised and then feared me.

My father's shop was the resort of many of the humbler class of dissenting clergy, who came there to exchange books, or look over the stock, and I was greatly addicted to controversy with them. There was no difficulty in doing this, since in a very unassuming manner I would ask a question on doctrine or scriptural facts, and then reply making my objections as with a view of further information, until in a few moments I would get the better of the point, and then enjoy my victory. This became very annoying to my father, especially as he saw that my self-conceit was increasing, and that I was dropping my former respect for divine things. He would have been still more grieved had he known that at this time I had got acquainted with a knot of free thinkers who met near our shop at the Acorn tavern.

One day in a pile of old books which had been bought in a lot at auction, I found Shaftsbury's *Characteristics*, the reading of which led me to Hume's *Essays*. His learning and penetration interested me, and I read the essays with the feeling of one who is glad to have some one to lead him in a path which he feared to tread alone. I had often heard my father speak against

Hume, and I knew that if he were to see the book he would destroy it; hence I secreted it at once, and kept it for my private hours.

I found by reading these essays that I could as I supposed, prove the most important scriptural statements to be false, and that the miracles, on which so much of Christianity is based, were impossible in themselves, and were so contrary to human experience, that no sensible person could credit them. These things I kept secret from the family, but I think that my father suspected that I had been poisoned, for he looked at me with a sad and disappointed countenance.

I had a sister named Agnes, a lovely girl, two years my senior, who was devoted to me. She was as pious as she was lovely, and habitually prayed for me in secret, and often conversed with me on religious topics. As her manner became gradually more serious, I suspected that my views were known to the family, but that they from prudence refrained from speaking to me. At last one Sabbath day Agnes and I were together in her little room. She had been down to the Tabernacle while I had been conversing with my deistical friends, and was inflated with conceit. She attempted to call my mind to spiritual truths, and was directing my attention to the Bible which lay open before her, when I replied by an expression of contempt.

"Why William," exclaimed she, "surely you believe the Bible?"

"Believe the Bible! no of course I do not," I replied.

"Not believe the Bible!" she again uttered with a groan, while her eyes turned upon me with a sorrowful expression, which I can never forget.

"The Bible" said I "is an old woman's story — men of sense are above it."

I received no reply, and looking back perceived that she had fainted. I applied restoratives, and she soon revived, but when she did so it was with an expression of deep horror on her countenance. This of course had to be explained to our parents, and the effect was of the most painful character; my mother whom I tenderly loved, was taken down sick, and my father would have closed his store had he not felt the need of occupation to relieve grief. Agnes was only sustained by the duty of ministering to the wants of a smitten family.

The scenes of home life became now so painful that I could remain there no longer, and hence sought board and employment elsewhere. I was not yet out of my minority, but my father refrained from laying any restraint on my liberty, and did not demand my return, although he came occasionally to see me.

The peace recently concluded with America, by which the independence of the colonies had been established, was exciting a strong opposition against the government. There were many abuses to be removed, and the popular unrest was doing its work, but unfortunately as I may now say, the love of liberty was permeated by an evil influence. It was led to oppose piety as well as tyranny. The cry was leveled

alike against churches and aristocrats. Religion became an object of attack, as well as oppression. In this error we were unlike the people of America. They rallied around Christianity, while we divorced ourselves from it.

The meetings held by our party were sometimes noisy, drunken, and violent, but there was fascination enough to hold us together. I was one of the chief speakers, and had learned the stereotyped tirade against kings and priests. Thomas Paine's works were our chief authority, and on his return from America he visited our club and made an address.

Our meetings now attracted the attention of the government, and we were notified that any seditious speeches would be followed by arrest. This for a time silenced us, but afterward we became emboldened, and the use of spirits gave courage. Our language ran violently against all authority, except that derived from the masses, and we could not see that the tyranny of a mob could be as bad as that of an autocrat. As the Bible warranted monarchy, we directed our attacks against that volume, and it was denounced by all our sister societies throughout the kingdom.

My habits now became dissipated from the tippling to which this mode of life led, and I became a loiterer at taverns, where I waited for some one to dispute with in order to show my powers of argument. At one of these places I held an argument with a stranger, who though one of our order, differed with me on some points. The dispute became heated, and we soon fell

to blows, and I was sorely beaten and cast into the street. At this juncture, not knowing what to do, I turned into a low ale house, where I was addressed by one of my old mates, who like me had fallen into a dissolute life. He informed me that a conspiracy against the government was in progress, and that such men as I were just the ones to make it succeed.

The example of France was exciting England with a powerful sympathy, and there was a strong undercurrent of disaffection among the masses. This I well knew, though I had not thought it was taking shape. He assured me that the cause was now to be prosecuted by force, and that several of the nobility were about to join the popular party in order to save themselves. If I entered into the cause I should receive an appointment or commission which would satisfy my purse and my ambition at the same time. Being under the influence of strong drink I signed a paper without knowing what I did, and was the next day arrested. I learned afterward that the man was a spy, and that his reward was in proportion to his success in obtaining prisoners.

The authorities dealt leniently with me, although I had been long known as a dangerous man; they proposed to release me on condition that I left the country. This I agreed to do, and thus my infidelity resulted in my banishment. It was hard to part from London, and from relatives whom I loved, though I saw them but little. My mother was in failing health, and I knew that my conduct aided the power of her

disease. She could not survive my departure, and died before I left — I attended her funeral in disguise, having overstayed my time.

My father knowing that I must go, advised me to choose America as my new home, but the hatred which I bore to Christianity prevented my doing so. Paine spoke bitterly of the religion of that country which he said would be the ruin of it. They had fought for liberty, but had not got it. No man could be free where there was a church, and they were more plenty in America than even in England. He spoke violently against George Washington and most of the American leaders, excepting Jefferson and Joel Barlow, both of whom had lived in France and had accepted infidel views.

He was going to France and invited me to accompany him, which I did supposing that I might be of use in the Revolution. Paine was to represent the town of Calais in the Convention, and as the Revolution would soon spread (as we foolishly imagined) from France to England, he thought that a delegation of Englishmen who had sojourned in France could at any time cross the channel, and thus be of great aid in revolutionizing Britain.

Following this illusion, a small number came over consisting of Delany and Roden, enthusiastic Irishmen, and myself. We found it much easier to get to Paris than to leave it, and here we lingered in a miserable condition of exile, in a country whose language and manners were strange to us. We found that the Lib-

erty we sought, was developed in the mobs of Paris, while the absence of religion was felt like the curse that withered all things. Here we had infidelity without limit and bloodshed to correspond.

We joined the Jacobin Club as delegates from London where there were several sister societies, and we sought out the principles of its leaders. We found them to be noise, filth, hate and blasphemy. It was now a question, which was better, the tyranny of one king or that of a thousand, or in other words that of a mob? Having seen enough of Paris, I determined to return to London and to reform my evil habits, and become a good citizen. For this purpose I applied for a passport, but it was refused. I asked Paine to get one for me, supposing that he could effect the object, from his position in the Convention, but to my surprise he told me that he could not procure one for himself.

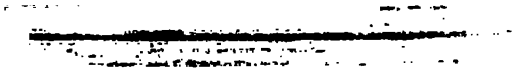
I felt the need of protection, and asked if I could not enjoy that of his name; he replied that he did not consider himself safe, but that I might come and remain with him and earn what I could by aiding him in a work which he had in progress. I accepted this offer and spent much time on the MS. volume which was called the *Age of Reason*. I was so much disgusted with the infidelity of France that I wondered how Paine could attack Christianity. My skeptical views gradually gave way to regret at the foolish course I had pursued. I conversed with Paine on this subject, but my views only irritated him. He is an able man, but on this subject he is blind.

One night our house was beset by *gens d'armes* and Paine was arrested, but I made my escape out of a rear window; I wandered around Paris several days, but was at last detected and brought to this place where I am reaping the fruit of early error.

NOTE. — Paine was held prisoner in the Luxembourg for eight months, during which time he was designated for the guillotine, but escaped by the intervening hand of God's providence. The story of the chalk mark made on the inside instead of the outside of the door, we reject as one of his fictions. To show his danger he states "that one hundred and sixty-eight persons were taken out of the Luxembourg in one night, and one hundred and sixty guillotined the next day, of whom I was to have been one." It is our opinion that Paine was spared to show, by a wicked old age, how utterly infidelity would degrade one of the finest intellects of his day. The events of Paine's life may be summed up thus: Born at Thetford, England, in 1737; went to sea at the age of 14; learned the trade of stay making; obtained an imperfect education by his own efforts; became an exciseman; in his 37th year emigrated to America, and bore a leading part in the revolution; wrote *Common Sense* and *The Crisis*; returned to England and published the *Rights of Man*; was indicted and fled to France, where he had been chosen deputy for Calais; wrote the Age of Reason; was imprisoned and narrowly escaped death; returned to America in 1802; received pension for services; became very intemperate, and died in miserable old age in 1809.

THE ARREST OF THOMAS PAINE.

"One night our house was beset by *gens d'armes*, and Paine was arrested." Page 238.



CHAPTER XXIX.

Murdock's Narrative.

I am a native of Edinburgh, where I was born in the year 1765. My father was a man of high position, as may be understood by the circumstance that he was writer to the signet, and as he had the power of naming his successor, it was his intention that I should inherit the office. For this purpose he gave me a classical education, and I stood among the first in the University of Glasgow where I graduated. My father attended the kirk, but was at heart an unbeliever, and often made Christianity a subject of ridicule in the family, little dreaming that there was one so ready to lay his sayings to heart.

The first volume of Gibbon's *Rome* was published just about the time that I commenced my more advanced studies, and my father purchased a copy, and read with great satisfaction the celebrated chapter in which the Christian religion is so insidiously attacked. I also read a part of this elaborate article, and although I could not fully comprehend the argument, yet I was secretly glad that it corresponded with my rising skepticism.

There was a large circle of infidels in Edinburgh at that time, and they had frequent gatherings in which religion, or rather "superstition" as they termed it, was discussed. This circle had been established by David Hume, whose ideas still controlled it. In addition to Hume, Adam Smith, Dr. Black and Colonel Edmonstone were leaders, and it had a large number of lesser wits among the apprentices and working people.

I well remember Hume's death, which occurred when I was eleven years of age. He had been keeper of the Advocate's library, where I frequently met him. He spent most of his time preparing his history of England, and I often went in his room where he was surrounded with papers. He was a cheerful, pleasant man, with very plain and even repulsive features.

His death was said to have been an easy one, and he seemed resigned to it; hence the account of it was published by his friends in order to show that an infidel could die as happy as a Christian, and when the dying triumphs of Christians were mentioned, that of Hume was brought up as a parallel. It was however thought by some that the cheerfulness displayed was of a forced character, and the fact that he was employed in whist playing on his dying bed, showed that he needed to be diverted from the solemn realities which opened before him.

My father attended kirk to hear the celebrated Blair who preached every sabbath afternoon, and delivered eloquent sermons which contained so little Christianity

that any infidel could be suited with them. Dr. Walker officiated in the morning service in the same church, and it was remarkable that two distinct congregations attended on the services of these two preachers. The latter attracted the devout class, while the former was followed by the critical and the refined, and all who admired polished composition unincumbered by hard doctrines.

Most of the infidels in Edinburgh liked Blair, and I often heard it said that if all preaching was like his, there would be but little objection to it. Some indeed had the boldness to say that at heart both Blair and Robertson the historian, were disbelievers in the doctrines of Christianity as interpreted by the older divines. Hume came back from Paris about the time of my birth, and gave an exalted picture of the society of that country. He had spent some time in Paris as an *attaché* of the embassy, and had received a great deal of attention from the *savans* and the nobility. The ladies also flattered him, and he felt that there he was considered quite a gallant, while in Edinburgh he was looked on as a mere old bachelor.

My mind was in this way led to admire France, and all that was French, and to undervalue the institutions of my native land. Particularly I learned to despise the church, and to rail at the old-fashioned preaching of its primitive clergy.

This prejudice derived much power from the coarser poems of Burns, in which the piety and the ordinances of the church are so boldly ridiculed. There was a

new school of clergy now in vogue who sought popularity by omitting the sterner parts of their office and prophesied smooth things. They thought in this way to conciliate the opposers of religion, but generally failed of their end.

As I grew up I became intimate with a young lady of interesting character, and of marked ability. Her acquaintance with history and poetry commanded my admiration, and I believe that she appreciated my attentions as those of a gentleman of desirable position. We walked often together to Arthur's seat and Calton hill, and frequently entered the martyrs' burial ground. Here I was often embarrassed by the question whether the men who filled these graves were enthusiasts or not. If they were, then they were among the most wonderful examples of self-denial and suffering for an imaginary cause in the world's history. If not, there was a true and priceless value in that for which they suffered.

As a Scotsman, I always took a pride in "the witnesses," as we called them, even though I contemned their faith. One day while thus discoursing to my Mary, I observed her to be greatly affected. She seemed desirous to speak but could not, and when we parted there was a strange sorrow in her eyes, that I could not penetrate.

She left town the next day to visit friends in Stirling, nor did I surmise then that it was to escape my society. I wrote her a letter and received no reply. At last she returned to Edinburgh and I immediately

waited upon her. She received me kindly, but her manner was calm and forced. At last the power of emotion overcame her and bursting into tears she mentioned my infidel views as an inseparable barrier. She had lately been converted and had united with the church and hence felt that we could not harmonize on the most important of all subjects. Severe as the sacrifice was, she preferred to make it, rather than violate her conscience.

I was utterly astounded by her reply, for I considered both herself and family as bound up in me; the disappointment caused a sudden and terrible shock. I felt angry with my parents who had educated me in infidelity, and I was angry with myself, and with the world. I now determined to leave Scotland, and make the tour of Europe; this I thought to do as Goldsmith is said to have done, by the aid of music, for I was an excellent flutist.

I left my parents, who were sadly disappointed by my abandoning the promised situation as writer to the signet. But I felt indignant at their neglect of my religious education, through which my happiness was wrecked, and I felt like making them suffer a part of the consequences. I tore away from home in this manner, with my flute and knapsack, and in due time arrived in London, having traveled afoot most of the way. My flute availed me a little, and my support was derived from a small stock of wares, which I hawked among the peasantry.

In London I became acquainted with the free think-

ing leaders who were getting up societies in the chief towns of the kingdom, with a view to create discontent and thus promote a revolt. They found me ready in the use of the tongue, and thinking me a fitting agent, sent me to Bristol, where I made speeches against church and state, and denounced religion as the source of oppression and injustice. I could do this the more easily since after leaving Scotland I began to repine at the manner in which I had been rejected, and my mind became still more embittered toward Christianity.

During my residence at Bristol, I became much interested in the antiquities of the place, and particularly in the old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, which has been made so famous by its connection with the poet Chatterton. It is a building of great beauty, and I found pleasure in walking in solitude through its aisles and reading its inscriptions. Here Chatterton mused and wandered, and here his splendid imagination caught the inspiration of the past, and here he conceived those splendid dramas which have immortalized his name. I also visited the muniment room, where, as he said, he found the Rowley parchments, and saw the open chests in which they had, according to his story, lain for ages.

How little did I dream that like him, I should find my hopes and expectations so early blighted? He went to the grave, while I have just gone to prison with the grave looking me in the face.

Just then the French revolution broke out and threw us into an intense excitement. Many persons

thought that liberty was now going to take wings, and spread her influence immediately over the earth. The idea of the Pantisocracy became popular, and a number of young men planned a colony to be settled on the banks of the Susquehanna, where the selfishness and unhappiness of modern society never were to be allowed an existence. Among these young men were two talented poets, one named Southey and the other Coleridge, whom I met at Cottle's bookstore.

Coleridge was enthusiastic in his hope of human restoration, and thought that the spirit of liberty just exhibited in France, was the earnest of a work that should fill the world with happiness. He discoursed marvelously on this subject, but I did not then know that much of his inspiration was the result of opium eating. We arranged to go in company to Paris and take our part in the work, and as I had never lost my early desire to visit the place where Hume received such honor, I was very earnest in the scheme. I was the more encouraged to go from the fact that I both spoke and wrote French like a native.

We fixed on the day when the vessel should be ready to sail. I came with my luggage and went aboard, but Coleridge failed to make his appearance. He had borrowed a few pounds of me to discharge a trifling debt, and had as I learned spent most of the money for opium, and was then in a laudanum ecstacy. At Calais, I met Paine, and we came on together, and were followed by Roden and Delany, who were as blind in their enthusiasm as myself.

On arrival in Paris I found that the place must have changed much since the days of Hume. There were no signs of that culture of which he had spoken, and that learning which he admired. I took lodgings in Rue D'Harvile, and found my French knowledge of much use, for I published some articles on English polity and on the importance of a speedy attempt at revolutionizing Britain. These articles attracted attention, and brought me a small income. I was afterward employed by Brissot, who edited *Le Courrier Francais*, and wrote for him some bitter attacks on Marat and the Mountain, being hardly conscious of the danger of expressing an opinion, and supposing that like Junius I might thunder abroad and still keep my name secret.

I saw my old friends the Girondins executed, and have stood often meditating at their place of burial. This led Trénoir to suspect me; I was arrested; my identity discovered, and I shall probably share the Girondins' doom. So also will the whole group from Great Britain,[1] except Paine, who may be saved through Robespierre's fear of offending the United States. We might all have been safe in the possession of a constitutional liberty, had we not run mad after the new liberty of Atheism. I now see my error, though it be too late to correct it.

[1] In the *Moniteur* of June 14, 1794, Thomas Delany, aged 17, and Patrick Roden, aged 28, both from Ireland, J. Murdock, from Edinburg, aged 29, and William Newton, aged 33, from London, are announced as having been guillotined for conspiracy.

CHAPTER XXX.

Lights and Shadows of a Sybarite's Life.

Bruno de Ruyere sat as usual in his splendid saloon, his half eaten breakfast still smoking before him, while as he sipped his coffee he looked over a list of names, some of which called forth occasional remarks.

"Tundé, and Vatrin, and Duguigny, and these others only estimated at one thousand livres each! This is coming down! Six months ago we did not dream of such petty figures. Why I myself, got more than that out of the Vanderneyvers, although they were Cloots men; and I might have had more, had not Robespierre finished them so quickly. There is such a thing as being too much in haste. But never mind that; the pressure now is for money. Here is Roussel, and Dupres, and Vervîer, rated at only two hundred and fifty each, and the widow Arnoux's estate counts but four hundred. This will never answer. Are there no more misers, Jews, or bankers, to aid the Republic? If not, how shall we stem the counter-revolution?"

The soliloquy was in part borrowed from his stereotyped public addresses, but now the speaker appeared to come to himself.

What a condition has this country reached! *La belle* they once called it; will it ever be *La belle* again? The king and queen are dead — the throne cast down — the nobility fled or guillotined — the Convention a puerile, yet malignant mob — the nation hopelessly bankrupt. Gold, too, is unknown, and the only currency these base *assignats* — the people starving, and nothing plenty but bloodshed, while the guillotine is hard at work. Well, if it must be so, then let me turn it to good account, and since people will have a daily *fournée*, I may as well as not throw in my quota of *scelerats*. Turbine has gone — escaped all his troubles — will never again go hungry to increase his store. Such men ought to die for example's sake. A few more of these windfalls, and I might be rich enough. Then to Berlin, and farewell to these republican cut-throats. My ten thousand Louis d'or, that was a capital hit! — ah, they do not suspect me — that Robespierre and his committee, whom I use as tools; let him prate of his republican simplicity, while I reach my private ends. Deep work this, to steer safely through a sea of troubles. It is the fools that perish like the Girondins, who died for principle — what nonsense! One wise man, at least, in Paris, who carries his pocket full and his head safe, while others shake on their shoes. Meanwhile, what parties offer best inducements at this time of pressure?

NOTE.— The *Assignats* were the paper currency of France, and were based on the confiscation of the entire church property.

"There is that De Martel; twice I have had the hand of arrest almost upon him, and yet he has escaped. Curse him, let me only get him in my clutches and I will soon have the estates. The woman and her brat will not long stand in my way. I could sequestrate it now, but then the public purse would get a large portion, and I am not patriotic enough for that; no! I must have it all, as well I may, by right of inheritance. Only two heirs left, a woman and a boy; thank God, I have sent Bertrand and Rossé, where they will never interfere. This estate will fetch me out of all difficulties, and then for smoother sailing."

With these thoughts De Ruyere seemed reassured, and he once more turned to his breakfast. Hardly had he finished the first dish, when the door opened, and a message was handed in, which ran in the following words:

Ardine de Martel has been found at last; he is in the Luxembourg, room number 14. *He was arrested two nights ago at the house of Cloots, in disguise.* CLOTARDE.

This message sent a thrill through De Ruyere such as he had seldom felt; his countenance flushed with pleasure and his frame trembled with ecstacy. The accomplishment of long delayed plans now seemed immediate; the fruit was within his grasp, and all that was necessary was to put forth the hand and take it. He could eat no more, and hastily finishing his cup of coffee, he arose and walked the room with delight. His schemes now anticipated their fruition. He was

already contriving means for the speedy removal of Zoe and her boy, while estimates of value flitted before his eyes.

"How rapid and how convenient," he exclaimed, "the guillotine will work the charm. Count de Martel in the Luxembourg! a safe place it is considered: yet hardly as secure as St. Pelagie; La Force's would do better than either; there they kept the Girondins, and not one of them escaped. Yet the Luxembourg may answer, but no time is to be lost. I must see immediately that he goes on the first list to the Tribunal; Robespierre will attend to it for me, and that is all I need of him, the other two I can manage alone."

While thus communing pleasantly with himself, De Ruyere heard a knock at the door, and without waiting for invitation, there entered one whose appearance caused him to turn pale.

"Well, citizen, what is wanted?"

"What is wanted? I know what is not wanted; I am not wanted, but you will have my presence notwithstanding. Yes, *scelerat* that you are, you shall have my attention and my watchful care for some time to come—just as long as you draw your cursed breath."

De Ruyere could not reply; the attack of words was too overwhelming.

"Look ye, aristocrat, parasite, traitor that you are, listen to what I say. Do you know what I am come for? I will tell you—revenge! do you understand that? yes, revenge! You remember—no, of course you don't, but I will remind you. You remember

I say that once I asked your help—paid you for it with the last coin in my purse. I repeat, *scelerat*, I bought your aid in behalf of one who was going to the axe, and whom you might have saved. He has perished — the brother that I loved, and now I live for one thing — *revenge!* They say it is sweet! ha!"

De Ruyere staggered and retreating, leaned for support on the carved mantel.

"Hear me on; you need not faint yet—I have something better to say; *scelerat*, you must die; what! can you not stand that word when you have sent so many to the axe? Yes, you must die. I could shoot you now if I chose and go unharmed, but that is not the revenge for me. You shall die as he died; die by the axe, on the scaffold, amid gaping thousands.

"You think of escape, do you? that is good; why I have power in the club to denounce you at any time, and I have power with the committee to guillotine you, though you think yourself safe in their friendship. I tell you your hour is come; get out of Paris if you can; get out of my clutches if you can. You seem distressed; well, I have come to enjoy your horrors. Now *scelerat*, hear my invitation: meet me in the Place de la Revolution, and mark in the crowd the man waving a red cap on the pole. That man will be myself, and you will be my victim."

These words fell with fearful power on the deputy, and before he could give response or alarm he was left in solitude.

He sat down exhausted; his nerves were shattered,

and his brain reeled; at last he recovered himself sufficiently to say "I guillotined his brother! why did I not finish him also? This comes of mercy; why did I spare the wretch?"

There was one exclamation which now recurred to him and rung in his ears: "Get out of Paris if you can."

De Ruyere, as we have said, had long contemplated emigration. Conscious that the government was in the power of demagogues, in whose hands it must soon collapse, he had matured his plans for departure, and as the commencement of a provision for the future, he had remitted to his credit in a Prussian banking house a large sum in gold. Amid all the dangers of his life of crime, the hope of emigration had cheered him, and there was not a day that the pleasures of Berlin did not flit before his eyes. Hence there was peculiar force in those words, "get out of Paris if you can."

Why, he had at that very time a passport; it had lain in his drawer for months, snugly locked up, and only seeing the light of day when he wished to enjoy its contemplation. He had looked at it again and again with increasing confidence and hope, and why should that rude challenge disturb his peace? Of course it was simply ridiculous.

To settle the matter, he would take another glance, for it might quiet his ruffled spirits. He stepped to his desk, unlocked a drawer, took from it a tin box which he also unlocked, and turned to its appropriate place for the precious document; *but it was gone.* He

started back in a violent tremor, dashed out the contents of the box on the table and examined each paper by itself, but still the passport was not to be found.

With a sickening heart he recommenced his search; every drawer in the desk was opened, and its contents looked at with the utmost care; his pockets were examined, and every imaginable place in the room was searched, but in vain. That document on which his hopes had been resting for months was gone. Here was no accident, and he sat down with the conviction that he had been the victim of some adroit thief. Who could that thief be? was mere pelf his object? if so he would offer a reward for its return, without asking questions. But no, this could not be the case, and then the crushing thought came upon him with the force of a conviction, that the act was prompted by revenge alone.

He now ascertained the surprising fact that he had been for a long time the object of espionage, and he could not but think that both thief and spy might be numbered among his own menials. To relieve his mind of its present distress, he took a walk; but instead of going to the Convention, his feet almost instinctively moved toward what now had become the chief prison in Paris. It was an extensive and stately pile, that palace of the Luxembourg, whose builder, Marié de Medici, little dreamed it would serve purposes of cruelty; and as De Ruyere approached it through the long avenue of trees, he could not but recall those whom he had sent to its walls, and thence to the axe.

One more at least remained to be disposed of, and it was to identify this obnoxious person, and thus anticipate the success of his scheme, that he went thither. As a *Montagnard*, De Ruyere found no difficulty in obtaining entrance, and citizen Contant received him with obsequious politeness. Having made his way up to the chamber, the attendant removed the slide from a small orifice in the wall, and De Ruyere looked in. The disguise had been removed, and there in plain citizens dress sat the form of his kinsman, Count Ardine de Martel. The prisoner was reading a volume with apparent intensity. He seemed pale and careworn, but he had a cheerful expression, and innocence and peace lighted up his features.

De Ruyere looked again, the identity was complete and if he could recognize Ardine while on the stage of the opera, he need not be mistaken here; but it was not simply to identify, but to gloat over him, to gratify his long cherished malice by contemplating him as a victim. And still the doomed man gazed intently on that page. unconscious of the presence of evil, and while the eyes of hate glared upon him with diabolical intent, he drank peacefully from the fountain of living waters.

Having gratified himself sufficiently, De Ruyere left his place of pleasing observation, and was walking down to the rooms of the Committee of public safety, when he was aware of a sudden pang that shot through his soul, springing from this fearful thought, "*where is the passport?* — ten thousand Louis at Herder & Company's bank in Berlin, and no way to reach it." Great

was his satisfaction in the possession of Ardine so safe in the Luxembourg, but could that bring back the lost document? Thus the joy of triumph and the pain of deep disappointment alternated, until the latter gained lodgement in his soul, and would not be driven away.

Stronger and stronger it became as the hours flew on; burdened too by many lesser annoyances.

He found that the Committee had adjourned and thus his errand thither was useless. He called at Robespierre's rooms, but he was reported not at home, and thus embarrassed he turned his steps to the Hotel de la Roche with the conciousness of a great loss gnawing his vitals. That day he had new locks placed on his drawers, and then again examined thoroughly all his papers. They appeared to have been handled by some stranger in his absence, but all were there except the passport. Then he seemed to hear again the threat of his foe, and his bitter sarcastic words, "*get out of Paris if you can*," and with these came the thoughts of the ten thousand Louis at Berlin. Was not Ardine de Martel in his hands? Yes, but where was his passport? Six months ago it was difficult to get one; how much more so would it be at present?

"Never mind" said he to himself, crushing the thought of his loss by a strong resolution. "I will try what money can do; gold never yet failed" and gold must now replace the loss. Barrére will give me another if I only pay high enough."

No De Ruyere! gold will not just now buy you another passport.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Father and Daughter.

Trine de la Cour sat at the windows of the little room which looked out upon the garden, but its flowers were gone, and the vines hung sere and leafless, mementoes of former verdure and beauty. It was winter, and the season bore heavily on the poor. She was no longer the flower girl of the Tuilleries, and though a few plants cheered the room with their fragrance, yet there were no clustering roses and mignionettes to attract the public taste.

The summer earnings had been treasured up to supply the winter's needs, and although the cry of want was a general one, yet this little household was in good cheer. Christmas had come[1] and had brought with it its wealth of greenery; the tiny parlor was hung with wreaths, and Trine had been making many for the market. Who that could spare a trifle would refuse to buy a wreath from the hands of one like her?

Then came New Year, and presents had been com-

[1] Although the year had been changed by law, and the festivals had been obliterated, yet there were many at that time who clung to the old method, and observed some of the festivals.

mon in Paris, but this year the pressure was great, and the presents were few. She had one however, for the blind father, and when she gave him that morning her kiss of greeting, she could place in his hands the soft knit vest that she had wrought during hours snatched from slumber. It was a happy surprise to the old man, and he felt how good it was that amid a world of death his daughter was still spared to him. "How heavy" said he, "the time would be, should she be taken away. Yet why not; other people lose their children and why not I?" And then the blind old man shed tears as though overcome by a sense of God's goodness in the provision made for his old age, and said "he would never doubt again, no never!"

He then stood up and repeated aloud a few verses of scripture that gushed from his full heart:

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He feedeth me by the still waters. He restoreth my soul, he leads me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

The old man finished the psalm, and remained standing, while he continued in a faltering tone: "Trine, we commence a new year, and that always makes one think of the future. Such thoughts will come, and they seem to fly thicker as one grows in age. When we begin a year we cannot but think what it may bring forth of good or evil; and but little good can

come to me a poor man, blind and old. But this morning I was meditating on God's everlasting love, and I thought that perhaps another New Year would find my place vacant on earth, and my soul in glory. What a blessed thought it was Trine, and though I know that you will grieve to part with one whom you have cared for as you have for me, yet it will only be for you to come upward and join your father and mother, and our little ones who died so young, and all the people of God.

"And yet in these troublous times some harder lot may be appointed me. I hear of many going to prison now, and some of them they say are old men like me; perhaps it may please God to require us to endure hard things like them, for the joy and furtherance of our faith. But if this shall be so, how happy it is to know that we are in our father's hands, and that we are safe from all that really can harm us, for we know that all things work together for good to them who love God.

"This morning I recalled the days of my childhood. O how green and sunny was that cottage on the banks of the Aube, and I can remember the father and the mother, and the children, as we all played together, and then at night had our evening prayer, and were laid to sleep by our kind mother's hands.

"They say Trine that age lives in the past, and so it is with respect to earthly things, but as regards faith, I live in the future. I thought this morning on the seventy years I have lived, child and man, and soon may be a child again, and I felt that the blessings of

my father had come upon me and mine, and I felt assured that faith was bringing forth its fruit in my last days. Thus was it with the Huguenots of old time, and thus will it be with me until I die, and my grave will be sweetened by the blessing bequeathed by the martyrs, from whom we are descended. I do not much believe in premonitions," continued the old man, "but something tells me that this will be my farewell year to earth, and there are voices I hear so often whispering to me from the better land, that I think I must be near its borders. I feel that I can leave the world like a shock of corn in its season, ripened by lessons in the school of Christ. How truly have my last days proved the words of scripture 'even to old age I am he and to hoar hairs will I carry you.'

"I am blind, Trine, and blindness is a sad and fearful thing, but there was a need of it; there was a need that I should be tried, and you too; there was a need that patience should have its perfect work in both of us, and so it has been. I have learned many things by this trial that I could not else have known. More than a year I have been in thick darkness — all has been night, dismal, and oh how dreadful; but in the scripture it is said that God dwells in darkness, and so he has dwelt with me. Never have I seen so much of true light, as I have since these eyes were blotted out. O what views of Christ, of holiness, of faith, and of the deep things of God. My night has been full of songs like those of angels. I have sometimes thought one could not see much of God till he was shut out

from the world. One farther degree will be the sealing of every sense, and *that will be death.* Then I shall see not as through a glass darkly, but face to face, and shall know even as I am known."

Trine's heart was full; she could not have spoken even if she had desired. The spectacle of that father when thus wrought upon by the grand theme of religion, so affected her, that on such occasions she was wont to listen in silence. But now he seemed carried out beyond his usual frame, and as he stood erect, with both hands resting upon his staff, with long silver locks falling upon his neck, and fleecy beard in front, he appeared like one of the prophets or bards of old.

Trine's heart might well be full; the thought of her father's departure was one that always excited her to intense emotion. He had been for years the object of her care, which had increased since his blindness, until at last he had become a part of her existence. At no time sleeping or waking, was he out of her mind, and the consciousness of his wants seemed like the atmosphere in which she lived. In this manner her whole life was bounded by the circle of her flowers, her home, and the aged father who dwelt there, and never did life appear so desirable and so rich in its blessings, as when she saw how great an opportunity it afforded of ministering to his wants. Had she indeed been one of those seraphs who guard and sustain the Christian, she could not have felt more honored than when fulfilling her duties to one who filled her ideal of true manhood.

But Trine knew that soon they must part. In the course of time she would be left alone. Age must, according to its natural course, go first. As she gazed upon his reverend form, she thought how soon those faltering limbs would be smoothed in the sleep of death, and then she thought of that farewell which she should have to take of the object of her life-long affection. A solemn, saddening prospect was thus held before her, but she knew that grace could be given to enable her to endure.

In view of coming separation, her prayer had been that she might survive, and that her poor father should not be cast on the world; and then she added the petition that if such be the divine will he might not die in solitude; so much was she absent in the duties of her calling that she feared what might happen then — and it was her desire to be permitted to close his eyes in their last sleep.

And this she felt would be granted; her confidence was strong in the good purposes of God, and her faith grasped at these as among those blessings which were to be the portion of their house. Death was a sweet and frequent theme in their conversations; to neither of them could it come with dread, and each felt that calm reliance on a Savior's love which had removed its sting and robbed the grave of its victory.

As the father ceased his words, Trine put on her bonnet and commenced her walk to the market to attend to a few errands. Her eyes were fixed toward the ground in earnest thought, and her step was quick

and nervous, but she had accomplished a short distance only when she felt a touch and heard a voice which caused her to start, with a sharp pang of distress. She looked, and then strove to pass on, when a hand was placed on her shoulder and a few words were spoken rapidly.

"Dorival," was the reply "I cannot—pray do not think of it. I had thought you had forgotten me—let me now go—let me pass my little life in its own obscurity, unknown to the world. You have power and may rise; but oh, let me alone."

"Alone, Trine, no, you are not alone! Have I not watched you? Do I not know your affairs? Can you keep anything hid from one in my position? No, no! I know it all. You are not alone—have you not that picture still in your parlor? Is it not the proof of another's love? love did I say? only the boyish fondness of that artist whelp, whom I shall soon guillotine. Think you I shall allow such a one to carry off the desire of my heart?

Trine, I will be plain; you should know the man with whom you have to deal. Loving you as I do, can I endure your fondness for another? You have heard of jealousy, the monster that owns no control—yes, I am jealous, and may be driven to madness! Ah, defy me not! remember that life nnd death are in my power. Do you value your fathers peace and comfort? Do you value your own? Is your house a better place than the cold walls of a prison? Understand me, for by heavens I will have no rival and you may

taste the worst. I might have forgotten you had it not been for him. He has aroused me to desperation, and shall he carry you off? No, never!

Trine turned and gazed for a moment on the speaker; a lock of hair escaping from his red cap covered his forehead, a heavy beard hid the lower part of a countenance that burned with passion, and a pair of rat like eyes flashed fiercely upon her. She turned away with a shudder. It was a fearful picture he had drawn, and she knew how much lay in his power; but then she thought on God and trusted in his help, and with a convulsive effort broke away, while a coarsely muttered curse fell upon her ear.

"You two will look well in a *fournée;* a pretty wedding trip will it be to the Place de la Revolution." These words she faintly heard, but she drove them from her mind as well as she could, and though her heart was heavy yet she put on a cheerful countenance when she entered home.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Robespierre and his Rivals.

The political ferment of the city exhibited a striking increase on the opening of the new year. Thomas Paine, Anacharsis Cloots and his secretary Ardine de Martel, and other important characters had been arrested, and yet the fever pulse was unabated. The atmosphere was filled with reports of plots, and this kept both the club and the sections, as well as the Convention, in excitement, while the incessant butchery at the guillotine failed to remove the danger.

It was evident that the factions were approaching a collision, and that the question of power would soon be tested; hence there was a need of decisive action, and he who should strike first had the promise of success.

Robespierre was the acknowledged master of Paris. He ruled the Jacobin Club, and the *Commune*, and through their myrmidons he intimidated the Convention: in addition to this his position as member of the Committee of Public Safety gave a fearful importance to his name. But unfortunately for him he placed no confidence in his coadjutors, in each of whom indeed

he beheld a rival. Of some of these he already was suspicious, and as he knew that the success of any other partizan involved his own fall, he determined to strike TERROR.

His chief allies were few, but powerful. In the Convention he had Camille Desmoulins, who represented the young democracy of the country, while Chaumette and Hébert were his champions in the *Commune*. Desmoulins was a bold and ardent speaker and controlled the club of the Cordeliers,[1] while his journal *Le Vieux Cordelier* (the old Cordelier) was felt to be one of the powers of the day. He was one of Robespierre's oldest and most faithful adherents, but unfortunately he could not occupy the position which was necessary to his efficiency, without exciting jealousy.

In his rising ally Robespierre beheld a future rival. Could he have used other tools than human beings, he would have been happy, but it was the misfortune of his position that whenever an agent became useful, he at the same time became dangerous.

He now determined to offer up Desmoulins, with other leading men, to the terror of the day; for much as he might need their aid in any emergency, their existence became too great a danger. Hence the doom of the unfortunate partizan became fixed, while as yet he felt safe in the bosom of Robespierre's patronage.

[1]The Cordeliers took their name from the Convent of the Cordelier monks (so called from the cords used in girding themselves), in which it met. It was next to the Jacobin's in power, and Marat was one of its leaders. Like the Jacobin Club, its existence ceased with the Revolution.

On the fifth of January, 1794, the Jacobin Club held an extraordinary session. It had been circulated that important proceedings were to take place, and the house was packed with *sans culottes*. What was their astonishment to find the famous editor of the old Cordelier made the subject of a violent attack from one of Robespierre's mouth pieces.

This was Hébert, who spoke with murderous hate. "There be many deeds" said he "which demand justice against Camille. All that could be alleged against Brissot does not approach his crimes. His object always has been to ridicule and calumniate patriots. This is he who said loftily that the nobles were necessary, that they were the only educated class."[1]

This last reflection referred to Desmoulins' desire to abate bloodshed, but was of course only made an excuse for the attack, for it had been settled on the ground of expediency that he was to perish, and hence any charge was sufficient to be the means of his arrest.

A few days after the scene in the club, the door of Ardine's place of confinement was thrown open, and among other prisoners who entered there was one whom he instantaneously recognized. It was Camille Desmoulins. He would have been almost as astounded to behold Robespierre himself as this one of his principal coadjutors. Desmoulins was sad and depressed, and his eyes were filled with tears as he met one whom he had known in better days.

[1] *Moniteur* for January, 1794.

"Alas, Count de Martel," he exclaimed, "how little did we think a year ago that such would be our fate. One year ago! yes, we were then a united Convention, and we hoped to establish the liberty of France on a firm basis. A year is gone and we are now food for the guillotine." Desmoulins had not forgotten that Ardine and Zoe were guests at his wedding feast, to which he now referred in a touching manner.

"Sixty of my political friends" said he, "attended it; all of whom are guillotined, or are in exile, or in prison, except Robespierre and Danton. Among them were the Girondins. Who could have forecast such a future for that group[1] of the finest young men in France." He then inquired concerning the Countess de Martel, and Ardine informed him that they had not met in six months.

"Six months! and you still live?" he replied. "It is but a week since I was torn from my Lucille and our little Horace, and it seems like an age of agony. Ah Lucille? shall I never again behold you and our cherub boy? Must you be left to struggle on alone in the world to gratify the jealousy of Max Robespierre? O friendship! what a deceit thou art! We have been bosom companions for years. We attended the same school, studied the same books, and lived in each other's emotions. Here in this city we read the classics at Louis le Grand, and talked of Brutus and liberty. Together we entered the Convention, and

[1] Desmoulins' remarks in Jacobin Club, December 6, 1793.—*Moniteur.*

there we have stood hand in hand in support of that liberty of which we dreamed in our boyhood. My influence and my journal have been devoted to him, and I have sought his advancement before my own. Thus has it been, and yet here am I in prison—sent there by *my friend*—yes, by this very Max Robespierre."

"But it cannot be that he means this to continue. Surely not," he continued in a more hopeful tone. "It was, perhaps, expedient to make a demonstration. Yes it was undoubtedly important to keep up 'the Terror;' hence on grounds of policy I may be detained a few days; but the guillotine? no, never! It cannot come to that; he will not suffer his own Camille to be destroyed!"

Comforted with this thought and with its utterance, he dried his tears, and Ardine spoke a few solacing words. Desmoulins was exhausted by the excitement of the past week. He had lost sleep for several nights, and in hope of escape had frequently changed his abode. The present was his first opportunity of rest in a long time, and he reclined upon a bench, and was soon lost in a deep slumber.

The next day the jailor removed him to another apartment, and Ardine surmised the reason to be that outburst of feeling that marked their reunion. Persons of such congeniality were seldom allowed to remain together, and Ardine, who had promised himself much pleasure in the society of an old friend, was disappointed.

"Poor Desmoulins" thought he, "thou dost suffer for adhering to Robespierre, while I am punished because I forsake his cause. Alas, who can be right in these days of frenzy and expediency?"

Having caused the imprisonment of Desmoulins, Robespierre followed it up by that of a vast number of lesser rank, in order to strike terror to all classes. From the sixth to the fourteenth of January, about five hundred persons were arrested, and although the prisons were crowded, yet the work was not allowed to slacken. Every place that could answer for durance, was put in use, and yet all these extraordinary efforts to abate the danger of the time failed in their object.

That object was the security of Robespierre and his immediate associates, in whom the rule of the nation was vested. So far from succeeding it was found that by imprisonment of any man of distinction, a new array of *suspects* — as they were called — was discovered in the persons of his relatives, and adherents. Hence each of these arrests rendered that of many others inevitable.

No sooner had Robespierre thrown Camille Desmoulins into prison than he saw a new foe in the person of his friend General Phillipeaux, and when the latter was arrested, his adherents must as a matter of course follow. In this manner the disease increased instead of abating, and the maze of suspicion was daily enlarging.

So great was the general distrust in that reign of fear

and suspicion, that each man saw in his neighbor a spy, every friend was doubted, and man recoiled from his own race. Each member of society felt himself to be the object on which eyes like those of Argus were fixed, and the baker, the grocer, the mechanic and the physician were alike secret watchers. No one knew when it might please any one of his *friends* to have him imprisoned on the endless charge of *incivisme*, and no one could retire to his bed assured that his next lodging would not be the Madelonette, St. Pelagie, or La Force.

If such were the case with the people, how much greater were the risks encountered by the leaders? On every side they met real or imaginary foes. Anonymous letters of the most threatening character were thrust under their doors, while poisoners and assassins lurked about their dwellings; and thus in an atmosphere of doubt, anxiety, and bloodshed, Paris drifted on in its evil destiny. Robespierre felt assured that not one of his allies could be relied on except a small and immediate circle, which must perish in his fall. All outside of this he viewed with suspicion, for treason was the picture which dwelt in his soul in vivid and brightening colors.

This was the motive which led to the arrest of Desmoulins, who was in reality one of his most faithful supporters, and who would have risked all things in his defence; but it is one of the fruits of suspicion that it knows no difference in its objects, but sweeps all into one category of doubt.

Driven still farther by the the same passion, he determined to destroy both Chaumette and Hébert as soon as he could supply their places by other and less dangerous tools. It is true these men had done his bidding with sleepless alacrity. They had with rare faithfulness carried on the work of bloodshed in the *Commune*, and had thus deserved his gratitude. Yet as an inevitable consequence of their success, their master planned their destruction. Chaumette and Hébert must both die because they had been efficient in their duty. Thus God punishes wicked men by the very hands which they have subserved.

In the meantime it was not to be supposed that these men could possess confidence in the protection of their leader. He had guillotined too many of his most faithful adherents to permit this, and the recent imprisonment of Camille Desmoulins proved that no reliance was to be reposed upon his friendship. Hence it became necessary for each man to look after his own safety, as a common feeling of danger led to associations for mutual protection.

In this manner counter-plots without number were formed. There was at least one at each section, two or three at the *Commune*, and a half dozen in the Convention; they seemed to float upon the atmosphere like the gossamer on the morning dew, and every day brought forth whispers of fresh dangers to the Committee of Public Safety, and to all the subordinates and menials of office.

It was in the midst of such perils that the mind of

Robespierre worked with vigor and activity. He saw, or thought he saw, far away in the future, the grand object of his labors; a day of peace for the Republic —a national millenium, when every man should love his neighbor, and obey the laws and keep the *décadi*. A glorious end was this which hovered in the distance, but to obtain it the work of purification must be complete. No peace could exist at present. Paris was full of traitors, and the only means of safety was the axe. To spare might gratify a weak clemency, but this were injustice to the public weal, and must be forborne in view of a nation's woes. What were the feelings and claims of friendship when compared with the happiness of the mass? What were the hundred heads in the basket compared with the thousands who lived?

Such was the reasoning which influenced the autocrat of the Convention, and hence by striking boldly at the schemes and plots which encompassed him, he had held his way thus far in safety. The time had arrived when additional vigor and penetration were necessary; he now saw that every effort must be put forth to crush the new cabals which surrounded the body politic, and he determined by the aid of the guillotine to hew his way onward until his great end should be reached. As though that end were possible at such a time; as though confidence in society could exist when confidence in God was gone; as though when religious faith had been eliminated from the masses, there could be such a thing as *faith in man!*

Here was the rock on which not only the hope of each patriot split, but the ship of state itself; and the condition of France was akin to that mentioned in Holy writ as the result of national dereliction from God. [1] "Take ye heed every one of his neighbor, and trust ye not in any brother, for every brother will utterly supplant, and every neighbor will walk with slanders."

[1] Jeremiah, 9th chapter.

NOTE. — Camille Desmoulins was born at Guise, 1762. He was educated with Robespierre at the College of Louis Le Grand, and was practicing law in Paris when the Revolution broke out. He then became one of the popular orators of the day, and was wont to harangue the people in the public grounds of the Palais Royal. Here, on July 12, 1789, he mounted a table with a loaded pistol in each hand, and called on the masses to assert their liberty. The cry to arms was raised. The next day an arsenal was plundered of its contents, and within twenty-four hours the Bastile was taken. He was elected to the Convention, where he opposed the Girondins, and was a prime agent in their downfall, though he deprecated their execution. In connection with Danton he endeavored to moderate the fury of the revolution. This brought on him the hatred of the Jacobins, and he was guillotined along with Danton and others, April 6, 1794. His most bitter enemy, Hèbert, preceded him to the axe. Desmoulins' journal, *Le Vieux Cordelier*, was republished in 1825, and is the only journal of the day which has enjoyed that distinction.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Zoe at the Bicetre.

On leaving the cathedral after the night spent beneath its shelter, Zoe learned in an unexpected manner that nurses were wanted at the hospital of the Bicêtre. She had walked out to obtain food, and was about to return when this information opened a new prospect. Instead of remaining in the cathedral as she had intended, and sustaining herself by needle work, which could be supplied through one of the brethren, she determined to visit the hospital at once.

To minister at the sick bed had always given her pleasure, and she felt that it would be well if amid the changes and sorrows of her life she could still subserve the unfortunate. This was a satisfaction to her while at Sicard's, and as she had left that institution with regret, she felt glad to be thus led to a kindred service. It was a long walk for both mother and child, and when they entered the institution the former felt the burden of sympathy renewed upon her soul. Once more she stood beneath the shadow of affliction. A part of the extensive range of buildings was occupied by the suffering, while all the room that could be spared from

disease was used as a place of arrest, and was crowded by the victims of suspicion.

Having made the necessary arrangements Zoe was soon installed as nurse. It seemed to her a fitting place for a follower of Christ to minister to those whom he came to save, and to be like him a friend to the distressed. In that ward a long array of beds was ranged, over each of which hung a card announcing the patient's name, age and profession. In a recess at the end of the hall, a neat couch afforded her repose, while near by was a smaller one for her boy. Above her pillow a bell was suspended to give the signal in case of midnight neceesity, and her rest was often broken by its sound.

The duties of a nurse are more severe upon the system than mere labor, but while Zoe felt this, the consideration that it was in response to the cry of distress gave a dignity and even a glory to the work. Not for pay, but for love she toiled, and not so much the love of man as that of God. Here was the constraining love of Christ acting in the believer's heart. She loved man as one of God's creatures, made in his image, and though fallen, still bearing that image, still the object of his care, and the subject of his redemption.

In that day of prevailing unbelief there was none to speak of Jesus to the sick and dying, and here Zoe beheld her work. From couch to couch she passed, ministering the healing potion, and then adding to it a few words of that good physician who comes bearing

the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Frêron saw much of hospital experience, and his young heart was overflowing with sympathy. He often followed his mother in her ministrations, and the patients loved to see his large thoughtful eyes gaze upon them.

He attended the instruction of the demoiselle Besine, governess in the family of the keeper, Citizen Dubord, and at night would repeat his lessons to his mother, and then kneeling by her side would close the day with the simple prayer of boyhood. What comfort the lonely mother found in the hopes and cares that encircled her lovely boy.

There are few scenes so diverse from the spirit of the world, as those of a hospital. It is a great convention of diseases. Here all previous associations are barred out, and the world of art, and poetry, and politics, is swallowed up in that of suffering. Men come not to such a place of choice but of necessity; — and even the visitor who wends his way to this abode of ailments, finds himself changed by its atmosphere. He forgets his gossip and his petty schemes, and his little news of fashions and accidents, for this is a place of sad and serious aspect.

One stands here on the fore front of that battle line where bane and antidote mingle in ceaseless conflict, and where the spirit world draws sensibly near. The place is a theatre of skill plied against those evil forces which produce pain, and destroy life. Here one beholds

those fearful agonies which spring up from each disease and rend their victims day after day, until at last nature succumbs in death, or some all-powerful balm sends them howling away.

The night in a hospital is unlike night anywhere else; not cheered by friends or conversation, but long drawn out in dull pain; it is a watch of time that has lost his pinions and seems to halt, resting on his scythe. "What hour has that busy pendulum brought us?" "'tis ten!" "ah I thought it should be one at least: how slow! how slow!"

And there lie the children of disease; they have almost forgotten the cheer of health. It is like a dream; and yet they were not always these poor invalids you see before you. Once they were strong and buoyant, and even rampant with life: once they could laugh at danger, and do battle with cold, and wind, and storm. How little did they think to appear in such a congregation of helpless misery. But ah, all this has past, and here they are to ask your pity and to beg you will not forsake them.

During the night the patients often became delirious, and made strange exclamations. One "must be off to the Convention where business of importance awaited him;" another muttered as though there appeared before him some scene of blood. "Ah, there they go, one, two, three, and there, there he is, the white headed old man: will no one save him?"

Others spoke of home; they had been away a long time — too long by far. It was time they returned —

their parents were expecting them, and would soon be tired of waiting. Yes, they must return, and so they tossed and plucked the clothes, and thought they were marching home. There were those also who cried "Mother;" that dearest of words that falls from human lips—they called for their mother who so often had watched over their childhood's pains and soothed its sorrows. "They wanted mother now—where was she? would she not return soon? Others were kind but they were not she—no hand but hers could prepare a draught or smooth their brow—ah, where was mother?"

In addition to the hospital for the sick, there was the lunatic department where madness held its perpetual sway. Here Zoe often walked and sighed at the ruins which surrounded her. Insanity in all its shapes was there—the silent, moping hypochondriac, the wild frenzy of the laughing maniac, the mock majesty of the imagined king, whose sceptre was a rod and whose throne was a broken stool; there too was the statesman uttering his speeches to the bare walls, and the miser with his careful tale of pieces of broken straw, in which he beheld his treasures.

A world of madness!

Yet not more dreadful, thought Zoe, than that of those who banish God, and who rob the world of its Sabbath to set up the *Décadi*, and expel Christ to worship reason.

There were many awful features in the treatment of the insane from which Zoe recoiled with horror. She

heard some speak of dark and dismal cells where men had been buried for years, and whence their cries were occasionally heard, uttered as from the depths of despair. Then too, there were those bound with chains, and other appliances of cruelty were sometimes used which caused her to shudder. Alas, thought she, why have men not learned the power of kindness on this wretched class, and why has not the gentleness with which Jesus met them been followed? Surely the example of him who healed the lunatic with tones of love might teach the world a lesson.

Zoe often walked among these lost children of our race, and even the most violent would sometimes smile to look on one whose presence calmed their excitement. One scene which occurred in the less violent ward, and which was often repeated, always moved her deeply. It was the demoiselle Perjune and her lunatic father. He was a stately man of sixty, with a grave and saddened countenance, and passed his time either reading or walking the floor in silence. Every day the girl came to see her father, and was permitted to use a sliding panel for the purpose of gazing on his form. There an hour at a time, she would look in silent and heaving sorrow, following with her eye every motion of that revered parent, and often she would find Zoe by her side, cheering with the pulse of sympathy the sorrows of that trying spectacle.

"Look at him" the daughter would often say, "that is the way he always did when we were at home together;—now he wipes his brow with his kerchief, just

as in old time—there, that is the way he always held his book and taught us too; just so he sat when he read aloud." "Do you think him deranged?" said the girl, "I do not—I never did. All I asked, was to have him in my room, and to sit by his side. He is not a madman to me,—no! he is always as gentle as a child. Why then did they take him from me! Why will they not give him back to me, old man that he is? Will they treat him better than I, or do they love him more, that they keep him from my arms?"

So speaking, for the hour was passed, the girl turned away, leaning upon Zoe's arms. Every week they were permitted to meet in person, and then there was an outgushing of affection, as though all fondness and emotion had been poured into those two bosoms, now held in one.

"Why have you kept away so long my child?" exclaimed the father, as she fell upon his neck. "I have waited hour after hour for your coming. I wanted to walk once more with you by the river side, and hear the singing of the birds, and have you mingle your voice with theirs. But we will not part again daughter, never, no never again."

No reply could be found to such words but tears and sighs, and then after this brief hour of bliss, came the time of bitterness when they must separate, and the old man be left alone. Such were the sorrows of the demoiselle Perjune, in whom Zoe beheld a power and a faithfulness of character, such as she had never before witnessed.

One day the old man was observed to be failing, and as his daughter was pouring her soul out in tears upon his breast, he grew rapidly weaker. They laid him upon his couch, and as he turned his eye upon his child, she perceived that it once more wore the look of olden time. All its strangeness was gone, and the father of her early days was there.

"Laura," said he in a soft and tender tone, "I have had a dream—a long dark dream of sorrow. I dreamed that men called me mad, and shut me up away from all that I loved but you, who came and cheered me in my prison, and now I have wakened to find you by my side; all is well, for I shall dream no more. Ah daughter I am weak, and am fast getting weaker, and something within me says that it is death. Yes, it tells me it is death, and then I shall dream no more. Bury me my daughter far from this sad place of my dream, let me lie in some quiet spot where willows wave, and flowers bloom, and then come and sing to me often while I am sleeping in that place of peace."

The old man spoke no more, and the girl, silent in agony, saw too well its cause in that last long drawn sigh; then they took his calm majestic form away, and father and child were never seen there again.

Zoe's success with the lunatic patients soon led to her removal to that department, and here she became engrossed in the care of the most unfortunate classes of mankind. The violent and the uncontrollable would often yield to her soothing influence, and she often found that words of pious import, and even the

name of Christ alone, would do much to abate their frenzy. Here while her ministrations were often of great efficacy, she occasionally witnessed painful and distressing scenes. One of the least saddening of the events of this abode of gloom, was the occasional death of the patients, for death here was invariably the messenger of mercy.

Among the inmates of the Bicêtre, was a pale-faced young man of delicate and consumptive habit, over whom Zoe had a power of which she was at first unconscious. This was Lescure, the author, whose writings were in their day thought to contain much merit. The unfortunate young man from the beginning showed strong affection for Zoe, and always addressed her by the title of "sister." This name she at once acknowledged, from a kindly feeling, little thinking that she was in reality taken by him for an older sister who had died years previously. It was his delight to revive the past, and to live over the old family history which dwelt strongly in his memory.

"Sister," said he one day to her, "do you remember the brook by which we used to walk at our old home in Mardure? I was thinking of the time when you carried me over the footbridge, when I was afraid to go alone, and I seemed to see once more the fish in the water and the birds' nests in the willows that overhung it. When we return to the cottage we will go there again and see those pleasant places of old. I wonder if all the young people are still there; I suppose so, of course, and we will dance together on the green, while

Sartelle plays the violin. Let me see, there are Marie, and Estelle, and Lizette, and Blanche, and Eugene, and Victor, and Henri, and Pierre. Will they not all be glad to have us back? Yes, and we will hear the old music again. Ah! I never hear any like that— the sweet melodies of Mardure. Sister, do you remember the sun-sets on the mountain, and how he would throw his golden flood upon the lake? Well, there we will sail at the close of the day, and catch glimpses of the glory which poets love."

Lescure's insanity was hopeless, but had never been violent; on the other hand it was of that gentle turn which clothes all things with a soft and tender, though melancholy aspect. He shrunk from companionship with mankind, until in the form of Zoe he found all that he could desire in point of sympathy. During the first few weeks of her abode there, he sunk rapidly under his disease, and had been removed to the infirmary whither she followed him with her ministrations.

"Do you love flowers now as much as you formerly did," said he one day; "I thought so, or you would not have placed this wreath over my bed — how much they look like the flowers we had at Mardure. Ah I understand. You sent for them for me. Well, that was kind, and I love you all the more for your kindness, and when we return you shall see that I do not forget it. Yes, when I am better of this cough, then we will go back and live as in the old time.

"Sister, I sometimes think of the little church, and the old tombstones around it. They say that all our

house are buried there. I have been in many fine churches since, but I never saw one that pleased me so well. The old pastor, he will be glad to see us, for he always was glad to welcome back his people. Oh sister, I cannot tell how much I love you. I did not think you would come and see me in this strange place, for they said you had gone a great way off — but what was I saying? O, that we could go to the old church, and there we would pick mosses off the old tombs — and there are the little graves of our brothers and sisters — do you remember them, August, and Sarah, and Annette; those little graves that made us wonder what they buried little sleeping children for. If I should die, I would like to be buried there too, but I am not going to die but to get well, and then to live with you in the old house at Mardure."

Zoe sat with tearful eyes and listened to the wanderings of the poor lunatic. The appeal and claims to her relationship was so true to nature that it created its response, and had he been a brother indeed she could not have loved him with greater tenderness. One day the sun set with a beauty that transcended the usual power of the season, and she was sitting by his side. "See there, sister," he whispered, "see it is the sun on the lake, shining more and more — yes, more and more. Come sister, let us go back to Mardure, *now! now!*"

The effort was of an exhaustive nature, but it was hard to realize, as he sunk back with closed eyes, that this indeed was death.

Zoe felt a hope as she gazed on his wan and sunken features that indeed he had gone home.

A contrast of most fearful character was presented by the miserable Gransalle whose insanity was caused by agony of conscience. He was one of the *noblesse*, and had from the earliest age been noted for the violence of his passions. They had indeed been cultivated by the faults of early education until by the time he had arrived at manhood, they were developed to a monstrous degree. He became a man of fashion and solicited the hand of the Countess Dessaix, but found a rival in the Sieur de Plaissy. His jealousy became intense, and he determined to remove his rival by death.

For this purpose he hired a pair of assassins to attack him, but by error they fell upon another man, and were wounded and repulsed. They were unable to renew the attack, and he determined to finish it himself. He assailed De Plaissy at night; the latter defended himself for several minutes, when his foe by dint of superior strength and skill, threw his sword out of his hand, and then run him through.

For a moment he felt the joy of triumph and revenge, and his soul was filled with a maddening pleasure, but it soon gave way to deep unutterable guilt. De Plaissy was brought home dead, and no clue could be found to the murderer, who was now the less exposed since both the hired assassins had died of their wounds.

To carry out his assumption of innocence, Gransalle attended the funeral, where he succeeded in repressing

his feelings. But one day while in a room with several of his acquaintance a paroxysm of remorse suddenly seized him with such power that he exclaimed "I stabbed him and he has followed me ever since — there he is now!" and then fell to the floor. He afterward revived but talked in an incoherent manner, and soon became a raving maniac. His passions had all turned into one channel, REMORSE.

He was placed in the Bicêtre, where he had then remained several years. Although under thirty, his frame was bowed and his hair was grey; his body was emaciated, and he walked the cell unconscious of the presence of others, muttering in a low tone of horror, "strike on, strike on." He supposed himself to have been given into the hands of the two assassins who had become demons, and who under command of his victim, were torturing his soul with scourges of flame.

NOTE. —'The Bicêtre is an ancient institution situated in what was the suburbs of Paris. It was originally a princely residence, but subsequently was used as both an asylum and a hospital, while, during the Revolution, it was, so far as was consistent with its previous arrangement, occupied as a prison. During the prison massacres of September, 1792, it became the scene of fearful slaughter. It is now an asylum for old men of the poorer class, as well as for lunatics, and of the latter 900 have been accommodated here at a time. The treatment has been changed of late years to kindness, which is found to work more effectually than severity. The principal buildings of the Bicêtre form a large square, and the population of the institution is ot less than five thousand.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The New Conspiracy.

Among Ardine's companions in imprisonment, was Gabriel de la Vergne, an aged noble of Huguenot stock, and a man of education and intelligence. More than this he was Protestant, and appeared to possess true piety. Their acquaintance became the more intimate from the fact that the latter was kinsman to one of Ardine's former companions in arms. This was Guy Fonclaire, with whom he had served under La Fayette. They were together at the seige of Yorktown and met in the assault, where Fleury led the French and Hamilton the Americans. A subject of common interest thus united the prisoners.

Observing the Bible so often in Ardine's hand, he was drawn into frequent conversations upon it, and the two became much interested in a series of quiet discussions. De la Vergne had the staid dignity and courtly elegance of the old *noblesse*, which he evidently inherited, for he had passed most of his life at his seat, until at this late hour he had been arrested and sent up to Paris.

He was well read in history, and had studied philoso-

phy as it is illustrated by the Word of God. He ascribed the present misfortunes of France to the crimes which her rulers had committed against the Christians, and often alluded to the prosperous and powerful church which she once possessed, and whose influence had it been permitted to remain, might have given to the nation the stability enjoyed by England.

He spoke in bitter terms against the Romish priesthood who had poisoned the rulers against the Christian church, and who had commenced that series of cruel persecutions which at last had eliminated the conserving powers of the body politic.

"Look" said he "at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. That act sent nearly one million of our people, true in faith to God and leal to the throne, into exile, and England and America have been enriched by the blessing which our false-hearted rulers cast away. Those were the people who would have stood by the lawful authorities, and abated tyranny without destroying constitutional power. They would have saved us from the madness of Atheism, and from these bloodthirsty factions and this visitation of horrors.

"See what they have done for America — those very Huguenots — despised, persecuted, cast out of France by priestly malice; they are her Reveres, her Delavans, her St. Clairs, her Duponts, and her Bayards. The noblest of the new world are those whom France in her madness expelled, and what have we in their place? the *sans culotte!*

"My nephew the colonel, has told me this, and I

learned from him that the famous town hall in Boston was built by Peter Faneuil, a descendant of one of our persecuted families. O that we had that sacred host with us once more, and then France would be *la belle* again."

"Read this," he continued, pointing to the second psalm.

Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing.

The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

"Do you think" said he, "that these words have no meaning? Do you think that God could overlook the blood of his people which cries from the ground like that of Abel? If he does, it will be the first time in the record of history. I have never walked the streets of Paris without thinking on the thousands who have been massacred here for no other crime than that of loving Christ, and whose groans when they died as witnesses for him spake like the voice of old 'the Lord look upon it and require it.'

"Years have passed away, and the crime is forgotten by the multitude, but at last God has looked upon it, and has entered into judgment with them, and the nation must stand up in response.

"I believe" continued De la Vergne "that the judg-

ments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. I see no accidents in our history, nor is this a matter of chance—this time of doubt, and fear, and agony. No, it is in my opinion a direct appointment of Him who will teach the nations they are men. God's attributes are our true abode, and He is our dwelling place in all generations. It is true that many of the saints may share the suffering of this awful time, for tribulation is their portion at best, but still I believe that it will be found that the righteous shall be hid in the days of his anger, and thus be shielded from its fierceness and strength, and it may be that this prison is the appointed shelter for both of us.

"Most of our people have expected a day like this, for we thought that the Bourbon would yet expiate the crimes of that house and perhaps be cast out like the persecuting kings of other nations, of which we have an example in the house of Stuart which is now suffering the just wrath of God. Louis was no doubt in a great measure innocent of any crime against his country, but the time had come when the nation must answer for its sins, and he as its head could not escape the impending retribution."

Looking[1] upon the history of France from this point of view, Ardine could not wonder at the bloody events which were now coming to pass, and he felt how much it became all to be humbled under the hand of God, and supplicate his mercy.

[1] The reader is referred to the appendix as containing some valuable historical statements.

One day in the early part of February, Ardine was removed and placed in solitary confinement in a small apartment far from any other prisoners. Here he remained long enough to feel the pressure of solitude in a most painful manner. His only relief was in turning to God, and here he found a sweet communion and a fullness of the grace of Christ. There was a blessing in that solitude, since it brought him still nearer the throne, and here his prayers ascended not only for himself, but for those who were dearer to him than life itself. The separation which he had endured from these loved ones had been more trying than even his own imprisonment, and it was with the confidence of faith that he committed them to God.

One night about twelve, Ardine was aroused from sleep by a noise at the door, and in an instant two men entered; they were disguised, and one of them who bore a lantern, asked if he "wished to be set at liberty?" Ardine hardly knew what to say; much as he desired liberty it was a question whether it was safe for him to acknowledge it. These men might be *mouchards* sent to entrap him, and this suspicion delayed a reply. Indeed the whole affair seemed mysterious, and the glare of the midnight lamp and the sudden confusion of the scene led him at first to think it a dream.

"Liberty, I said," repeated one of the men in an earnest tone. "Do you understand me? I would not have to offer it so long as this to most of those who are in this building, but perhaps you like to live in a palace?"

"Citizens," replied Ardine, "you will please explain yourselves. You demand of me whether I wish liberty. Why do you ask that without showing your power to grant it? Why need you ask it of any one who has been his own master? Liberty! I not only desire it, but I demand it of those who incarcerated me, and these other innocents in this prison, and who will yet have to answer to God for the deed."

"Citizen," was the reply, "perhaps the less you have to say about God the better. We are not overly credulous, and you know that Reason is the Divinity of the day. You ask if I have power to grant liberty; I reply that I have upon certain conditions. We are no *mouchards* as you will soon perceive. But before I proceed I must ask one preliminary question: are you disposed to enter a scheme, now in progress, which will both deliver yourself from death and your country from tyranny?"

"I am ready," replied Ardine, "to do anything that can be done by one who loves his country and fears God."

"Hist, citizen, said I not leave God out of this matter, for God if there be one, is nowhere in these parts. Now citizen, to be plain, I will state that you were put in this room through our influence with the jailor, so that we might confer with you alone on the subject before us. Understand then that the name of Ardine de Martel has been placed by Fouquier on the list for accusation. In less than a week he will reach you, and you will then have a chance to defend yourself in

his famous court, and should you possibly fail of an acquittal, why then you may have a glimpse through the little window, free of charge.

"Citizen Martel," continued the stranger, "how would you like a trip to the Place de la Revolution some pleasant afternoon with a few friends to visit *La Sainte Guillotine?*[1] Yes, feel of your neck citizen, feel of your neck — tell me where you would like to have the knife strike, high up by the chin or lower down? You know it makes a difference — a great difference."

This was spoken with a bitter sneer, after which the stranger paused a few moments and then continued: "The fact is citizen, it is life or death with us. We must now protect ourselves or perish. Robespierre is our common enemy. He has used us as tools to subserve his purpose, and now since we are no longer necessary to his schemes, we are to be put out of the way.

"We know that we represent the feelings of the people — there is a vast multitude opposed to Robespierre, and they are trembling for fear of the axe. Not a man in Paris feels himself safe. Furthermore, citizen, this is your only chance of escape. You can save yourself by joining in our present coalition — in two weeks it will be too late."

"Let me know something of your plan," asked Ardine.

"Our plan is precisely opposite to Robespierre's. He after having patronized the worship of Reason, and

[1] *La Sainte Guillotine;* the holy Guillotine — a fanciful term applied to the instrument of death.

having aided in the abrogation of the Sabbath, has now as we discover, a fresh scheme in view. He thinks to take a new turn and to surprise and fascinate the people of Paris by a religion of his own invention.

"He will bring out his new deity with great parade, and will then guillotine all who oppose him on the score of religious error, just as he has guillotined others for their political errors. This will be the excuse for sending us to the axe. Now citizen, there is but one way to defeat him. This is to stand by the worship of Reason as we have began it."

"That will be avowing Atheism," said Ardine.

"Atheism of course — Atheism is the only thing to match Robespierre's new fantasy. Yes, citizen, though you frown, let me say that Atheism now reigns in Paris. The *Commune* is atheist, the Club is atheist, the people are atheist; they have had enough of Gods, priests, bible and all that, and with Atheism we can save the country.

"Look at the Convention; Danton is Atheist, so is Fabre D'Eglantine, Mormoro and other leaders. Look at the priesthood; Bishop Gobel is atheist, and most of his cloth have followed him. Our plan is to form a union of the leading deputies to act in concert with the *Commune:* we then shall appoint the time, and that within a week; the masses will rise at midnight at the sound of the tocsin; the prisons will be opened, Robespierre and his party slain, and the country saved.

"We open this scheme to you because we wish to have some of the imprisoned deputies act with us in

the reconstruction of the government — of course you will join it."

"No," said Ardine, "I will not."

"Not to save your life?"

"Not on conditions like these."

"Why?"

"Because I am a Christian."

"A Christian! are you mad? I tell you that Camille Desmoulins, and Cloots, and others, who are in this building — your friends — and others of the best men in Paris are with us — and Christian or not, it is for your life, and that too, of your wife and child."

"Wife and child, and myself, may perish" replied Ardine, "before I join an Atheistic party! never!"

"Weigh well your words Citizen Martel. You know not how much hangs on the decision of this night. It is weal or woe for the nation, as well as for yourself."

"My mind is calm, and my words are weighed," said Ardine, "God must care for the nation as well as for me and my family. If nothing but Atheism is to save us, then let us perish."

"And perish perhaps you may Citizen Martel, though should we succeed you will not be the loser. One word more, you have now our secret; it was committed to you in confidence in your honor. You will keep it inviolable?"

"It is safe as though hidden in the grave."

"Swear to preserve it sacred."

"I swear it," said Ardine, "by the God whom you disown."

In an instant the party withdrew, the key was turned and Ardine was left in darkness. All night he lay in solemn communion with himself and his God. What a decision had he made, thus challenging the omnipotence of God to act in his behalf, and would not that Being in whom he trusted, interpose either by giving him comfort in the hour of death, or deliverance from its immediate peril. In either case he felt satisfied that all would be well, and he soon fell into a gentle sleep which seemed like a heavenly gift.

The next day Ardine was led into another room where he found Cloots, who at once expressed his astonishment as he recognized in his former secretary one who like himself had been a member of the Convention. "Your disguise was so complete" said he, "that I should never have suspected it. Alas, some of the noblest of the Convention are in this place! Paine is up stairs, and Camille Desmoulins and General Phillipeaux are in the other wing. But we shall not be here long."

Ardine was glad to see his former patron, who though pale and thin, seemed cheered by the hope of escape. He had been gradually convalescing, and felt now quite natural. After some desultory conversation he opened the matter of the conspiracy and urged Ardine to join it. "It is no petty cabal" said he, "but the turning point of the age, the crisis on which hangs the destiny of the nation."

"Do you know" he asked, "who those persons were who visited you last night? They were Chaumette

and Hébert, the masters of the city authorities. Ah, I tell you Robespierre is approaching his doom. In less than a week the prisons will be attacked and probably the Luxembourg will be the first to be opened. Larue Contant is in our interests—Desmoulins, the old Cordelier, will be heard among the masses, Chaumette will bring up the *faubourgs*, General Phillipeaux will take the lead of the military, Danton will move the Convention; we shall have a revolution like an earthquake and all will be saved—But you—will not throw yourself into this grand enterprise?"

"Citizen Cloots," said Ardine, "I was once Gaspard Thiers, your secretary, and I endeavored to be faithful to you. I am now Ardine de Martel, a servant of God. Shall I be faithful to him or not? In your service I went to prison. In his, if need be, I will go to the axe."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Fate Overtakes the Sybarite.

It was late that day when De Ruyere returned to his lodgings. His form was downcast, and his features covered with many shadows; his step was hasty, and his whole aspect indicated that nervous action which accompanies alarm. But was it not a day of fear? People learned to live in an atmosphere of doubt and dread; they became accustomed to it as the sea bird is to the storm; why then should any one so familiar with public life as was Bruno de Ruyere now exhibit an increase of trepidation?

Perhaps this might be explained by the history of a few previous days. The commencement of the month of February, 1794, was a time of unusual severity among all classes, and even De Ruyere found his style of living too expensive for the times. This was something to think about. But more than this, at his last grand entertainment two important guests declined to assist on the score of public engagements, whereas he now discovered that they dined somewhere else on that very day. One of these men was his friend Robespierre; what then could have been his motive? was it indicative of indifference or hostility?

This question was the more important since he had projected that very banquet in order to accomplish an important end with the very man who thus strangely absented himself. To this was to be added the fact that he had lost largely at play, and he had not succeeded lately at his old business of distraining capitalists, while to make matters worse he had thus far failed either in getting a new passport, or in finding the one which he lost, and hence was locked up in Paris with ten thousand Louis at Herder & Co's., in Berlin. That sum he now needed, and it alone would support him handsomely for a whole season. Why did he send it away? or rather why had he not gone on at the same time, instead of remaining in this place of danger?

Another circumstance in this catalogue of difficulties was that the De Martel estate had not been reached; Fouquier Tinville was very neglectful of his business; the name of Ardine de Martel had been sent in a full week previously on the list for accusation, and yet he had not been guillotined; then his wife was alive, secreted somewhere, and the death of both, with that of the child, was necessary to his inheriting the estate.

In this way De Ruyere found himself battling with a sea of difficulties, amid all of which he heard still the voice that exclaimed "Revenge, look for me in the Place de la Revolution when the red cap is raised on the pike!"

All these things had occurred to Bruno de Ruyere,

and it may be inquired whether they were not sufficient to mar the quiet of his frame.

"Le Bon," said he, as he entered his saloon, "a bottle of sherry — no, let it be brandy — that" said he to himself "will do something, and De Ruyere must do the rest. It is time for action. I have lost many opportunities, and now must retrieve myself."

He took his seat at the table and poured out a glass, but he had hardly tasted it when a knock was heard at the door, and on invitation a person with a cautious expression moved forward to his side. The pair were evidently acquainted, for De Ruyere nodded the other to a seat.

"Another enemy of the Republic discovered," said he, in a low tone of confidence and congratulation.

"Who is that?"

"Francois Duhem."

"Francois Duhem! why his name has been repeatedly before me, but was passed on account of his supposed poverty."

"Poverty, pshaw! He has just had a quarrel with the old crone who keeps his house, and she in revenge has let me into some secrets. You can get five hundred Louis of him as easily as a single livre, the pure gold too, that has not seen the light of day in twenty years or more. What do you say to that?"

The expectation of commendation which the informer indulged, was disappointed. De Ruyere as a matter of principle, never thanked any one, and he merely inquired, "Have you any more names?"

"Any more! and is not one haul like this enough for one day?" was the reply; "but let me see, here are some other matters. The butcher Rohant is known to be monopolizing the article of candles, and has a stock secretly laid in worth not less than two thousand livres. One might induce him to share his ill-gotten gains rather than take his chance in the *fournée*. You had better attend to him soon; besides this, there are the *restaurateurs* of the *Palais de l'Egalité;* they have incurred popular indignation because they have fine dishes for the rich, while the poor get nothing without money — these men deserve to be made an example of, and might be touched at a handsome rate."

"Anything more?" said De Ruyere impatiently — he was anxious to improve the resources thus opened before him.

"Not at present, but to-morrow I shall be after a number of rich citizens who have been gathering gold with a view to emigrate, and I shall soon hand in some prime names."

De Ruyere turned away with a rude abruptness, when the informer spoke obsequiously, and asked for a small compensation — his family was in need and could not wait.

"Always after money!" exclaimed the other. "Do you think I can be paying out forever? I have not realized on the last names you gave me. Hereafter I pay nothing until the proceeds are collected;" so saying he tossed the fellow a few livres, and instantaneously

shut the door upon him in a manner that showed his contempt.

As the informer departed, another person appeared at the door, and was received in a manner quite different. He was of spare figure, with that air which indicates public life, and an intimacy with men of business, and men of the world. With consummate ease he drew his chair near De Ruyere and commenced conversation in a low but careful tone.

"That is something I don't like, and I wish to have nothing to do with it."

"Yes, I understand that. You wish the profits of public life without their dangers; that is very natural; but the question now is, how you can avoid it? Public men have now got to act or suffer."

"Act did you say—have I not been acting continually? Have I not been bled again and again by these politicians? Has not the cash gone out by the handful for the benefit of the public? This has been my part, and I say again, have I not acted it well?"

"What you have done was very good for the time" was the reply, "but a different state of things exists at present. Cash is good, and you will find that it will be wanted before we are through; but now the question is, with which of these two parties will you stand or fall?"

"With neither! I intend to hold my way between them both. I am committed to no man, and to no policy, and I shall not plunge myself into the vortex of a conspiracy."

"You may escape it if you can citizen; but I tell you that the struggle is one for life. Chaumette, Mormoro, and men of that stamp are not likely to trifle, especially when they have so terrible a fellow to deal with as Robespierre. We are but in the beginning of the conflict, and even now our heads are on the list, and Robespierre feels as sure of them as though he had them in his basket."

"*Our* heads did you say? whom do you mean by *our* heads?"

"Yours and mine, citizen; and many others of whom you little dream. One of our spies has given us the list which was copied at night from the books in the Committee rooms by a man who had a false key, and who got it at the risk of life. He was paid two hundred livres for the job.

"Can you understand that? Just read, 'Balthazar Meurin, Henri Francois Vardin, Bruno De Ruyere, Gaspard Chaumette'—go on, sir—you need not turn pale—these things must be faced, and you will have to show a little nerve as well as money before you burst the meshes of this mighty net."

De Ruyere sunk back in his chair at these words—"Leave me" said he, "and I will see these men this evening."

"Yes," was the reply, "if to night you do not have a prior engagement at La Force, or the Luxembourg."

These words were spoken with bitter sarcasm, and as the last one was heard the stranger departed. The cold sweat stood large and heavy on De Ruyere's fore-

head, and there hour after hour he sat like one in a stupor—then gradually coming to, a thousand plans of escape ran through his mind with the rapidity of delirium, and all were mingled in one vast maze of uncertainty, conflict, and impossibility.

His brain was in a turmoil of schemes—he would have Robespierre shot that night—he would poison him—money could do it. He could give five hundred livres to his physician to despatch him—or a thousand if it was needed.—He would buy up the Committee of Public Safety; there was Barrêre who loved money, and would take bribes—he would lay all his treasure at the Committee's feet, then they surely would let him go. What was money compared with life?—the one he could get again—the other when gone came not back. Money had always answered his ends—then why not now? of course it would. How much had he? then he turned to his cash book to reckon, but the figures took strange shapes, and then ran into each other, and the paper was covered with strange unintelligible marks, some of which seemed to take the form of the guillotine.

He laid down the pen and convulsively grasped his neck—oh, how dreadful!—he had seen it done—done on men whom he had sent there. Just so the knife would hang, while with the face downward, and the body strapped to the *bascule* they would shove him under. Then in a moment, when the spring was touched, would come the stroke, and then there would only be a pale gasping head, and a bleeding body,

with ten thousand Louis in Berlin and a man waving a red cap in triumph.

He started up convulsively; he had come to a new conclusion; he would go and tell Robespierre all about the conspiracy—he would tell him on his knees, and obtain mercy; one man's life would not be much—he would not be missed out of a grand *fournée*. He could be of use to Robespierre; he had spies at work, and Robespierre would find out his value—and then the thought pierced him like a sword, that others had tried the same thing and failed. Robespierre to grant mercy! none but a fool would think that; and then he seemed to see a pair of cat eyes, looking gentle, yet piercing, and petrifying, and full of self-conscious delight, as they enjoyed the horrors of their victim.

No—that would not do, he had better go and join the conspiracy; he would go hand in hand with Chaumette and Hébert; he would throw off his fine clothes, and put on filth and rags, and become a *sans culotte*. Who cared if they were atheists? All religions were alike to him, and so was no religion, and no God either. Could Chaumette help him? Yes, and perhaps he would; he might find a place for him to hide—to hide! yes that was a good idea; it was better than joining the conspiracy, for there was danger in that, and they would want money too—to hide, to hide, and where; there were churches, but they were locked; there were chimneys, but there one would stifle; there were sewers, why not there? Better live amid filth and vermin than die and lose all.

Thus the shattered intellect ran on, hour after hour, and smitten by fear, his knees knocked together, and he felt chills like those of death creeping over the body. Like one frozen down, he sat unconscious of his power to move, or where he was, except that he was to be guillotined; and there it seemed Robespierre stood to strap him to the plank and to touch the spring, and he could almost feel the axe as it severed head from body.

Then crushed by agony his face dropped upon his chest, and in his stupor he hears not the alarm at the door, and they came in—the *gens d'armes* with order for arrest and a tottering form, helpless from horror, was dragged off at midnight, shrieking, and calling on Chaumette and Hébert to help, until the voice was gradually hushed under the palsy of terror.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Fisherman of La Marne.

Those were fine carp which the young fisherman brought daily to the market in his neat basket; and the fishwomen, coarse as they were, loved to buy them. They did not know which they liked best, the carp or the fisherman who brought them, so polite, so *debonair*, with such neat hands; not like the the hulking forms, and huge brawny arms of the men who hauled nets in the Seine. Always the carp sold well, and the graceful *blouse*, and slouch hat, and the face under it, helped them sell; and then the young man was off, and no words wasted, and no time lost. A basket of fine carp every morning, and a double quantity for *décadi*, when all who had the money would have a good dinder.

"A promising young fisherman, this Jacques Rénard, who will do well if he escape the bad habits of his craft; if he spend not too much for drink, nor turn gamester like the other fishermen, who raffle away their earnings, and so never get before handed. Not so with him; he will by the time he is old, have a cottage of his own, and something in store for a rainy

day. Would that the rest of the craft would follow his example." Thus spoke the dealers in market La Marne, concerning the young man who came and went, and asked no questions; a rare man, this Jacques Rénard.

Ah, how little did they read that fisherman's thoughts? Not of cottaged old age, or of aught in the distant future, but of the present, the stern, terrible present; the present, into which the past had emptied its verdict, and from which the future was to draw its inspiration. How little could any one imagine the chasm which separated him from market La Marne, and its highest associations.

What a grand thing was it for him to live! not in the quiet stupor of prosperity, but amid the hot agonies of a crucified generation; to live in the midst of plots and dangers, to circumvent foes, to out-wit the cunning and the malignant, to dance playfully with death, and yet elude his grasp. O, it was great to live thus.

How many employments and disguises had that fisherman used! How many escapes had he made! How often they had got him in their very clutches, and yet he had out-witted them every time and would still—yes, in spite of Claude Dorival and his janizaries.

"Oh Dorival, Dorival, improve your skill, stir up your brains. Yes Dorival, up earlier in the morning, up later at night; less sleep, and more wit; train your bloodhounds better, or put a keener breed on the chase. This is sport, grand sport, one which the

game enjoys better than the hunter. Come on Dorival. Did I not send you a note yesterday, inviting you to sup with your rival? To-morrow I dine at the *Café Republicain*; let us have chocolate together, and then we will drink your health in *vin ordinaire* which is good enough for such a lout as you. Ah *scelerat*, were I Dorival, and you Paul, it would not be such slow work. But never mind, we will yet balance our accounts and see who comes out the gainer."

O how much Paul had lived in those few months since the word of warning had been given him in the street! How many disguises had he assumed, and by this means faced incessant danger! He had even visited the *Commune*, and both seen and heard Dorival while at his old work, denouncing his victims and hunting them down to the guillotine. But Paul had been in other places also. He had watched sometimes at Trine's door, and had there marked the alterations in her countenance since that picture had been received, and he knew that there was some secret influence that wrought upon her, for her form was less buoyant than in former days, and her eye less sparkling. And did not Paul's heart beat as this thought filled his soul? But beat it must in secret; for was she not dead to him, and he to her? True, but even if this were so was there harm in gazing upon her form as one may look on the grave of those he loves?

Paul had made use of many disguises but no one had proved so good as that which now concealed him—to be a rollicking fisherman—to float on the Seine in

the cheering sunlight in warm heavy overcoat that defied the winter wind — this was better than weltering upon its waters, a wretched suicide. How foolish was that thought! nay, how wicked! But let that pass. He had been saved, snatched from the embrace of a mighty temptation, and God be praised for this.

So Paul thought as he hied along at his daily occupation; sometimes full of cheer, and at others wrapped in gloom; at one time in the sun, at another in eclipse. But however that might be, one thing was certain, though his body was alive, his love and his affections were dead and buried, as it seemed to his fanciful mind, in the tomb with Trine de la Cour.

What lived was the will to battle on — the strong nerve of a bold heart that would not die. No! he would live because Dorival hated him; he would live to out-wit, to mock, and to torment that malignant foe. He would yet prove his mastery. Dorival had entrapped many a victim, but there was one that cast defiance in his teeth.

This frame gave its impress to all of Paul's acts, and the coarse fishermen of the Seine marvelled greatly at this strange member of their craft, at one time so bold and so jubilant, at another so mournful and depressed. They could not but love him; he was no rival, but a pleasant mate with a good word for all, ready to romp with their children when they came to the boat and upon the whole making life so cheerful.

All this did for the day, but it was often asked, where did Jacques lodge? That was known to none.

He was never seen at the *Café de la Syrène*, where the fishermen spent their long winter evenings, nor at any other place of their resort, but disappeared when night came, never bidding any one to come and see him, or telling where one might look for him if he were taken sick. Here was a mystery.

But Paul had a home, and a royal one indeed. No fisherman ever lodged in such princely company before. There were kings and queens sleeping around him, all resting in peace; the burden of state and the glory of their crowns alike forgotten in the last unbroken slumber. Here Paul lodged, and felt happy in the companionship of the grand old dead.

It was a society which well became his moody spirit and the deep under-current of solemn thought. The nook in the vault was reached by a narrow window, half hidden by a pile of collossal statuary which had been recently cast down from their niches by order of the city authorities. Air circulated freely through chinks in the foundation, and light also struggled in through other apertures. A bit of carpet was his bed, and the warm overcoat was his covering, and his pillow a piece of timber hewn out by hands turned to dust long ago. Here safe in his concealment, Paul could laugh at Dorival and his spies.

The only ornaments of the place were the picture of the monument on which his name was inscribed with that of Trine, and a portrait which he had cherished as a memento of his studies in Rome. It was a copy of the Cenci, a character whose misfortune com-

manded his sympathy, while the exquisite grace of the features was so admirably rendered by Guido. Beside this he thought he discerned in those rich pensive eyes a resemblance to those of the flower girl, and he preferred to see it in a work of historic art rather than in one of his own hands. These pictures he cherished in this dark abode, and sometimes by the midnight lamp they answered back the emotions of his lonely heart in all the eloquence of death.

It was a style of living that suited an artist; a spirit lamp made chocolate and all needed dishes, at best but few, and yet enough for one so plain in habit as Paul. Did his rival live so well? No, Dorival with all his gluttony did not enjoy half the pleasure of that lonely hermit who defied his ken.

But was that old cathedral haunted? So it would seem, for one evening after Paul had spent a few nights there he heard a soft plaintive melody, which fell upon his ear like those of the spirit land. Such music he had never heard before. It combined many voices in solemn and majestic harmony, exquisitely simple, and full of sentiment, as though breathed from the soul of devotion at some ancient shrine. Had the spirits of those who slept in those storied vaults now met to blend in sad music the sweet memories of earthly joys?

Beside this, there was a light, or rather many little flickering lights, that glimmered through the fissures in the wall. This was stranger still, but what seemed still more so, was the solemn sound as of prayer which was heard as soon as the music was hushed.

Paul was busy with eye and ear. He saw a goodly mber of both sexes gathered in the area of the crypt tening to the voice of an old man who stood before em. Paul was astonished; at first he thought it as a gathering of a political character, perhaps some ie of the secret clubs which were so numerous, but terwards he knew it must be a band of the Hugue-ts, who as he had heard still existed in Paris, and ld worship in concealment.[1]

The services continued more than an hour, and at eir close the congregation received a benediction and parted while some lingered to speak a word to their stor and bid him an affectionate farewell.

Paul soon discovered that these meetings occurred gularly once a week on the Lord's day or Christian bbath, and that too, only in the evening. He had come sickened with the *Décadi* and the *cours de morale*, d the services of this new worship afforded such terest that he waited almost with impatince from one casion to another. It was his first attendance on e preaching of the gospel, and the novelty as well as thos of the service impressed him deeply. He had tnessed the mass in its most gorgeous style, when e pomp of scenic worship was rendered the most ective by all the magic of art and numbers, and yet had never been so affected by a sense of purity and jesty of devotion as now. Here was religion free

[1] The use of church crypts for this purpose was nothing new at this e, since those of St. Paul's in London and Canterbury cathedral l in earlier days been the scene of similar service.

from all show, or tinsel, or trick of bell and taper, or fume of incense, or swell of organ, or priestly procession; but while all these were absent, he saw that it was marked by spirit and truth.

The first of these services exorcised as by a divine power all that tendency to unbelief which had lingered on his mind for years past, and which he could not reason away. He was convinced that there was a true religion, although as yet he knew not its power, but the attacks of the scoffing tribe, the Voltaires, and their followers were thenceforth unable to remove the conviction which possessed his soul; and the lessons which he received in secret from the pastor Beaupère, wrought powerfully in the inner chambers of the heart.

He was gradually led to see the immense and unspeakable importance of spiritual things, and he saw the claims uttered in secret by the soul for higher food than can be found on earth, and he learned that its wants are so vast that nothing but God can satisfy them.

Perhaps Paul's solitude had much to do with the result which was wrought out. He was alone most of the time and was filled with mighty thoughts. He learned to pray, for he found that God was there, even in that deeply hidden vault, and there he received answers such as those which the Spirit makes in the soul, and which proved to him that there is one who hears and answers the cry of distress.

How little did pastor Beaupère dream of that hidden listener on whom his words had such power? How

e did that Christian band imagine that there was
who felt bound to them by the strongest ties, while
rated and unseen, and who in solitude partook of
bread of heaven on which they so joyfully fed.
a due time the Lord's supper was administered,
Paul was as usual at his place of attention. He
never witnessed this service except in the Romish
rch, where it is reduced to the most barren form,
consisted simply in placing a wafer on the tongue
le a napkin was held under the chin. Here on the
ar hand he saw bread broken in which the body of
ist was set forth broken for his people. Here too,
aw for the first time the cup distributed with the
ds, "This is my blood of the New Testament shed
the remission of sins."
he text on this occasion was the Saviour's command,
his do in remembrance of me;" and the theme was,
ist's great memorial. The speaker opened by
rring to the different monuments which the world
ibited, many of which were of vast extent and of
edible labor, and yet by a peculiar inversion
of these effected the purposes for which they were
gned. As for the kings and the conquerors who
ected thus to commemorate their achievements,
t of them had failed. "There were the mighty
amids which pierce the Egyptian sky, piled up to
nortalize the kings of the old world. There they
d in their grandeur, but what now is their testi-
y? Who was their builder? On what deeds did he
his claim to immortality?

"Thus also with the masters of ancient art who fondly hoped for undying fame: who modelled the Laocoon or the Parthenon? The very building beneath whose massive arches they were gathered, bore the same testimony of disappointment. Some master mind conceived its plan and designed the imposing array of strength and beauty, but did he not hope to bequeath his name to admiring posterity? And yet that name had been lost equally with those who bore the humblest part in the work. As they gazed around them they might vainly enquire whose genius does this perpetuate, or whose wealth and power gave life to the artist's designs?

"On the other hand when Jesus designed a memorial of himself, it was to be a living one — one imbued with spiritual power — and hence in the service of the supper we saw the grandest memorial the earth ever witnessed. It was one which would never be overgrown by the mosses of age, but ever remain instinct with life. It is one which shall exist generation after generation, until at last the headstone should be brought out with shoutings of 'grace, grace unto it!'"

Such were some of the thoughts which were presented in this service. They reached Paul with a tender and penetrating power, and there in secret he drank in the unction and grace of those words of truth, and he longed to be one of that little band.

A few weeks after this the brethren were surprised to behold a stranger in their number; some looked with suspicion and fear, and some when they saw his

face, with confidence and trust; but when the service was over, their fears were converted into joy, for Paul arose and declared the strange history of his acquaintance with them, and his desire to cast in his lot as a follower of the Lord Jesus. From that time he became an active member of the church de la Foi, and the pastor found in him one on whom he might rest with paternal confidence, and who became to him at last what Timothy was to the great apostle.

He proved himself to be gifted in speech, and his words of exhortation were often accompanied with great depth and power.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Atheist's Doom.

Whatever delay may have occurred in the procedure against the prisoners of Paris was unavoidable from the nature of things. The work of the Extraordinary tribunal was only limited by the size and capacity of that institution, and the immense throng of political criminals was evidently too great a burden for a single court.

It was a fearful pressure on Fouquier Tinville and his jury, who now found themselves the only outlet to so vast a concourse, and to give all possible expedition new efforts were put forth. A double jury was impanèlled in order that human weakness might interpose no obstacle, and the Tribunal ran day and night.

Fouquier was now compelled, though with great reluctance, to employ a deputy. Earnest as he was in his devotion to the work, he could not but yield to the claims of human nature. He must eat and he must also sleep. But to avoid all unnecessary delay in this drain on his time, a couch was prepared in one of the chambers in the *Palais de Justice*, near to the *Salle*, and here the fervent advocate indulged in brief seasons of rest.

was a source of satisfaction to him that the cause
stice did not slacken while he slumbered; there
10 halting there from heavy eyes or weary limbs.
he other hand, from early dawn to evening, the
: went on, and then candles were lighted, and fresh
als took their places, and in their hands the long
s of the night witnessed the zeal with which con-
cy was punished.

ıe course of procedure was in the following man-
The dock or prisoner box had been removed, and
ad platform built on the side of the *Salle*, capable
ating two hundred persons. The prisoners having
1 their places, some individual was required to sit
e *fautueil* or front chair, as representative man of
ccasion, the others being as it was supposed, tried
ıgh him. The charge of conspiracy was then
; the witnesses, who served by the season, then
their testimony, and the jury without leaving
seats, returned the stereotyped verdict.

e president of the Tribunal then pronounced sen-
, and the condemned moved down stairs to the
ergerie, while a fresh supply marched on the
ɔrm and received the action of Fouquier and his

Yet with all this expedition it was very slow
ess indeed, when one considers that there were
nousand prisoners in the Paris jails awaiting trial.
delay was the reason why Ardine's case was
.ed so slowly, for although Robespierre had sent
s name to Fouquier weeks previously, yet he still
ined in the Luxembourg.

In the meantime Paris was electrified by the discovery of another grand conspiracy. A thrill of renewed delight permeated the masses who wanted a fresh sensation, and Robespierre's mouth-pieces in Club and Convention thundered forth their denunciations.

The sensation increased in depth and power as the report of new arrests went forth embracing the names of those who once had led the Revolution, and who were considered the essence of patriotism. Thus on the sixteenth of March, Fouquier informs the Committee of Public Safety that he has arrested Hébert and Mormoro, and their associates; and Couthon makes public announcement of the NEW CONSPIRACY to destroy Robespierre and elevate Hébert, to which Barrére makes the following pungent reply: "*The Revolutionary Tribunal, the friend of the people and of the Revolution, will do justice to the* CONSPIRATORS *who are attempting our liberty.*"[1]

From these statements it will at once be seen that the plot which Ardine declined to share from motives of principle, had been penetrated by the spies of Robespierre, and was now to be crushed; and to show how Paris was thrilled by the event, it may be added that on the 18th of March, the Section du Pantheon proceeded in body to the Convention, and there "congratulated it on the energy with which it struck the new enemies of the Republic, and invited it to redouble its vigilance."

[1] *Moniteur* for March, 1794.

The leaders in this abortive scheme were now in prison, and their trial was urged in precedence of all others. Fouquier was obliged to forego his duties to hundreds whose names were already on his list, in order to dispose of these important cases, and by dint of great industry they were reached in the space of ten days.

Thus the last hours of the ATHEISTS drew nigh. It was the twenty-fourth of March, and on the morrow they were to meet death after the brief delay of an hour at the Tribunal and the bitter mockery of a trial.[1] By evening they had all arrived from different prisons at the *Conciergerie*. Here as the guards were doubled, and the gates were of great thickness, the prisoners instead of being chained, were allowed to be at liberty until the last hour. But it was a liberty which no one cared to enjoy, and here on the benches beneath the heavy arch of that dark vault, half lit by a few ill-fed lamps, sat the Atheist leaders, grim as tigers at bay.

Among the most prominent in that wretched gathering, there was Mormoro, once a leader in the Convention, and who so lately was jubilant in the triumph of Reason, and whose wife received worship as its Goddess amid the gaping thousands who filled Notre Dame. There was the lofty-minded but unfortunate Cloots,

[1] The fact that Robespierre had this group condemned for conspiracy and not under the open charge of Atheism, shows that he had not fully matured his scheme of a new divinity, which, however was still in progress.

who so lately was confident of the exaltation of mankind, and the extension of human brotherhood. There too, was Jacques René Hébert, the original Père Duchesne, who under that name stirred up the masses by his journal and his pamphlets, and was the great mouth-piece of the *sans culottes*, the sub-procureur of the *Commune*, and once the reckless and determined agent of Robespierre in that body.

What a marvellous transition in the destiny of these men! It seems but a day since all Paris cheered the grand procession by which Cloots taught the brotherhood of the race. It seems but a day since Hébert stood in that very *Palais de Justice* to testify against the Queen who then was mured in the vault which now held him for his fate. It seems but a day since Mormoro led his beautiful wife to receive the honors of the crowds of Notre Dame. Now all is past, and there they are under the ban of their race.

Night drew on and wrapped all Paris in its massive shadow, but nowhere was darkness so intense as that which invested the doomed group of the *Conciergerie*.

The gloom on the countenance of Hébert was deep and savage. All that was fiendish in his nature was rapidly maturing, and would soon spring to a dread perfection in the moment of death; and from beneath that forehead, and those eyebrows on which throbbed the pulse of life's last agony, there glared the fires that burned in the great centres within. A brain on fire; a soul on fire; deep volcanic fusion in the lower strata of nature; flickering jets of passion; fiery gusts of

wrath, and flaming curses belched forth like lava to scathe his enemies.

Few words were heard all night in that dismal vault of death. Too deep the abyss of horror to admit of utterance. When shall be found language to manifest the outgoings of souls just mantling the vortex? Like those who after the storm, find their ship settling in the ocean, and in silence and despair await its last heave, there sat the atheists awaiting the long midnight of death.

All was dark in soul and in body. At one moment they were frozen as by despair, at another they were burned by anger, and then paralyzed by fear. Atheism invested them with its horrors until they seemed crushed as beneath mountains. Dark, dark, dark, on every side; O for one glimpse of light!

Might they though crushed feel that they were not buried forever? Might they by digging their way for ages arrive at day? No, for the night of Atheism was opening before them its everlasting gates.

To-morrow the grave was to receive them — these stout limbs would fester in death and the clammy earth would lock up their features in companionship with the worm. Corruption! was that their future? to rot like beasts? Then let them be consoled to think that death is sleep.

But what if in that dread midnight some forms were seen, stark and chill, and yet not wholly dead — forms that came to wreak vengeance for treacherous deeds? And what if there should be one pale face to

gaze on *him*, with soft, saddened eyes and queenly beauty, shadowed by false accusation and murder, demanding why he crushed the last hours of her poor life with hellish falsehood?

The heavy hours wore on till morning beheld the agonized group, with jaws tight locked, and bitten lips, and features rigid and buried in sullen silence. Thus went they to receive their doom from Fouquier and his court.

The sun was just preparing to set when they entered the Place de la Revolution, amid the shouts and groans of thousands. These they heard not, buried still in stupor. Then the axe sealed them in everlasting night.

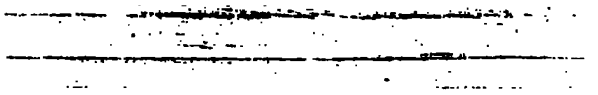
Thus died the atheists.

And the carts rumble down Rue St. Honoré, until grimly the old club house frowns on the doomed. How could it indeed look otherwise — that place of Jacobin violence and hate. But did not the tri-colored flag and cap of liberty awaken an emotion in these, her children, whom she, a treacherous mother, was now sending to death? If so, it were but to curse the mother and all her brood; but no, the soul is stricken dumb; it cannot even curse.

The sun was just preparing to set when they entered the Place de la Revolution, amid the shouts and groans of thousands. These they heard not, buried still in stupor. Then the axe sealed them in everlasting night.

Thus died the atheists.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE—FORMERLY PLACE DE LA RÉVOLUTION—WHERE THE GUILLOTINE STOOD DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Victory over Sorrow.

A gentle rap at one's door might not occasion any great alarm even if heard at midnight, but in Paris however trifling the summons it could only cause a tremor, for one could hardly avoid the fear that there was danger in every little sound.

"They have come, father," exclaimed Trine de la Cour in a tone of dismay, just aroused from sleep by the alarm at the door and hardly conscious of her own words. She had expected that alarm constantly since her last interview with Dorival, and although she had endeavored to be prepared for it, yet still it carried a chill of horror to her heart. In that gentle alarm she read imprisonment and death.

"Be calm father" she again exclaimed, "until I return." So saying she threw on her dress and went to the door. A number of armed men passed in as it was opened and one of them seized her, but was ordered off by the commanding officer. "Let her alone," said he, "she is safe in our hands and we wish to offer no unnecessary violence."

Trine looked up and recognized the officer — she had seen him before on guard at the Tuilleries. "The flower girl, I see," he remarked; "sad it is, mademoiselle, but we have no alternative; our orders must be obeyed. I will see you and your father safe to the Luxembourg, and I hope that at last all will be well."

"All will be well" replied Trine, "that I know; and hard as this visit is, it has not come save in the Providence of God, though it be the working of human anger and jealousy — yet he hath said, he will make the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of his wrath he will restrain. I presume this proceeds from Claude Dorival."

The officer nodded assent.

"Then I may say that it is better to be your prisoner, than to be his bride."

While this brief conversation was going on in the hall, another person joined the group. It was a tall old man, erect and comely, who walked carefully along, with the aid of his staff. "Trine," said he, "I could not stay behind while you were dealing with these men."

"Fear not, father," she replied, "we are in the hands of God rather than in those of man; beside this, these men are not bad though their errand is."

"And what is their errand?"

"To arrest, by order of the Committee of Public Safety, Vincent de la Cour and Trinite de la Cour, his daughter, both charged with conspiracy," exclaimed

the officer. "The time is short, we have much to do to-night."

"Aye then Trine let us be ready, I hear the voice of God; the Lord sitteth upon the floods, the Lord sitteth king forever."

"Citizen officer," said Trine, "we are ready to go, so far as obedience is concerned, and to die also, for that must follow—but there need be no barbarity added. It is cold and dark, a wretched winter night, with a piercing wind. Will you drag an old man through the streets of Paris at such a time? Leave him, I implore you, until morning."

"Ah *citoyenne*, I have no discretion," was the reply, "my orders are to arrest."

"To arrest! be it so; but not to torture. There are diseases and agonies enough in old age alone, without adding the perils of exposure. I plead for that old man as I would not for myself. To me it were nothing, to him it will be worse than death. Come for us to morrow; we shall not flee, for we have no place to hide."

The officer's countenance, hardened as it was, indicated his embarrassment. "We shall have no men to send in the morning; they are weary with the night's work, and must be home by daylight."

"Then we will come to you," was the reply. "Mention the hour, and the place, and we will meet you there, on the word of a Christian."

"*Citoyenne*, I feel deeply for you; I too have a father aged and honored. I will now for the first time waive

my duty at the risk of my head; will you pledge your honor to report at our station? I ask no oath, for we have no God."

"We have one, citizen; a God of faithfulness and truth, whose word sustains me now, as it has sustained in past years of poverty and sorrow. In his name I make my promise — to-morrow, and where?"

"To-morrow at ten o'clock my report goes in to Fouquier Tinville; he will also have returns at that time of all new prisoners from every jailor in Paris, and the two will be compared. Your absence from my list, since you are known to be at home, might be my destruction. I will look for you *citoyenne*, and your father, to-morrow at half-past nine, at the guard room of the Luxembourg."

The promise was given, and in a few moments the steps of the retreating police were lost in the distance.

"Father," said Trine, when they were gone, "you heard my promise, to-morrow at half-past nine."

"Yes, my child, and I thank God for his mercy at this bitter season. This then is our last night in this house, where we have seen so much of his goodness; but what are earthly tabernacles to those who dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and who abide in the shadow of the Almighty. I have loved this place where your mother closed her pilgrimage, and where I have passed so much of my own, and I love it still; but we have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. If it be his

will that we go, I do not see that it would be well for us to remain even if we could."

"You remember father, what pastor Beaupère said the last time he called here, 'As thy day is so shall be thy strength.' You are now old and infirm, and yet I do not see the weakness of age as in others; at least as regards the mind. I did not know why God kept you up so, but now I perceive that it was in order that you might endure still greater trials in his service. Your day was coming; a day of separation from your home, and a day of imprisonment, and hence your strength of mind has been kept up by the gracious hand of God."

"Yes, my child, I see this clearly now, and I now can tell why I have been so much turned away of late from earthly things. I thought a great deal on those words, 'For ye took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing that in heaven ye have a better and a more enduring substance.' I have been particularly encouraged by the words that follow: 'Cast not away your confidence which hath great recompense of reward, for ye have need of patience, that when ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promise.'

"And so patience is given to me and you daughter, and we must go forward trusting in Him who is the faithful witness of his people's sufferings."

With such conversation the father and child beguiled the midnight hour, until they fell into that sweet slumber only known to those who are filled with God's

Morning came — a strange lightness of heart animated the flower girl, and she commenced her tasks with a cheerful hymn, which made the house vocal with its melody. In a few moments a touching response, though quavering with age, was heard, and then Trine knew that her father had awoke happy. Their breakfast was soon over, and the floor was swept with unusual neatness, and all things put in finished order.

These were her farewell duties, and she would not leave her beloved home without this testimony of affection. The flowers sat on the window drinking in the early beams of the sun, but although she knew they must soon wither, Trine looked at them without a sigh. There were in her heart other flowers, graces from above, blooming never to fade. Then she wound up the clock, whose face seemed to smile upon her as though unconscious that it would wear itself out in solitude, and then fall into silence.

Having finished her task, Trine turned and gazed upon the pleasant home which she was to exchange for a prison. The power of old associations came upon her like a flood; it was a moment of agony, and it seemed more bitter than death; but she immediately recovered. "The trial is hard," said she to herself; "but God is good, and nothing but good can come from his hand."

"Amen," said the old man, who had read her thoughts — "'tis hard, Trine, but it will all be well; 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' As for me I know that I shall never return, but what of

that; thank God for the home here, and the home there."

It was then after eight; by half-past nine they must be at the guard house, but hurried as they were they had time for the morning prayer. Trine always read the scriptures in their domestic service, and she now opened to the ninety-first psalm, for she knew how much he loved the language of faith. "*He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, and in him will I trust.*"

The psalm was finished and was followed by solemn prayer. It was a time when prayer was needed, for Trine's heart was once more overcome with sorrow. As she heard the voice of her father in their worship, she remembered his words that he should never return. Was that indeed the last prayer he should offer there? alas! it was no doubt the last time either of them would abide under that shelter, and once more she felt the pang of a long farewell. But those tears are repressed, and that agony is rolled on God; now they are quite ready.

The old and faded cloak which has lasted Vincent de la Cour a half century, is thrown over his shoulders, and the antique chapeau which graced the parlor corner is placed on his head. Trine has a basket to take along; it contains changes of linen for both; a bottle of wine and some nice things for the father, and above all the bible which usually accompanied her to church. Then

a word of blessing is breathed as she locked the door, and committed their house and themselves to God.

"Well, Trine," said the old man, "you know the way: once I led you, now you must lead me."

"But father, you did not lead me to a prison."

"I led you daughter in your first steps in the walk of life, and what is life — what is the world, but a prison?"

"Yes father, it is a prison, and this all believers soon learn; the Luxembourg is but a little corner in it. But we are prisoners of hope."

"And shall soon be set at liberty," added the old man.

"How happy I am to see you so cheerful father, this encourages me; perhaps we shall find the Luxembourg not so bad after all. I will read the bible to you, and we will sing together, and perhaps we may find something to do for the Master there. Your work is not done yet, father, and the prison may be the place of your best service."

"That is true, child," was the reply; "I know that I am not going there except for a good purpose, and this morning I was thinking how many of God's people had been filled with joy in prisons, from the day of the apostles until now."

With such conversation they were kept in good cheer. It was a long walk for the old man, but he leaned on the daughter and felt the way with his staff. At length the majestic halls of the Luxembourg ap-

peared half hidden in the trees — "I see it now, father," said Trine.

"I am glad my child," was the reply, "for I am getting weary."

That morning two new prisoners were entered upon the books by the clerk, who was finishing up his returns. "Just in time," said he, "a minute longer would have been too late." Trine looked at the clock; it was half past nine.

Larue Contant was unusually kind to the new comers. One thing they sought which was contrary to prison rules, to be permitted to remain together. The keeper was moved by their appearance; he transgressed his regulations on this occasion, and the father and the child were not torn asunder.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Artist at the Bicetre.

Those were very clever drawings which little Frêron received from the sick man and which were now cherished by him as a keepsake. There were ships, houses, and cattle; and also groups of children ranging playfully together, just what an artist might be expected to do in the vacant hours of convalescence. Poor fellow! he had been brought in senseless from a fall, and some thought that an internal injury had been received. It was a heavy fall as might be expected when one slips on the wet flagging of market La Marne and strikes full length on the solid stone steps that lead to the vault.

They picked him up and bore him in his senseless condition to the Bicêtre, and there Zoe found him in her ward—a stunned and perhaps a dying man. A severe bruise was found on the back of the head, and another on the side occasioned by striking first on some projection, and blood was slowly oozing from mouth and nostrils.

It was a full hour after treatment had been commenced, before the patient came to, and met the full

glow of Zoe's eyes. He gazed a moment, and
whispered to himself, "The madonna, come
n from canvas to life," so calm, so heavenly, so
estic were those eyes of the blessed nurse of the
itre.

ll day he lay there in stupor, but sometimes rising
onsciousness and then when she was near gazing
hose orbs with a longing expression as though he
in them untold riches of love and pity. The next
he was slightly delirious, and his thoughts seemed
e rambling. "You are not Trine," said he to Zoe;
, Trine is dead, and so am I, and we both rest to-
ier in one grave. Is not that a beautiful thought?
, we are both dead and in one grave, and there we
sleep forever far from Dorival and all our enemies.
l you not come and bring flowers to the grave?
on my account, but Trine's; you know she loves
ers."

oe knew Trine too well as one of the members of
church de la Foi not to recognize the allusions, but
er duties at the Bicêtre had kept her from attend-
the meetings in the crypt she knew nothing of
l, hence she was startled to hear her name so often
tioned.

To night we shall have another meeting, sweet
ing too, and they will speak about the Lamb of
which taketh away the sin of the world. I could
t that scene. There is pastor Beaupère, and Ver-
and Laudé—all there singing about Christ, and
ls, and heaven. How sweet and lovely to be down

in the old vault together, forever with the Lord, forever with the Lord!"

After this he spoke some things which Zoe could not understand, and then his stupor returned upon him. When he rallied, which was an hour afterward, he saw Zoe with her bible opened before her. "You love the Lord," said he faintly, "that is blessed."

"And you know pastor Beaupére," she added.

"I know him," said Paul, "as one who taught me of Christ."

The conversation was here broken off, but was resumed at the earliest opportunity. It was the first time Zoe had met any of the congregation in illness, and her affections were drawn out in his behalf, while on the other hand, Paul was moved by the deep sadness which dwelt in her countenance and which awakened his sympathies.

"You are sorrow-laden," he remarked one day.

"I am," was the reply, "and I feel the truth of those words, the heart knoweth its own bitterness."

"Would that I could aid you to bear it," said Paul.

"There is one who helps me bear it," she replied. "It is he who laid it upon me; he knows how frail I am, and he will not let me be crushed, for he has borne a greater burden."

One day while Frêron was playing around Paul's couch, he exhibited to him with childish glee a miniature which, from the resemblance it bore the child, he recognized.

"It is my poor papa," said the former, "and this it is which makes mamma so sad."

"Your papa, where is he?"

"He is in prison in the Luxembourg. They have locked him up, and we can't get to see him, nor he to see us, and perhaps we may never see him again."

"And what is your papa's name?"

"Ardine, my mamma calls him, Ardine de Martel, that's his name, he is my papa, and they have put him in prison, and perhaps they will kill him. I'll be an orphan then, won't I?"

Paul gazed upon the picture with intense interest. He could no longer wonder at the hidden grief of his nurse. The manly beauty of the countenance, and its lofty expression awoke the voice of nature in his soul. "He in the Luxembourg, and his wife in the Bicêtre." So Paul spoke to himself; he was getting strong and the thought of anothers danger gave a feverish glow to his cheek. "I shall be well soon" he again soliloquized, "and then I can try what may be done. There have been such things known before as prisoners rescued."

And what nobler end than this could he propose to himself, or what lesser one would satisfy his soul? "I had rather do that," said he, "than have painted the Transfiguration."

Paul continued to improve, and Frêron played round his couch and told his stock of little stories which he had learned of other children, while the invalid made sketches of interesting objects, and gave

the lad quite a menagerie of wild animals, as well as groups of children, ships sailing, and soldiers on the march.

"I like these pictures better than those the other boys have," said the lad.

"And why, my child?"

"Because some of them have pictures of the guillotine, and I don't like them, and when they go to play together they play *fournée*, and make believe cut their heads off, and that I don't like either, for may be they will cut off my poor father's head, and then I'll be an orphan."

Paul cheered the lad with a few kind words, for he saw that his lip was quivering, and his eye was charged with a tear; and then he bade him sit down and have his picture taken, and in this way he banished from his mind its painful thoughts. A friendship thus sprung up between the artist and his little *protegé*, and although it was but of a few days growth, it seemed as strong as though it had lasted for years. Each felt sad when the time of parting came, but Paul had fully recovered and now must leave the hospital.

As he did so, his last act was to thank Zoe for her kindness, while he placed in her hand a sketch, which she received with an expression of deep affection.

"I see you know the road to a mother's heart," said she; "it is very like, and of course beautiful — at least to me; ah, could you but have seen his father!"

"I shall see him yet I hope" replied Paul, while Zoe wiped away the involuntary tear.

"I shall see him yet *citoyenne*, my work is not done, and I feel that I have much to live for; perhaps indeed I may yet reward you for your kindness to a poor stranger like me."

Zoe did not appear to comprehend the idea which Paul's words might have suggested, and with a press of the hand they parted. Paul walked thoughtfully back to his place of refuge repeating to himself the name of that noble woman's husband, "Ardine de Martel—in the Luxembourg! I will see what can be done."

The interest which he felt in the case continued to increase as he contemplated its risks, and its importance. The sweet manners and child-like simplicity of the lad, and the rich gushing eyes of the mother, filled his lonely lodging with their presence, and indeed he found that they followed him wherever he went. "Could I but present him to her, and add to that gift a portrait of herself from my pencil, it would be no more than a fitting acknowledgment of the devotion she exhibits at the Bicêtre."

All that day and the next, Paul was revolving plans for effecting Ardine's rescue. He read over and over again the histories of the escape of Baron Trenck from the Prussian fortress, and that of De la Tude from the Bastile. He thought how ropes could be spun out of old linen; how hiding places could be made under floors for tools and implements;—how dark and stormy nights favored deeds like these;—how communications could be opened through hidden ways. All

these things passed through Paul's head as he was sailing in his boat on the bosom of the Seine — and yet Ardine de Martel was still a prisoner, with no better prospect of release.

At length he determined to make a bold effort to obtain information. He walked around the Luxembourg several times, looking attentively at each window in the several stories from basement to attic, and then examined the arcade which connected the two halls or pavilions. Ah! how much he would give to know in which room the long sought captive might be held; then he went on to calculate how many footsteps the sentry took in walking his beat, and estimated the height of each story from the topmost down to the lowest — all this is done, and still Ardine is a prisoner within those mysterious walls.

The guards take note of the observant stranger, but as they are used to seeing persons wandering around the building in distress, they pay but little attention to him. Hundreds have been here seeking their loved ones in the same manner, but they never saw them until they appeared in the dread *fournée* on the road to the scaffold. "Even so," say the guards, "will it be with this one who wanders in solitude around us. He will be here to-day, and to-morrow, and perhaps after that, but not much longer. He will yet see his father, or wife, or sweetheart, whoever it may be in the cart, and then his search will be over."

Paul grew bold in the determination of self sacrifice. He felt his personal danger, but the peril of another

stirred him up to self-forgetfulness, and one day, marked man though he was, he strode boldly up to the guard house, and asked if Ardine de Martel was held there. The clerk bade him wait, he was answering the demand just made by Fouquier Tinville, and had not finished the tale of prisoners to be sent up for trial.

"Now, citizen," after fifteen minutes delay, he exclaimed, "what is your business?"

"To inquire if Ardine de Martel be a prisoner here?"

"You should know, citizen, that no such questions are answered."

"I presume not as a general thing, but there are exceptions to every rule." As Paul said this, he slipped a few livres into the official's hand.

"Well, citizen, it is not customary, but as you appear to be a man of patriotic views, and by no means connected with the counter-revolution, I will look the matter up. "Here he is," continued he, turning to the page in a large volume. "Ardine de Martel arrested fourteenth of *Nivose*, on charge of conspiracy—room number fourteen. By the way, citizen, I may remark that that very name is down to be sent up to the Tribunal as soon as possible; it would have gone before this, but we have had so much to do with the atheists. —Probably the first or second decade in *Germinal* will be the time, so you can be around then and look him up in the *fournée*."

"And no chance of seeing him before that?"

"None whatever, unless you want to stand on the scaffold with him."

CHAPTER XL.

The Grand Fournée.

The month of April, called *Germinal* in the fanciful terminology of the Revolution, exhibited a social development as well as one in nature; then began to spring up in a marked and manifest manner the most striking results of the fundamental error of the day. 'Tis April now, it will soon be *Thermidor* (August); between these periods the growth will be rapid and the ripening will be complete, "for there are four months, and then cometh harvest."

Let us mark the progress; just one year ago from this very April Danton was Minister of Justice for the Republic. His office was in the *Palais de Justice*. He had a long array of clerks to aid him, while the police of Paris obeyed his command. Men of the pen and men of the sword moved at his beck. He was the father of that terrible Tribunal of which so much has been said in these pages. His mind[1] conceived the plan and all the details of that machinery, of which

[1] "At seven o'clock the mayor read a request from the Minister of Justice (Danton) to install the extraordinary Tribunal in the *Palais de Justice*." — *Moniteur*, March 31, 1793.

Herman, Dumas, L'Escot, Fouquier Tinville, and their associates were levers and wheels. None but the bold and powerful mind of Danton could have produced this grand method of dealing with foes under the name of the law, and at his command, justice, no longer blindfolded, but with the clearest of vision commenced striking at her foes with a relentless sword.

Soon Danton beheld that machinery in successful operation; indeed it was but the work of a moment to step from his office, since both were beneath the same roof, to the *salle* in which it was held. What a spectacle for you, O Danton, giant of the Revolution, must that Tribunal bave been! Gaze with admiration at the breadth and power of its scope, and imagine the applause of posterity following the marvelous invention. What meed of praise shall you not receive as the slayer of traitors?

Brutus, a name so often invoked by patriotic orators, slew but one tyrant, you have smitten multitudes. Look O Danton, at the cleanness of its play; no foul work here, no clogging of machinery, no jarring, nothing out of gear. All parts run well; it has a stroke for each and not a blow will fall amiss. It suits all; the strong veteran, the aged matron, or the tender girl are each in their turn the object of its regard. It knows no social distinctions; the peasant and the sage, the statesman and the *grisette*, alike enjoy its benediction.

Thus Danton have you created another wonder of the world. Atheist as you are, you have patronized at

least one holy thing, and *La Sainte Guillotine* owes you the debt of immortality. Thus, O Danton, you are conferring unspeakable benefits on mankind, and would it not be ingratitude to withhold them from yourself? Yes, and hence neglect like this shall not be your portion. It shall not be any longer said that Republics are ungrateful. Wherefore, O Danton, the people invite you to bear witness in favor of their remembrance. What say you to taking part in some one of those solemn *fournées* which so admirably fulfill your plan?

Last fall Paris had a grand spectacle in the Girondins whom your Tribunal immortalized. Twenty-one, who sat with you on the benches, were released from pain by your great instrument the *Tribunal Extraordinaire*. And shall you not in the proper time follow in this procession of fame? O Danton what reply can you make to this?—and that reply is heard, not from the *Palais de Justice*, but from the Luxembourg; from one no longer Minister of Justice, but now imprisoned with the great mass of victims of terror.

Thus is received an answer from this Danton, "I come; let Paris prepare for the great banquet of death. Let it expect a sensation greater than when Louis died or even when the Girondins felt the steel. I come, in all my self-conscious greatness; I Danton, to take my appointed place, and a *fournée* bearing the mightiest of the *Mountain* shall gladden the blood-thirsty mob."

And the time came, the memorable April 3d, 1794, when the group of the great, but unfortunate, met in

ciergerie. There were Herault de Sechelles and
Desmoulins, with his friend Phillipeaux,
r with Chabot, Westerman, Bruno de Ruyere,
, Ardine de Martel and others who filled that
f doom. There was much delay that day for
er was not ready: it took some time to look
e jury, since it was to meet the strong counte-
of the greatest men in France, and some might
efore them.

Fouquier well observed, he needed on that
n a solid jury: in due time these arrangements
erfected, the word was given, and the group
d to ascend. The seats had just been vacated
urnée freshly condemned, and Ardine and his
tes marched in to take their places. All could
at two: one was Chabot, who had taken poison,
s now under the influence of an antidote: the
vas De Ruyere, whose form was convulsed by

ot had appeared only six months before in that
lle, as witness against the Girondins, whose
was now to share. He had not forgotten how
plunged the dagger in his breast on the rendi-
the fatal verdict, and that example of suicide
vainly attempted to follow. Both he and De
could remember those whom they had sent to
lace of doom without a crime, and perhaps
ought may have added its crushing power to
rden of guilt.

n the others had entered they were brought in

supported by *gens d'armes*. De Ruyere gazed around until his eyes met those of Ardine, when he again shuddered, and nearly fell. A sense of retribution seemed to possess him, as though his crimes against his kinsman bore their part in the condemnation which was to follow.

As for Ardine, his form was erect, and his mind was serene; the presence of God filled his soul, and the assurance of everlasting joy bore him up as upon eagle's wings. He felt that his time had come, a time set in mercy by one whose wisdom and whose love were made sure in his behalf. He had no fear of death, and all his prayer was in behalf of his wife and son, whom he cast on that one, who is the judge of the widow, and the father of the fatherless.

Towards De Ruyere, his only feeling was pity. He saw that the miserable man had at last fallen into the pit which he had digged for another, and was here standing as a proof of the retributive hand of God. The platform was not crowded: there were at first only fifteen seats filled, but the *fournée* though small, made up for lack of size by weight of character. Two such men as Danton and Desmoulins were sufficient to give it importance.

Fabre D'Eglatine was placed in the chair as representative of the group, and sat far in front. Camille Desmoulins appeared rent with agony; at first his head was bowed, and hot tears poured down his cheeks, but in a little while he became composed and seemed to prepare a defense; as drowning men catch at a straw he

siezed the first trifle which might give delay. He saw Renaudin his mortal foe sitting as juror, and with all his power he entered his protest, but Fouquier was prepared for all such objections and simply replied that the complaint should have been made at an earlier hour and in writing.

The usual demand was then made of each one to give his age, name and residence, to be recorded by the clerk. Ardine responded in a clear and manly voice, De Ruyere was speechless, Camille Desmoulins having given his name added, "*J'ai l'age du sans culotte Jésus, trente trois ans.*"[1]

In the rear of the platform, set purposely back, appeared the huge form of one who uttered his reply thus: "*Ma demeure sera bientot dans le néant. Quant a mon nom vous le trouverez dans le Pantheon de l' histoire.*"[2]

It was the voice of Danton.

Ardine could not but recoil at language like this uttered on the borders of the spirit world: so strong was the power of indwelling life and the assurance of a glorious immortality that the bare profession of atheism made him shudder more than the approach of death. There was one amid that gathering of atheists who could feel the power of an endless life, and the words passed sweetly through his memory: "He which testifieth these things saith surely I come quickly,"

[1] "I am the age of the sans culotte Jesus thirty-three years."

[2] "My abode will soon be annihilation (*néant*). As for my name you will find it in the Pantheon of history."— *Moniteur*, April, 1794.

and the reply was breathed from his lips, "even so come Lord Jesus."

While the clerk was making records, Ardine had time to examine the scene attentively. The *salle* although of large size, was almost densely crowded. The atmosphere was close, and was rapidly becoming poisonous from want of ventilation; the light was impeded by the forms which stood up against the windows, while to add to the obscurity the sky was heavy with threatened rain. The gloom which covered the face of nature seemed in keeping with the foul injustice which was about to be perpetrated.

The charges were then read; the affair was somewhat complicated, for some were accused of fraud, and some of conspiracy; but all seemed clear to the jury, who were about to return their verdict, for which purpose two of them had been awakened by the *huissier* or usher, when to the astonishment of the whole assemblage, Danton insisted on making a defense. Not only did he do this, but actually proposed to call witnesses.

An innovation like this was almost staggering; how strange that one who like Danton understood the operations of the Tribunal, should take such a course. Why the hour was advanced, and if much delay took place the *fournée* would have to be postponed until another day, which would be too great a disappointment for the people. One might at this moment in view of these things have said, "Good citizen Danton, pray be brief, or rather, why not leave the defense to

DANTON'S DEFENSE BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL.

some of your friends on some future occasion, and not now attempt to delay the course of your own Tribunal."

The defense was commenced; it was an outburst of the volcano that burned beneath, an uproar of chaotic passion, rage bellowing in tumultuous volume, wrath like that of an outraged demi-god. The president Herman felt the shock; Varzelles the juror felt it beneath his filth, while Fouquier shrunk from the fiery glance of one who had placed him in that office, and who felt still his master.

All felt the shock to the very farthest end of the crowd, but it gradually passed away; even that of the earthquake lasts but a short time, and then the Tribunal resumed its self-possession. Nevertheless the defense went on, and the day actually passed without closing the affair, and so did the night. Meanwhile Camille Desmoulins seemed revived in hope by the nerve that Danton exhibited, and he too began to take part in the defense.

Thus much delay was made, all by those *scelerats* Danton and Desmoulins, who of all others should have known better. At last the trial was closed, as it should have been a long time previously. The verdict was given by a weary jury, and sentence pronounced by a weary president. It was death within twenty-four hours. "So much citizen Danton, for your defense; you might have known better than to attempt thus to defeat justice."

Ardine felt his heart beat or rather flutter. Sentence

of death! He had read of these things often, but now it came home; how strange it sounded! was it not after all a dream? No! there they all were, living men on every side. It was a reality, and again he felt that it was ordered for good, for the scripture passed through his mind with a fragrance like that of heaven, "Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" And then came again the oft repeated words, "even so come Lord Jesus."

As for the others, Desmoulins sat in utter prostration, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and his eyes swollen with weeping. He had clung to the hope of escape until the last, and was now utterly crushed by the fatal disappointment. De Ruyere was picked from the floor, to which he had fallen stupified by terror.

Danton stood unblenched; his shirt was as usual open, displaying the huge hirsute chest; his hair bristled wildly, and his eye still blazed in passion as fierce as it was impotent.

There was to be no farther delay. "Citizens, fall in," said the *gens d'arme*, and in a few moments he had them in a confused line of march. "Now forward," and with guards all around, they passed down the darkened stair, while a fresh group of victims took their place on the platform. Arriving at the *Conciergerie* they were ranged in a row to receive from Monchotte the death toilet.

The cold steel threw a chill over Ardine as he felt the shears upon his neck, but he was now rapt in

devotion and it passed off in an instant. Camille Desmoulins almost fainted as his long locks were shorn, while De Ruyere uttered a fearful shriek, and was only sustained by the hands of an assistant. Monchotte was soon through with his task, and following him a jailor bound each man's hands behind his back, and as this was done, the huge iron door of the *Conciergerie* was flung open, and the soft fresh atmosphere breathed upon them.

"The carts are ready."

The words jarred on Ardine's ear — once more he was convinced that it was not a dream; he looked up and saw them; sure enough they *were* ready, and there stood the patient horses munching their bits unconscious of the strange service in which they were engaged.

As Ardine gazed on them he gave a sigh, for they recalled the memory of *la fille d'Afrique*, and then he thought of Zoe and the child, in both of whom his life was bound up, and sighed still deeper, for it would have cheered his last moments to have taken a farewell look at the objects of his love, but his soul laid hold on God and found peace, while it seemed as though the words were uttered through the inner chambers of the heart: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

The condemned now moved forward to the door in front of which the carts were ranged; they were drawn by one horse each. and were protected by tall sides

made of stout lattice work, while the wheels were so high that steps were needed for the ascent. Although the trial commenced with fifteen prisoners, yet the number had gradually increased until a *fournée* of five carts was formed; as each one was loaded, it advanced a short distance, and then waited for the others.

It was these very carts which once contained the Girondins; now they conveyed to doom those who rejoiced at their death. When all were filled the guard closed in — it was a squadron of dragoons — and the order to advance was given.

Ardine gazed around; on every side a sea of heads; mouths wide open with gaping wonder, and eyes which stared upon them with that cold, unpitying glare with which mankind gazes on public spectacles. One grand centre of interest attracted special attention, and was pointed at by the mass; it was the last cart in which stood the lofty form of the late Minister of Justice and the giant *Montagnard*.

Ah Danton, you are before the people once more; not as the orator thundering like Jove, but as the victim of your cunning foe, like a lion surprised in the hunter's toils. Danton, you were great in courage, but wanting in guile, so you are taken by the craft of Robespierre.

And Danton! whither are you bound? — "to *Néant?*" So you have said; to annihilation, to the drear negation of all things, to chaos, to vacancy, to nothing. Danton, to day your soul lives within you;

to-morrow what will be left? no soul, no memory, no intellect, nothing but a corrupt mass of flesh and bone; thus you go to *Néant*, and so does the horse which hauls you to the axe. But are you a beast like him? No! you are a very man, full of heart, feeling and power, and yet like him you go to *Néant*. Such is atheism.

Not so with Ardine: he felt a new power at work within, lifting him into a cheer he had not dreamed of. Death stood before him, but how changed from the monster which it once appeared. He was filled with a peace that even surprised him, and he found himself repeating the words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God, whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes behold him and not another."

Carried thus above the horrors of the occasion, he had hardly time to attend to his fellow travelers in the fatal cart, until he felt one at his feet. It was De Ruyere palsied by fear.

The *fournée* held its way and the carts rumbled on. As they passed down Rue St. Honoré, the windows were filled with spectators on whom Danton gazed with defiant aspect, while some responded by waving their arms in affectionate greeting. At last the guard opened a way through the jostling crowd, and they entered the Place de la Revolution. Ardine now beheld the vast square packed by one broad mass of living humanity gathered to behold the death of the

greatest Revolutionist of the day, and to see the inventor of the Tribunal suffer at its hands.

In the centre of the square stood the guillotine, black and weather-stained, while between its arms a blade of steel hung bright in the air. Sansom had sharpened it afresh for so important a work. The sudden view of the fatal machine gave Ardine another shudder, and all in the cart shook at the sight, except the form that wriggled at their feet.

The clouds which had all the afternoon overhung the west, now increased in density, and the threatened storm seemed imminent. The guards and the drivers urged on their horses, and in a few moments the *fournée* arrived at the scene of death. A space at the base of the scaffold had been kept open by a body of infantry which opened and received the carts, while the dragoons retired. The tall forms of mounted men would prevent the view of which the crowd demanded, and hence they were dismissed. The carts were unloaded, and the doomed were ranged in order with their faces toward the stairs.

"All ready," exclaimed Sansom, "send one right up."

The guard seized Herault de Séchelles and urged him forward.

"Hands off, villains," he replied, "I can go alone." And alone he ascended the scaffold. In that very Place de la Revolution he had during the previous November, delivered a grand oration on the inauguration of the new constitution, and the very crowd that cheered his

speech on that occasion now gazed approvingly upon his doom.

Thus did Herault learn the value of popularity, but whatever might have been his thoughts, they were suddenly cut short by two men in tightly girded *blouse* with sleeves rolled up and apparel trim for the work, who instantly led him up to a drop plank which hung from the platform like the leaf of a table. To this the lower part of his body was strapped, and by turning the plank to a horizontal range, the feet were elevated, and the body was thrown on the face. A wheel then set in motion drove the victim forward until the neck rested on two crossbars, and was thus known to be in right position, over which hung a broad heavy knife.

Sansom touched a cord, a glimmer was seen in the air, a slight sound was heard, and a jet of blood followed. The work was done and the crowd looked on with a commendatory expression. It was a neat affair and no bungle. Now for the next.

But wait a moment, ye impatient citizens; it takes at least three minutes for the violence of muscular action to abate, and then the body must be unstrapped and handed down to the vans which hauled them to trench.

But the people are in haste for the sport, and Sansom knows it.

"Pitch the head into the sack and give us a little more saw dust" he cries.

"Now for another."

"Who is this?" the crowd enquire, as one advances

upheld by a stout arm. It is Chabot, once the chief witness against the Girondins, now weak from attempted suicide by poison.

The people are vexed to see so poor a show of a man, they want Danton; beside it threatens rain.

"He will be along in a minute," says Sansom, "What? curse it! the rope has broken; more delay."

The crowd curses too in long volleys: "he ought to go under himself to teach him his business"— but now the cord is mended: but ten minutes are lost. Though he that half severed that cord, meant to have gained double that time. "We could have finished three in that time."

"Who comes next?"

A faltering form appears on the scaffold. It is that of Camille Desmoulins, and perhaps his emotion is caused by a few last thoughts of Lucille and little Horace, perhaps of pleasant hours at Arras long ago, when he and Robespierre were happy boys together. All the people knew Camille; the old cordelier was once a favorite. "Why does he not play the man now at his last appearance? Ah, he never had nerve: let him die, he'll not be missed."

"And who is this?"

A haggard and almost helpless one is dragged forward, and exhibits the pallid features of De Ruyere. He has sufficient vitality left to shriek with terror as they strap him to the plank, while a red cap on a pike is seen waving in front.

Sansom touches the cord and the work is done: all

that is left of the wretch is tossed into the van of the dead.

"Give us Danton!"

"No, wait your time!"

"We want him before the storm!"

Such talk is heard among the multitude, but Sansom held his way regardless of all criticism.

"Who is this?"

"Phillipeaux," some one replies, "General Phillipeaux."

"Will we never have Danton?"

Phillipeaux takes his turn: in a moment the axe descends and another soul is sped.

"Hurry up" exclaims Sansom to the attendant "did you not hear that?"

True enough, there were deep mutterings of thunder.

"Ah, here he comes."

"The crowd gazes with an intensity of interest which increases in depth and power as it spreads to the utmost extent of that sea of life. And Danton looks around; before him is the crowd which once cheered his speeches, and whose huzza welcomed him to club and convention. There they were, his once applauding hearers, and there too were the guillotine and the executioner. Thus Danton learns the value of popularity. A click, and all is over. Danton has gone to "*Néant*," and Sansom held up his head before the populace. It was a noble head, so large, so complete in its development and so full of power; let the

people look upon it. It will be a long time before they will behold such another."

It is getting dark, hundreds leave the spot; they have seen Danton's head and that will answer for one day, besides this the storm threatens to be severe, and there are only a few to be finished.

A clap of thunder is heard, long and reverberating through the broad dun clouds: more depart hastily but others linger to see the guillotine play in a thunder storm.

Another clap, with an instantaneous sheet of lightning: the crowd is panic stricken: the guard that surround the scaffold feels the shock, the line wavers to and fro: now 'tis broken, and noise and confusion follows. Sansom alone keeps cool, and the axe keeps in play.

But where was Ardine all this time? He had stood patiently at the base of the scaffold awaiting his turn. His soul was calm, and all was serene within, however fearful it might be without. He looked around on his fellow victims and saw the wretched De Ruyere ascend the stairs, dragged upward by the stout attendants. He saw Camille and Danton refused the farewell embrace. He saw the gathering storm, he heard the deep startling thunder, and then came another more fearful clap accompanied by the sheeted lightning, in the midst of which the guard broke and the crowd pressed forward and then back as men do in such times of dismay.

At this juncture he felt himself seized by the collar,

while at the same instant his hands were set free. A disturbance was now apparent, and a half dozen men in Carmagnole uniform struck right and left to quell it. Numbers of the crowd were knocked down, and in a few minutes the cry was heard, "All right." In the midst of this turmoil a broad cloak was thrown over Ardine and he was led off, and he and his guide mingled with the crowd and were at once partially safe.

The disturbance having been suppressed, three more were guillotined beneath the still gathering clouds, and the work of the day was done.

"Citizen commander, how many had you in the *fournée?*" inquired Sansom.

"Forty-one," was the reply.

"There are but forty by our tally that have gone under."

"Then one has escaped."

NOTE.—The *Place de la Concorde*, formerly *Place de la Revolution*, where these scenes took place, connects the garden of the Tuilleries with the *Champs Elysees*. The centre affords the finest view in Europe. Looking east, the eye falls on the Tuileries. Another vista discloses the magnificent church of the Madeline (which the reader will see in the front). The *Place* is finely decorated. Eight thrones are surmounted by statues, each representing one of the cities of France. In the centre stands the obelisk of Luxor, marking the spot where the guillotine was erected. Two of the largest fountains in Europe play every day. The Madeline is modeled after the Parthenon, but is of vastly greater size, and is the most splendid modern church in Paris. (*Vide* explanation of engravings, appendix).

CHAPTER XLI.

Robespierre and his New Deity.

The successful blows which Robespierre had struck against the recent conspiracy were followed up by others of equal severity. Danton, Cloots, Camille Desmoulins, and Hébert, with many of their associates were dead, but there were others in existence of no less importance, and it was a time when, as Robespierre himself had said, "It was treason for some men to live."

Of the leaders in the worship of Reason two only are left. All those magnates of atheism who abounded in Paris during the previous autumn, are scattered or slain except this pair. One of them is the apostate prelate who on the ninth of November, cast off his faith and renounced God for atheism—the other is he who moved in the Convention a *fête* to commemorate that renegade deed. They are Gobel, late bishop of Paris, and Chaumette, late *procureur* of the *Commune*.

As one contemplates these unfortunate men he may well exclaim, "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness." Gobel to save his head, renounces his church, but discovers in the short space of six months, that in

obeying the popular voice he has committed a capital offence. The times have changed since then. The worship of Reason is now exploded and her adherents will receive their reward at the scaffold. Thus have Mormoro, Ronsin, Desmoulins, Danton, and their associates, and thus shall Gobel expiate his crimes. Robespierre the omnipotent has ordained a change in the religion of the nation, and shall now make converts by means of the axe.

As for this Chaumette, his crime was equally manifest for he too was a worshiper of Reason. He was an atheist—wholly and hopelessly atheist. He had preached atheism in the *Commune* while he was *procureur;* then it is true he had Robespierre's approbation, and was most certainly right; now he is under Robespierre's frown and hence is wrong. He had served Robespierre with his best powers but was no longer wanted, and hence being an atheist he deserved the axe.

On the twelfth of April, another grand *fournée* entered the Place de la Revolution. It included Gobel and Chaumette, with whom were the widows of two men who had bitterly opposed each other, but who had both perished on that very spot. These women were Lucille Desmoulins and Madame Hébert, whose widowhood, newly made by Robespierre's hand, is now by the same hand to be put off forever. Eight days previously Lucille's husband trod that scaffold, and the lorn spouse may almost look for the print of his feet. It is hardly a fortnight since Hébert felt the

steel. He was the accuser of Desmoulins, and yet by a strange ordering of Providence he preceded his enemy to death. Let the widows here take a last embrace in friendship even if their husbands were mortal foes. The past must be buried. The axe settles all controversies and clears up all misunderstanding.

The accusation which Fouquier brought against Gobel and Chaumette was peculiar to their own cases. The stereotyped charge of conspiracy was omitted. They were convicted of having in connection with Hébert, Cloots, and others, united to efface all idea of the Divinity in order to found the government of France on atheism, and even to destroy the idea of *L'Etre Suprême;*[1] under this charge they died; it was the last *fournée* of the atheists.

This affair gives a glimpse of the change which had been for some time working in the mind of Robespierre. He had conceived a bold and magnificent scheme for the maintenance of his position on that dizzy height which he had attained. Paris had been atheist for a full year, during which time the people had banished the idea of God, and in his place had exalted the divinity of Reason. Now like one of the reformers of the olden time he determined to bring them back to

[1] *L'Etre Suprême*, the Supreme being. It is evident that Robespierre felt the lack of a religious element, such as Cromwell found so useful. For this purpose he charges his political enemies with atheism while at the same time he brings out the *L'Etre Suprême*. But he failed in the hope of awaking a religious enthusiasm, for his conception of the *L'Etre Suprême* was too chill and abstract to awaken a pulsation among the hardened masses of Paris.

fealty toward God, and thus restore him to his throne. Robespierre was in this manner to patronize the deity, and in return was to be sustained as master of France.

But the question now arose as to the name which should be given to this God whom he was bestowing on the people. There had been many deities in former days, but these were all second hand, and as the French are fond of originality none of them will suffice; even the Jehovah of the Old Testament and the Christ of the New had been in use before, and of course could not be adopted. The clever Revolutionist is adequate to the emergency, and in his character of sponsor he gives a name to the new object of worship, "*L'Etre Suprême.*"

Well done Robespierre, we may now say—Danton invented the Tribunal, but you have excelled him, having invented a deity; and yet one may ask what credit does this change yield to your consistency? Did not the alteration in the names of the months, and the abrogation of the week meet your approbation, and yet what were these but a march toward atheism?

When that seven day division of time was abolished, there went with it the Christian Sabbath, which is the great testimony of a risen Redeemer; and was it not to wipe the LORD'S DAY out of the calendar, that the Décadi was established?—all of which you approved.

And what after all is that *L'Etre Suprême* with which your brain is just now racked, but a God of sheer vacuity?—not grand and thundering like Jove, nor hard handed and muscular like Vulcan, nor valiant like Mars, nor even tippling like Bacchus. How much less

then can it possess the atttributes of the Christian's God? What is it but a name and nothing more? A mere *L'Etre Suprême* who lives no where, does nothing, and only exists — by virtue of Maximilian Robespierre.

On the eighteenth of *Floreal* (May 7th) the author of this deity makes a grand oration in the Convention, and is two hours in the delivery. In two days it will be *Décadi*, and then will be held for the first time the *fête* of worship — Glory then to the *Etre Suprême*, the atheists are slain and France shall have a God.

The programme of the *fête* is made out by this father of deities and published in the newspapers, and there the people read and learn how a God like this is to be served. "The people are eager to celebrate the *fête* of divinity. There will be seen tri-colored banderols on the houses and porches, ornamented with green festoons. The chaste spouse braids with flowers her daughter's floating hair, and the babe at its mother's breast, of which it is the most beautiful ornament, etc."[1]

The twentieth *Prarial* comes, and with it the setting up of this *parvenu* Deity. All Paris is gathered in the grounds of the Tuilleries. There is the assembled Convention, and there is Robespierre with his "*Etre Suprême*," like a nursing father with his babe in his arms. A vast amphitheatre appears with lofty seats on which the Convention is ranged, towering up in the distance, while the crowd assembles at its base.

Here is a scaffold on which stands an array of the

Vide Moniteur. The preparations for the *fête* delayed it one month.

enemies of public happiness, wrought out of paste-board by some ingenious artist. There is a paste-board Atheism; a paste-board Ambition; a paste-board Egotism; a paste-board Discord; with a bad smell of spirits of turpentine, with which they have been sprinkled. These doomed figures are clad with rags to show their misery and also bear the ornaments of royalty to show their evil origin. The crowd beholds these naughty effigies and is impatient to see their doom. Let that crowd be patient however, they shall suffer a worse punishment than even the Guillotine.

Robespierre has made his speech, and now the people see him apply the torch to these guilty creatures, which blaze fiercely and then turn to ashes, when suddenly there arises in their places, driven upward by machinery, a figure of Wisdom likewise of paste board, but lacking in spirits of turpentine, because it is not to share the fate of the wicked. Thus the worship of *L'Etre Suprême* is at once inaugurated, and Paris beholds a new wonder.

It appears that Robespierre intended by the power of this worship to hold his mastery over the people. What Cloots had failed to do with his doctrine of human brotherhood, he would effect with his new religion. But it is evident that he soon discovered his failure. The *fête* passed off flatly, and as the *Etre Suprême* did not take, the whole affair was a disappointment. The people demanded something more to-night than that chill abstraction which the orator

proposed, in which there was nothing to love, and from which there was nothing to fear.

On the evening of that twentieth of *Prarial*, Robespierre felt conscious of the attainment of his highest success. He was ruler of the Jacobin club and controlled both Convention and *Commune*, in addition to which he was the patron of *L'Etre Suprême*. But with all the glory of such a position there was one thing which so annoyed him that it destroyed his self complacency. It was the failure of the *fête*, which was a bad omen. This might be repeated; and should he find the worship fail again might he not invent another deity? That was quite a new idea.

If *L'Etre Supreme* was too abstract for the common people, what would they say were he to propose the worship of "*La Sainte Guillotine*," under the form of a lovely maiden with a glaive in her hand?

This would be a deity not to be doubted or contemned by a Paris populace. Yes, he was right in this latter thought; the guillotine is the true ruler, and let all who worship, pay their adoration here. Just look, ye Parisians, and note how gloriously she delivers you from the foes of liberty. On June 23d, the parricide *fournée*, in red shirts went down to the scaffold. On the 30th, another, forty in number, consisting entirely of women from seventeen to sixty-five. On the third, and on the tenth days of July, heavy slaughter is done among the nobility, to say nothing of the lesser class of victims. On the twelfth the work among the nobility continues and a *fournée* of sixty-

nine is despatched, from seventeen to seventy-two years in age. On the thirteenth another of forty-eight, and on the fifteenth another of forty-four, of whom nearly one half are old men.

On the twenty-second, one hundred and forty are sent to the scaffold; and thus the work goes bravely on. Hence it is evident that although *L'Etre Suprême* has the title, *La Sainte Guillotine* is the true Divinity of Paris.

NOTE. — Frances Joseph Maximilian Robespierre was born at Arras, in 1758. He was the son of an attorney. His good standing at school induced the bishop to send him to the college of Louis Le Grand, where he made the acquaintance of Desmoulins and Danton. He remained here eight years, and was distinguished for proficiency. He then studied law and became the judge of Arras, but resigned from his objection to capital punishment. He appeared in the States General as one of the *tiers etat* (third estate, or people) in 1789, and afterwards represented Paris in the National Convention. He was simple in his habits, and as frugal as the plainest Republican. He became member of the Committee of Public Safety, and aided much to effect the death of the Girondins — after that he seems to have been driven by the pressure of his position to sacrifice his friends to jealousy and suspicion. Hébert, Chaumette and Desmoulins thus perished. June 8, 1794, he inaugurated the worship of *L'Etre Supreme* — after which he appears to have withdrawn considerably from the Convention. On the 9th Thermidor (27th July) he was overthrown in the Convention, and guillotined the next day in the Place de la Revolution.

CHAPTER XLII.

The Rescue.

When Ardine was seized so suddenly and so unexpectedly in the Place de la Revolution, his first impulse was to speak—to say something, if it were only to make enquiry; but a voice whispered roughly in his ear "silence: follow me." They were now in the crowd jostling to and fro, and mixing with its various elements. Security had been obtained for the moment, but a sense of danger filled Ardine with intense excitement, which his guardian seemed to share. In a short time they arrived at Rue St. Honoré and there took breath, but in a moment they pressed on.

Night was at hand, and the guide said they had far to go; they stopped a moment to purchase bread, for Ardine had had no food since morning, and then resumed their march until the latter was wearied. He had not walked so far in a day since his imprisonment. Suddenly his guide opened an iron door and thrust him within. "I perceive," said he, "that we are pursued; there is no time to be lost; I shall see you in the morning."

Hardly was the door closed when the long threatened storm broke forth in terrific fury, and loud peals of thunder reverberated through the streets, while the rain fell in torrents, and the frequent lightning flashed through the crevices of the door. Ardine found himself at the head of a stone stair-case down which he slowly groped his way until he came to the bottom, where he sat down and collected his thoughts. His mind was strangely shattered by the events of that day, the strangest by far he had ever seen.

On that day forty of his fellow prisoners had been led up the scaffold to suffer death, and he had taken leave of earth expecting to follow them. That night was to have closed on his grave, and yet through the mercy of God he was alive. And yet after all where was he? what was to be his future? Who was that stranger to whom he owed his life, and what interest could he have found in his welfare?

All these thoughts pressed upon him, and a world of perplexing enquiries agitated his mind. At last he determined to cast them aside, and turning to God with a feeling of devotion, his perturbations gradually subsided, and in a little while he fell into a slumber. How long he slept he knew not. He awoke, and still it was night; he again composed his mind to slumber, and again awoke to find himself in a state of darkness.

Confident that by that time it must be day, he ascended the stair and attempted to open the door, but found it locked, while as it was of iron there was no hope of breaking it. Once more he descended the stair

and commenced groping his way in order to become acquainted with the place, but had only progressed a few steps when his feet struck an obstacle and he partially stumbled.

Stooping down to examine he felt over the surface, until a shock and a thrill of horror overcame him as his hands pressed the clammy features of a corpse. A dead man was there; how many more then might there be? Had he been thrust into a charnel house—the living to perish with the dead? where was the man that locked him in that place of horror? And then he thought how much preferable were the painless death of the axe to the slow torture of famine to which he might be subjected.

He had not eaten all the bread which he had brought with him, and it might last a day longer, but he began to suffer from thirst, for the fever of excitement had dried up the juices of the body. He now moved in the dark, feeling his way along the wall of the enclosure, and found that it was nearly square, while one portion of the wall was laid up loosely so that the stone could be worked out by the bare hand.

He labored for an hour, and had made a hole sufficiently large to admit his body, when he heard at a distance the sound of voices, and beheld as he thought the flickering of a torch. At first he was inclined to shrink back into the vault for concealment, but on the other hand he felt that perhaps the opportunity might not soon be repeated, and that he might find a friend instead of a foe in these strangers. They soon ap-

proached, and their flaring lights revealed to them a man standing by the arched wall.

"You have lost your light, citizen," said one of them, the smallest, who appeared to be the most active. "And if we had not come, what would you have done? You know it is not an easy matter to strike a light in this damp place."

Ardine replied by a few words: he was too weary to make long answer and simply said that he needed a light and hence would follow them.

"Well citizen, let us understand each other, not every man would have treated you so civil as we have. Some of the scavengers would have knocked you in the head and let that settle all opposition: but to the point, you are to know that this beat belongs to us, we have had it for years and find it hard enough to get a living. It is one of the dry sewers, not so foul as some and as it does not do so much work, you see it don't pay as well. So then we want no competition and if we take you out we don't expect to see you here again."

Ardine smiled at the thought, and made the required promise in a tone which quickly reassured them.

The men bade him follow: the smallest carried a torch in advance, and with a staff and grapple raked the bottom of the sewer, while the other bore a long deep basket slung over the shoulder and half filled with their gatherings. It numbered among its treasures an old chapeau, a half dozen bones, a part of an old uniform, some half worn boots, the barrel of a pistol,

a well soaked parcel of *assignats*,[1] and a piece of jewelry.

"That," said Jerome, as the smallest one was called, "has no doubt been thrown from some cart as the *fournée* passed along the street: though their hands be tied yet they sometimes make out to throw a keepsake to some one in the crowd, and this has been swept in by the rain. We have found quite a number since *la terreur* began."

In a little while the rake struck a linen parcel, stained with blood, as well as filth.

"A prize," cried Baudin, the larger of thetwo.

"Yes, a murder has been committed some where and the *scelerat* when chased, has pitched this down into the sewer." The bundle was opened; it contained some smaller parcels which had been rolled up with care and were evidently of value. The finders thrust them into their basket postponing their investigation until a more suitable time, but Ardine perceived that they considered themselves to have made a good morning's work.

The walk continued a distance which seemed interminable, and at times the stench was almost stifling, especially as they approached the mouths of the smaller sewers which emptied into the main channel. At last an imperfect gleam of light was seen, and the water and filth deepened, and in a few moments they reached the mouth, which opened upon the Seine; a small

[1] *Assignats* was the term applied to the paper currency of the Republic, gold and silver being out of circulation.

landing enabled them to ascend to the bank, which was protected by trees, and the party here separated.

Ardine having thanked the others for their protection turned his steps down the river, not thinking whither he went, but filled with profound gratitude to God. "Another escape" said he to himself, "through means providentially designed and carried out." He halted at the first convenient place and washed himself in the river, and thus removed as far as possible the marks left by his subterranean march.

The day was waning, and by evening it would be, if his reckoning was correct, twenty-four hours since his concealment in the vault, and the events of that day rushed upon him until he trembled with emotion, while he shuddered at the fate which he escaped. Once more, he exclaimed to himself, "Who could be that stranger to whom I owe my rescue?"

He endeavored to recall the names of those on whom he conferred favors: they were many in number but there was no individual to whom he could credit sufficient gratitude to call for such devotion. Then came the renewed sense of the critical position in which he was now placed. He was alike destitute of money and friends, and was a proscribed fugitive over whom the axe was still suspended.

Oppressed with this thought he sat down, and taking out his bible opened to the sixty-third Psalm, which was written under similar circumstances of solitude and misfortune. The thought suggested by the page

gave him comfort, and he was contemplating the joy arising from the presence of God and the power of his love, when a skiff shot by rowed by a single boatman.

"Are you not Citizen de Martel?"

Ardine started in astonishment.

"I presume so," said the waterman; "indeed I can't be mistaken: lay aside your fears, citizen," continued he, perceiving the anxiety his words had caused, "I am your friend, though you know me not."

The boat shot along-side, and on pressing invitation Ardine took a seat. "Citizen," continued the boatman, "I was out fishing this afternoon, and had but little success till I caught you. You little know what I have risked on your behalf."

"May I ask, citizen, how or when you made my acquaintance?"

"Yesterday, in the *Place de la Revolution.*"

Ardine felt his blood thrill at the expression "yesterday, in the *Place de la Revolution.*"

"Yes! and for none else would I have risked what I did but for our Jacques."

"Jacques! who is he?"

"The young fisherman who makes one of us. He was bent on your rescue and so planned it that six of us should help him. We could not refuse even if we died at it."

"And is it to you that I owe my escape?"

"I am one of the party whom Jacques led."

Another mystery confused Ardine — who was this

Jacques?—he had never known any person corresponding to his name or person — and what interest could he have in his fate?

To these questions the fisherman could give no reply, but added all the information in his power. "He says that your wife nursed him in the Bicêtre, and may be it was her care that saved his life, and so to make it right he determined to save yours. He found out in what *fournée* you were to be, and knew you from the picture he saw when in her hands, and from that he pointed you out at the foot of the scaffold. We mingled in with the guards and at the lucky moment we broke into the crowd and stirred up the confusion, and so he got you off—though I hardly think he would have succeeded had it not been for the storm. I have not seen him since, and was surprised to see you all alone on the river bank."

By this time they had arrived at their destination, and the boat hauled along-side of a craft, rudely fitted up for habitation, by the side of which floated several crates for the preservation of live fish. Other barges of similar character were in the vicinity, and Ardine discovered that it was one of the centres of the fish trade.

"You can remain with us," said the boatman, "until your friend returns."

"And when will that be, think you?"

"No one can tell, or even imagine — he does not lodge here — you will have to wait his time."

Ardine went down into the little cabin and partook

of a supper, served on a table-leaf which swung on a hinge, and which could accommodate three plates. The cook was a stunted boy with the large staring eye of the *Cretin*, though hardly so inferior in intellect as most of this class. Ardine was in no mood for conversation, but the lad finding a new comer poured upon him a flood of complaints. "Tredore, the master, was too hard; he had come from the country two years ago to see Paris, but he had no chance—he had only seen one *fournée*, and there was but ten in that, and although Tredore had often promised him good chances, yet he always found work for him to do. There was a big *fournée* yesterday afternoon, and he wanted to go and see it, but Tredore would go himself in soldier's clothes. He would not stand it any longer, and if Tredore did not let him go to the next he might do his own cooking."

Tredore, who was present, paid no attention to the boy's grumbling until at last he put a sudden stop to it by a threat of the cudgel; while Ardine felt another chill at the allusion to that *fournée* of which he formed a part. "All in the trench but one," thought he, "and for what is he reserved?"

The barge was a small, but not uncomfortable abode. Tredore had room for an occasional guest, and gave Ardine a bunk where he slept comfortably. Before he retired he lit his pipe and entertained his guest with a long domestic history. He had a cottage at La Sue where his wife and children remained, and whither he went every *Décadi*; here he meant soon to

retire, with a view of spending his days in cultivating a rural plot.

These allusions to domestic life brought up before Ardine a view of his own beloved family, from which he had been so rudely torn. It was nearly a year since he had parted from Zoe and his little boy, and their memory and that of the happy hours once passed at Arras overcame him; he wept aloud, while Tredore, with a noble appreciation of his feelings, left the cabin and took a turn on deck.

The next morning Ardine awoke to hear the water dashing against the vessel's side, and at first he was unable to recall the circumstances in which he was placed. Almost every morning of late his first inquiry had been, "Where am I?" and he found it again repeated through his mind. In a few moments, however, he heard the voice of Tredore awaking the young *Cretin*, who replied by a volley of impertinences, until his master's cudgel started him out of the hole in which he lodged.

"This," said the boy, "it is to see Paris: nothing but cook for a set of fishermen and never know what's going on, nor see any of the *fournées*." The lad's complaints seemed chronic, and their story ran as by machinery. Before he had finished Ardine heard a heavy tramping of feet upon the deck, and a voice not loud but earnest, exclaiming, "Give me a boat, they are in pursuit!"

He at once recognized the tones of his deliverer at the Place de la Revolution, and sprang up the com-

panion way in an instant. The boat was already by the barge's side, when he arrived on deck; a loaf and a canteen of water were thrown in, and Ardine and the stranger followed. Each took an oar and in a few moments they were mingled in the maze of small craft and were safe from detection.

"You are Count Ardine de Martel," said the stranger at the first pause of the oar — and then without waiting for an answer added, "I am Paul St. Helen: It is a wonder, how came we to meet here?"

Ardine replied by describing his adventure in the sewers.

"My delay in visiting you," said Paul, "arose from the fact that I found myself too closely watched to afford help. You were thrust into one of the vaults of *Maison Soicene*, of which a few of us have keys, and where we have secreted many of our friends. The corpse which you found there was that of Quarrant, who was put in wounded and was buried on the spot last night.

"The loose wall once opened into what is called the dry sewer, but was stoned up by us to keep out intrusion. I came as soon as possible to relieve you, and found that you were gone, and seeing the hole supposed you had perished in the sewers, which are considered very dangerous.

"I thought last night to have brought you to your wife and boy, but when I called at the Bicêtre to tell of your safety"—

"You have seen Zoe, then?"

"Would that I could say yes to that enquiry, but alas, I learned sad news!" replied Paul, in a hesitating tone.

"Speak out, citizen, for suspense is the most dreadful of evils."

"Your wife and her son were both carried off by a party of *gens d'armes* this morning at two o'clock. It is supposed that they were taken to the Luxembourg. Their residence has undoubtedly been known a long time, and on your rescue being discovered their arrest was ordered. Robespierre is now determined to cut off root and branch. The widows of both Hébert and Desmoulins go to the scaffold in a few days, at least so I am told; but God grant that the angel of the Bicêtre be spared!"

Paul heard no reply to this utterance and looking around he saw that Ardine's face was buried in his hands. Overcome with sympathy for the unfortunate noble, he bowed also and found the hot tears coursing down his cheeks. Was not the flower girl also in prison with her aged father?

And the sorrow-laden floated in silence upon the bosom of the Seine.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Prison Scenes in the Luxembourg.

It was not the first time that a father and daughter had entered the prisons of Paris together. Never had the power of human affection been so developed as in the family reunions which those crowded, feverish, and agonized gatherings beheld. Here children and parents wept over their mutual misfortunes, and while age sought a brief repose on the bosom of childhood, youth looked up for support to the graces of age. Whole families were at times swept into the Luxembourg, here to mingle in the sacred communion of sorrow until they should be called to meet again upon the scaffold.

Trine thought of this, and the remembrance of the Chataubriands husband and wife, and the Rosambos father and daughter, who had gone from prison to death nerved her soul as they paced the long hall of the Luxembourg. Others had wept there over the sorrows of those they loved, and why should she not take her place in the furnace of affliction.

The apartment to which she was led contained a large number of women, and was on the ground floor;

this was ordered for the reason that their escape was considered less probable than that of men, and the latter for greater security were placed above. The inmates of the apartment were of varied ages and condition. There were a number of *grisettes*, or working girls of Paris, and also several groups from the country consisting of mothers and children, and here too Trine also beheld a number of courtly dames whose manners had all the elegance of native refinement, superadded to careful breeding and high culture. There were chairs and benches stretched across the room, and also a few cots for the aged; the rest taking lodgings as as they might be able to find them in the berths which reached to the ceiling.

Trine immediately made efforts to procure a cot for her father, and as there were several aged prisoners taken that day to the Tribunal she was successful. The next thing of importance was to procure food suitable for one of his years and habits. There was a grate in one corner of the room which was supplied with coals by a general contribution, but some were totally destitute, and these at first refrained from the enjoyment of the fire.

Several chairs were drawn up around the grate for the more infirm, and the rule was adopted that all who needed warmth, even if not contributors, should have a seat. Some had small kettles in which they infused tea, and thus assisted the coarse prison fare to support life. This was slightly better than that afforded to the male department of the prison, but was quite un-

palatable to such as were accustomed to comfortable living.

Having obtained a bed for her father, and arranged all things for his comfort, Trine began to survey more closely the community into which she had been cast. Some of them who were aged expressed a strong sympathy for her. "We are old," said they, "and must soon go at best, but as for the young and lovely why cannot they be spared?"

"And you child," said the venerable and kind hearted Countess Thurin, "could they not leave you and your poor old father alone? Could not the State be healed except with your blood? No! Yesterday they took off the oldest of our number, and to-day she goes to the axe. Sad must be the disease of the nation which requires such blood for its weal."

Many of them came up to Trine's father, whose blindness and age cancelled all objections to his sex. He could converse with many of them on the subjects of a common interest, and the kindness of these captive ladies threw an unexpected cheer upon his misfortunes.

"God has been good to us daughter, in this strange place," said he. 'He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind.' I did not look for such favor."

Trine found that some of the women were zealous politicians. They had an occasional copy of the different city papers, and the opinions and characters of different public men were boldly discussed, and each one had some scheme for the general amelioration of

affairs. Many of them were of a devotional turn, and had the little manuals of the Romish church in which they read prayers every day. By the time evening drew near, Trine had become sufficiently acquainted to ask as a favor, that her father should enjoy his usual privilege, domestic prayer. For more than a half century he had maintained worship in his house, even before he had openly professed Christ, and the habit had become a part of his existence.

Consent was gladly given, and the daughter read a portion of scripture, after which the two kneeled and he commenced prayer. All in the room kneeled with them; perhaps as Trine thought, it was the first public worship of God in spirit and truth which the Luxembourg had ever witnessed.

When the prayer was finished, Trine sang one of her dear old hymns, and she was surprised to hear several voices joining in the melody; the concord was complete, and the effect was soothing.

Trine had noticed that as evening approached the prisoners became more sorrowful, and those who had conversed the most cheerfully during the day, were now melted to tears, and in some instances wrought upon by agony. They wept, for darkness brought thoughts of homes and of kindred, and fires that once blazed on hearths now desolate forever. Trine's sacred song appeared to breathe a calm upon the children of sorrow, and soothed them as with the gentle voice of peace. Thus passed the first evening at the Luxembourg.

In the dread hour of midnight Trine awoke with strange memories of the past dwelling upon her mind. The home of her childhood had reappeared with its tiny parlor and its parterres of sweet flowers. The scenes she had passed there, the friends she had met, and all the events of her little life came before her with the vividness of memory. She could see as in a mirror the inmates of that little dwelling, a bright-eyed daughter, and a venerable old man, passing their peaceful lives together, and cheering their mutual burdens with prayer and praise.

But all this was past; now she saw a house rifled of all its former delights. The clock might tell the hours but no one heard its voice; soon it would stop, and who then would give it new life? There were the plants on the window; they would soon wither; who would fill their place with new forms of beauty? and the parterres would as the spring came on, bring forth flowers; but who was there to train them up, to help them battle with their foes, to watch their lovely career, and to enjoy their beauty and fragrance?

Ah, how could Trine avoid a sigh, and one drawn from the depths of the soul? but she checked it, as she was wont to check all painful emotion, lest her father should hear it and be distressed.

Trine sighed; but was she the only one? No; for responses were heard from one pallet to another, and the utterances of grief seem to pass, even in sleep; while those who are awake, now give way to sobs, and the gathering which was so cheerful at

noon of day, becomes heavy with sorrow at the noon of night.

O darkness, how potent are thy shadows? The artist may deal with all colors but thine; no canvas has revealed thee; no pencil mastered thy terrors, and none but the sad-hearted watcher knows the grandeur in which thou art clothed. And thou, O night! what witchery hast thou over mankind? Thou wilt have thy worshipers, and while many hide in sleep at thy solemn hour, others wake to do thee homage.

The sunbeam may have the smile; thou claimest the tear! O queen of sorrows, who can be light-hearted in thy presence? None but the mad or the drunken; for over nature thou dost spread the pall of death, struggling to hold its semblance until day despoils thee of thy power. O mysterious night, thou art mistress of man's sad destinies, and here thy sorrow-laden children wait before thee, in the drear chambers of the Luxembourg.

With the return of day came renewed cheerfulness; the mind cannot always abide in depression, and when the burden of grief had been relieved by tears, and darkness had fled, the miserable became for a time light-hearted. Then the smile and the jest went around, and the question tripped lightly from the different groups, "Which of us would be carried off to day?" "How many will go up to call on Fouquier Tinville; who will have a free ride to the *Palais de Justice?*"

But all this was checked as the hour of ten drew near, when a nervous distress seemed to pass from one

to the other, and the tread of the officials was heard passing up the hall, making up the lists for the Tribunal; this increased as the steps grew nearer, until sometimes the opening of the door was the signal for shrieks and swoons.

When this danger was passed, levity once more assumed the sway; but this was particularly manifest when new prisoners were received, each of whom received an unexpected greeting. "Welcome to our little home," some would say to them; "we have been expecting you a long time." "Ah, *citoyenne*, why did you not come yesterday when we had muffins for tea?" Such were the alternate utterances of frivolity and sorrow which Trine observed.

Many of the women wrought at needle work or knitting, some read in their books of devotion, while others engaged in conversation; and thus the time passed until again night brought its mantle of woe.

Trine and her father became as well accustomed to their new abode, as the free can be to confinement. Habits of out door life made the former chafe under her present restrictions, but she was comforted by the patience with which her father bore his privations. What a matter of gratitude was it when Larue Contant permitted them, as the season advanced, to walk up and down the hall, and thus enjoy the fresh air which came to tell of flowers that still bloomed, though she could not gaze upon their beauty!

Often this pair was seen by the sentries in their promenade, the old man feebly moving on, supported

by the arm of that affectionate child. It was a sight worth going on guard to see, thought Cluny, as he paced to and fro and kept guard at the gate.

After the De la Cours had been at the Luxembourg a few weeks, a large accession of female prisoners was made, and with many of less note there came Madame Duchatelêt, and the Polish princess Laborniska. In the same group, Trine discovered another form toward which she hastened with all the depth of Christian love, and which she embraced with a devotion which overcame the unfortunate lady, while she rejoiced to find a friend in that place of trial.

"Alas! Madame de Martel."

"And you, too, *citoyenne*, in this place of sorrow?"

"Such is God's will," was Trine's reply, "and the little boy with you?"

"Yes, thank God," said Zoe, "I have him still. At first they tried to separate us, but we clung together and would not part, and together we will die if need be, for death is no doubt the end which they design for both. Frêron has been my comfort in all my misfortunes, and he will not be less dear even if a prison be the only home I can offer him."

The arrival of Zoe at the Luxembourg gave an impulse to the prior affections of the venerable De la Cour. She had seen him occasionally at their meetings, and there loved to hear his voice in praise and prayer, and now they became still more closely riveted in the friendship of misfortune. Zoe felt in her present bereaved condition the value of the old man's

sympathy and experience, and the little group of Christians found that while comforting each other, they obtained greater comfort for themselves; they also saw that in the midst of their sorrows they had much to call forth praise.

The exercise of prayer became dearer to all the dwellers in that chamber, and it was arranged that as part of the evening service "Father de la Cour," as he was now called, should speak in the way of exhortation, and his brief addresses were always of an important character.

He had everything to support an impressive appeal; their condition as prisoners, each liable to the summons of the *Fournée;* their separation from kindred and home, and all the other events of the day were of a nature to impress the most careless.

Trine now saw the wisdom of that Providence which had brought her father to this abode of misfortune, where he was so truly accomplishing the work of Christ and fulfilling his own almost prophetic words, "that he came there in the master's service." Zoe too found exercise for all her powers. If when torn from the Bicêtre she had lost one field of usefulness, another had been unexpectedly opened. Here were the wounded in soul, if not in body, and she could speak to them of peace and pardon flowing from the redemption wrought out by Jesus Christ. That name now so precious to her, became more precious still, as it was uttered amid this gathering of the afflicted, and here he was made known as one who "came not to call the

righteous, but sinners unto repentance;" and whose office it was "to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, and recovering of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised."

The gloomy Luxembourg became consecrated to the service of God, and none left that chamber for the Tribunal whom Zoe did not point to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." With tears and prayers she bade them farewell, and those who thus departed, and who would before another sunset pass into eternity, were remembered in the earnest petitions of the Christians of the Luxembourg.

And does not He call himself the hearer and answerer of prayer?

CHAPTER XLIV.

Zoe's Chronicle of Prison Life.

Prison of the Luxembourg, April 8th, 1794. I am just becoming used to my present situation. Having been cast so much upon the Providence of God, I am learning greater confidence in him. "Commit thy way unto the Lord and he shall bring it to pass." This I have done and he has brought me to a prison. My soul can only say "Good is the will of the Lord." My greatest comfort is my little boy, and yet his childlike language often pierces my heart. Thus joy and sorrow are poured out of every earthly vessel.

Frêron often questions the goodness of God in sending us here. He said to me, "Mamma, if God loved you would he put you in prison? We were happy in the Bicêtre, and you were doing so much good to the poor people; now we are in this bad place with strange people. Mamma, let us pray that God will take us out."

I told him that no doubt God had good reasons for putting us in the Luxembourg, and that in time we would see them, and that one of them might be in order that we might learn to obey his will and give up

our own. I told him that we must not fear, for Christians had often gone to prison before and found God near to them, and then I bade him read the chapter which tells of Paul and Silas in the prison at Phillippi, which pleased him very much. Afterwards he came and told me that he was sure there would come an earthquake and let us out, for he had been praying for one. All these childlike ideas, although they interest me, still bring distress.

April 9th. The birds are singing sweetly, and the park in which the Luxembourg stands is full of music. The smell of fresh foliage is breathed into our apartment, and the prisoners all inhale the fragrance with delight. How we may envy the freedom of the tiny songsters of the forest. I see a robin fluttering from one branch to another in all the joy of liberty, while so many hundreds are shut up in this building, so many thousands in the other prisons. I find this hard to bear, and yet I can say God gives me grace to bear it. I have even found myself rejoicing that his will is done in my obedience.

My mind has to-day been led to meditate much on the example of Jeremiah, who is without doubt the chief sufferer the world ever saw, with the exception of Christ. There are passages in his existence into which I now enter for the first time, as I feel myself buried in this living tomb.

To day five of our number were removed and sent to the Tribunal whence they will never return. They went off sad and disconsolate. The prison is bad, but

the guillotine is far worse to those who have no hope beyond the grave. Their places were made up by a number of plain-looking women from the country. I have been thinking on those words, "He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." Great as are the sufferings endured here, what are they compared with his?

April 13. Many duties have prevented me from attending to my journal. Frêron has been slightly ill, but is now well again. He is reading his bible, which is the only book I have for him. Madame Grammont has lent him her prayer-book, which brings back my early days; and he has been reading prayers aloud to us all. Madame Berdine has also been ill — the close confinement tries these rugged women from the country who are used to exercise; I, so long an attendant at the Bicêtre, am accustomed to it.

Father de la Cour spoke a few words beautifully last evening at prayer, and many were melted. He is indeed a treasure to us, and is doing a blessed work in supporting the weak in their hour of trial.

The Countess Dumarque seems clear in her views of Divine things. Though bred a Romanist, she enjoys religious conversation, and sees the truth through the error which has encumbered it. We are now to have scripture reading, singing, and prayer every night, and have the keeper's consent. This wonderfully cheers the dull hours of prison life. Frêron read aloud to me the seventeenth of John's Gospel, which gave me a view of our Saviour's intercessory power; and so

"He ever liveth to make intercession for those who come to God by him."

April 18. To-day is Décadi, and I hear the sound of music and the glee of these mad citizens as they go to the sports of the day. Theatres and carousal, while dumb horror strikes at every home. To-day I have been thinking of the treachery of De Ruyere towards us. He is the chief agent in our present distress, and will no doubt, after he has sent us to the scaffold, enjoy the estate. I have learned to leave my cause in the hand of God. At first I felt both indignant and vindictive; now the latter has passed away, for I remember the words, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord;" "Their foot shall slide in due time, for the day of their calamity is at hand, and the things that shall come upon them make haste."

It is impossible for me to express the exercises of my soul this day. My prayers have ascended to him who knows the hearts of his children, and whose ear is open to their cry. I have given unto him all my temporal and spiritual affairs, and can trust them in his hand. My only cry is, "Lord undertake for me. Remember the word on which thou hast caused thy servant to hope."

Thinking of all my cares and sorrows, my soul cries out as with tears, "O my beloved, let me rest on thy bosom, let me ne'er leave thy protecting arm. Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none I desire on earth beside thee."

May 6. Changes are always painful to us at first,

but they afterwards produce a stirring up, and cause us to examine our rest till we find it on the true foundation stone. I thus get a brighter view of the privileges of faith, to walk with God as a pilgrim; to-day struggling against the tide of indwelling sin and of earthly troubles without, and to-morrow to enjoy an eternity of glory "forever with the Lord." O glorious change! how unspeakably grand the thought; the soul fails to grasp it, but he is faithful that hath promised.

Let me be not impatient, but willingly suffer with, and labor for our Master. There is none of Christ's flock too weak to speak a word for him. The victims are falling daily. Seventy-five taken from this prison within a week, and I may be the next. O may I then fall asleep in Jesus, and hear at last the voice of my Redeemer saying at the last day, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." "Let us not be overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good."

Is not help for us laid upon one who is mighty, "and thy righteousness to children's children?" O Lord, I claim that promise in behalf of my little one. Thou hath said, "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Grant, then, the desire thou hast put into my heart for that child thou hast given me, that he may be an heir of life eternal.

May 10. Received a letter to-day from my beloved Ardine. He gives praise to God for his marvelous

escape. It appears that he was rescued from the foot of the scaffold while all others suffered death; my soul goes out in thanksgiving. I had given him up as the offering of a will brought into union with God, and he has been preserved by an interposition as divine as was that which arrested the arm of Abraham on Mount Moriah.

This unexpected mercy leads me to hope for one still greater, that I may meet him again and once more embrace the chief object of earthly affection. De Ruyere guillotined! Thus has God overtaken him.

May 15. Word has been sent me that the meetings are still held in the crypt, and that both myself and husband are made the subject of especial supplication. This gives me comfort, to think that my poor name goes up on the voices of the saints to him that heareth prayer. I trust that the chief object sought for will be submission. "Father, not my will, but thine be done." This grace I ask in preference to life itself, precious as life may be when my boy is considered."

"To my dear Ardine I pen these lines.

"The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall grow stronger and stronger. In God's strength the victory lies. He cannot disappoint those who have built their hopes on him. Satan may often sift you as wheat, and may lead you to say with David, I shall yet perish by the hand of Saul. But is not Christ pleading your cause at the right hand of God?

"Courage, then, my dear husband; your victory shall be sure

through him that is mighty. It is when we feel the waves and the billows go over us that we are prone to forget that God is a very present help in trouble, and we lose sight of the sustaining promises of God, just at the time that we need them most. At such a time, like the Psalmist, we should remember HIM from the land of Jordan, and the Hermonites, and the hill Mizar.

"With God all things are possible, and in his hand are the issues of life. Then let us not despair. Both you and I have learned much in the school of affliction; and the question may often arise, why could not this have been taught in an easier manner; but this is the beaten track which all Christ's people must follow. It is the thorny path which leads to the Lamb.

"Seeing, then, that these things are so, why should you be disheartened by the fiery trials which beset your path, as though some strange thing had befallen you — this is all a part of that discipline by which God tries the faith of those whom he loves, and thus prepares them for himself.

"I now see much benefit arising from the dealings of God to me, though at first they seemed hard. Now I am filled with thanksgiving. O, that I could praise him as I ought. When I have feared that you were dead, and when I refused to be comforted 'because Joseph was not,' then he showed me such proofs of his faithfulness as filled me to overflowing. Now I can exclaim, I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me. The work was his, and to him shall be the praise and glory forever.

"*May* 16. After a brief delay, I add a few words. We know not the day we may be sent to the Tribunal. My joy at your escape swallows up all sorrow — 't will be hard to part with the boy, but Larue Contant will see that some of my friends receive him.

"I am filling up the time by laboring for Christ, and a rich harvest we have in this dreary prison, where we hear his voice speaking to the billows, 'thus far and no farther shalt thou come, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' Frêron sends love to his dear papa. This goes by hand of Cluny, the sentinel of the gate, who can be trusted.

"Thine till the Master comes,

"ZOE."

Luxembourg, June 24. Still spared to glorify God. Over sixty persons have come and gone, and we remain. How much to praise God for, notwithstanding the privations of a prison. The confinement tries our health, and especially that of Father de la Cour; but he continues patient and overflowing with the spirit of his Master. He has spoken earnestly every night and we think that he is failing. Trine prays that if we are sent to the Tribunal it may be ordered that we go together, so that we may support and comfort each other in the last hour. Frêron has become quite a missionary; he kisses all who are taken away and tells them of Jesus.

We have had several strange cases among us; such as Anna Regnault, who attempted, as they say, the life of Robespierre, though she denies the intention and explains it as arising from curiosity to see how such a monster looked. Along with her was the lovely demoiselle Saint Amaranth, a fair and beauteous creature, in whom we all took the deepest interest. She was only seventeen. So young, so beautiful, so accomplished, and still going to be butchered.

She was overwhelmed with her misfortunes, but seemed cheered by Father de la Cour's words, and while with us, drank in the lessons of eternal life. We had a sad farewell, and hope to meet them at the great day. Frêron wept sadly at their departure, and so did all. To-day I see by the *Moniteur* they went to the axe in red shirts, as parricides, because one of their number (Regnault), was accused of the attempt on Robespierre.

Thus the farewells go on, and soon ours must be uttered; Father de la Cour longs to depart, and to be with Christ. None of us care to stay for anything but duty; yet when all are gone, who will keep up worship in the Luxembourg? But I will leave that with God, who can take care of his own cause; to Him be glory for ever and ever, amen.

July 10. We are surprised at our still remaining here. God surely has some good purpose in this delay. Meanwhile a *fournée* of workwomen was sent down a few days ago, numbering over twenty, many of whom were taken from our apartment. We had two girls of thirteen among them, but they were acquitted, on account of their years.

Thus we remain at the Master's work, though Father de la Cour grows visibly weaker and more spiritual. His mind is truly filled with God, and with heavenly love, and he seems so ripe for glory that I wonder that he stays so long in a world of sin.

July 20. The intense heat tries us severely and the Father de la Cour suffers extremely, though with much

patience. Trine watches him with intense affection, and says that she hopes that he will be able to witness for God to the end, which she thinks is near. It is wonderful how strong a hold he has upon my heart. Frêron calls him "grandpapa," and often the two walk hand in hand up and down the hall. Should my boy live to manhood he will never forget the good old man of the Luxembourg.

We now bide our time, for Larue Contant says we cannot remain a week longer, as the room is to be used for another class of prisoners. A week, and I may be in eternity. O eternity! how vast and how boundless, how fixed and unalterable! I have clear views of eternity, and thank God that through his grace I can enter without fear.

Father de la Cour has been often repeating of late, "O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory?" and we all respond, "Amen." Several have professed a change of heart, and in view of our approaching departure all are sobered down to the deepest solemnity. We speak of parting here to meet on the "other side of the river."

Farewell letter to my Ardine.

"*Luxembourg, July* 26, 1794.

"Dearest:—When you receive these lines your Zoe will be no more. We have received assurances that to-morrow we shall be sent to the Tribunal, and thence of course to death. I know not that this will reach you, but my messenger has promised to leave it at the appointed place. Frêron will accompany me to the *Conciergerie*, and will be left with the keeper.

I can't part with him until the latest moment, though I have given him up in faith to him who is the father of the fatherless.

"I go cheerfully forward; weep not for me; my soul is full of glory. I thank God for you and for the love we bore each other. Earth's scenes have shown much happiness, but those of heaven will be infinitely better. Remember, a grain of wheat is not quickened except it die.

"The scaffold has lost all its horror, and I thank God that it is a painless death. Let this comfort you, and above all be cheered by the thought that your Zoe triumphed over the last enemy through Jesus Christ. Frêron is the Lord's. I believe the work of this summer has made him, through grace, a Christian. I expect to meet him and my Ardine in glory; till then, farewell!

"From your

"ZOE."

CHAPTER XLV.

Robespierre's Pentecost.

Robespierre now felt the pressure of a relentless necessity. The appetite for blood had been easy to start, but to appease it was a matter of difficulty. Blood now flowed daily, and it seemed that it must continue to flow; the blood of leaders, as well as that of the masses, and hence every *Montagnard* might look upon himself as more or less imperiled by the times.

Robespierre's position however might have been considered as beyond the reach of danger. The Girondins were crushed, and the Mountain had been purified of doubtful members. The *moderés*, or half-way men, had been removed, and Robespierre was delivered from the formidable rivalry of Hébert, Cloots, Camille Desmoulins, Chaumette, and Danton. His enemies were silenced by the guillotine, and it was evident that all that was now needed was rest. The state demanded rest, so did the Convention, and so did he, the combined statesman, politician, and dictator.

But alas, rest could not be found. The ocean after a storm continues long in turbulence, and the state after so profound an upheaval could not easily abate

its violence. Oh when shall that calm so greatly longed for be attained? "Not yet! not yet!" was the reply which seemed to be whispered by destiny. The storm appears to have spent its force, but the waves of popular commotion which boil around, seem to be hardly less dangerous. The ship must be lightened or it will perish even amid the very promise of safety.

Destiny still impels Robespierre to his work. "Let good men surround him with patriotic effort; let all true citizens rally in aid. We see a blissful end approaching, when a few more heads shall have gone into the sack." Thus reasoned the placid, self-controlled, and philosophic leader of the Mountain, after he had inaugurated his new deity *L'Etre Suprême.*

To hasten the work and economize time, the Tribunal needs efficiency. It has hitherto been encumbered with many forms which occasioned hurtful delays: these must now be removed in order that France may enjoy the full benefit of the institution.

To this end it is soon remodeled by Couthon. There are now to be four alternates, or substitutes for Fouquier, with four sets of judges and jury. With these relays there may be some hope of despatch; but then time may be lost by the absence or sluggishness of witnesses: to avoid this difficulty, it is ordained "that testimony may be either *moral, verbal, or written.* The rule of judgment is to be the conscience of the jurors. The procedure is the simple means which good sense indicates. If there exist proofs independent of the testimony of witnesses, *the latter shall not be heard,* so

long as it shall not appear to be necessary. The law is given in behalf of calumniated patriots, and is not accorded to conspirators."[1]

Well done for Couthon! The Tribunal is well improved by this famous Draco of modern days. Justice is blind, and Couthon is a cripple; they are a pair rarely matched; let France rejoice and take new hope, for the Tribunal is reformed.

"A few more heads!" exclaims Citizen Robespierre. "Yes, few or many according as there be need; no carelessness, no waste of blood; but only so much as is strictly necessary to the public weal; for instance one *fournée* per day, this must answer; and mark you Fouquier Tinville, let nothing be done on the *Décadi*. On that day you and your four substitutes, and the quadruple bench of judges and jurors may rest, may read Plutarch, may walk the fields, or as you more devoutly should, worship *L'Etre Suprême*, but nothing more. No, Citizen Tinville, be sure you do not break our new fashioned Sabbath."

And yet notwithstanding all this improvement, the wheels of government drove on heavily. There were many difficult and cross-grained parties who had serious objections to taking a leading part in the *fournée*, and who in this manner made much trouble. Strange that any man of truly patriotic views should refuse to be guillotined for the welfare of the state!

Besides this there were many factious minds to be

[1] This plan of remodeling the Tribunal is given verbatim from the *Moniteur*.

controlled, and a vast public to be kept in good humor. Nothing but blood will satisfy them; so keep the Tribunal going for their benefit; four sets of judges and jurors ought to do for the most discontented of them all. There was also an increasing difficulty in pricking off the proper lists of names for this service. There are not less than ten thousand prisoners in Paris, and it is becoming very wearisome to go over these books day after day, to select the most striking. "Alas! we have lost our best attractions since the atheists went to the cart. Those were truly palmy days when the Héberts, the Chaumettes, and the Cloots came before the public—Ah, shall we never guillotine another Danton?"

Thus Robespierre is heard complaining, and we in reply express our fears that the prospect is unpromising. But can he not make up in numbers what is lacking in position? There is something effective in a fanciful style, and this is shown in the red shirted *fournées*, which are decidedly original, and hence pleasing to the public.

There is old Regnault and his son and his daughter Anna, and with them the lovely St. Amaranth who is only seventeen, each in crimson. How interesting, how thrilling this parricide *fournée!* Will ye not appreciate it, ye insatiable public? No, by to-morrow it will be forgotten, and then something more must be done to gratify your appetite. Shame on you, vile public of Paris! Ye are overtasking your already wearied benefactor.

Beware lest you demand too much of one so generous as Citizen Robespierre. He is giving you *L'Etre Suprême* on Décadis, and the *fournée* the rest of the time. What more did Nero or Trajan? They had gladiators it is true, but these were of the lowest class. We give you the *noblesse;* can you not see the difference, ye censorious public?

The bloody summer moves on. Robespierre ceases not to hope for rest, but no signs as yet appear. The worship of *L'Etre Suprême* is a slack affair, and even the *Décadi* is a weariness, a mock Sabbath, like the lull in the theatre between the play and the afterpiece. The people are not devout as they should be, seeing it is full eight months since Atheism was exploded. They have no religious enthusiasm. They even appear discontented because the *fournée* greets them no oftener. Nay, of the two deities, they seem to prefer *La Sainte Guillotine*, even to *L'Etre Suprême.*

Besides this, there is a set of wrong heads in the Convention. There is Tallien, and Charlier, and Louchêt, and their followers, who are beginning to stir up trouble even among the *Montagnards.* "Will they not take warning by the past? Will they not listen to the voice uttered by those empty benches? How many better men than they have I guillotined? Why will they not improve the lesson which I so faithfully have taught them?"

Such is Robespierre's soliloquy, and the voice of destiny makes its reply: "Man of the hour, take courage: though these fellows fret and fume in the Con-

vention, the *Commune* is yours and so is the city. Every one of the forty-eight sections is yours. Yours too is the Jacobin Club, and there your praises are vociferated every night by the host of *sans culottes*. There, after a noisy day in the Convention, you may come and receive the homage which shall heal the wounded soul. Best of all, the axe is yours; let it not rust until the work be done."

Citizen Robespierre is comforted by the voice, and amid its soothing utterances the summer hurries on *Prarial* brings its verdant meadows, but the Paris fashion is crimson, *Messidor*[1] glories in its harvest, but the harvest of the axe is the greater of the two. Death is the mightiest of husbandmen, and gathers richly where the seed of the passions has been so richly sown.

Meanwhile Robespierre has become quiescent, retired, and meditative; he is weary of the squabbles of the Convention, and is less seen in its benches, and prefers the seclusion of the Committee rooms where he can pore over the books of the *suspects*. Here he reads and checks off the long lists for the *fournée*, and then longs for rest, not only longs for it, but sees its promise; a sure repose in the future, when a few more traitors shall have met their doom.

Ah Robespierre, destiny which has beguiled you with fair words has now changed its voice. It assumes the character of a foe. A greater antagonist than

[1] *Prarial*, or meadow-like. *Messidor*, or harvest, the names in the *nouvelle ordre*, instead of *Juin* and *Juillet* (June and July). The old names were afterward restored.

Anacharsis Cloots is matched against you, and now has the move. Soon you are to be forced to a dead lock. Checkmate is near at hand; but you will not take heed, nor dare you look your condition in the face. Necessity scourges you onward, deeper, and still deeper in blood, while you are dreaming of unbroken rest to be attained when a few more heads are in the basket. That few is as distant as the farewell cup of the inebriate. that never comes. One more *fournée!* one glass more!

O how swiftly the time moves on, hurrying up the *finale.* The twentieth *Prarial* saw you in your pride, inaugurating your sham deity, *L'Etre Suprême.* Five Décadis more will unfold a different scene. Five Décadis more will bring the *tenth Thermidor.* As fifty days intervened between the resurrection of that Jesus whom you disown and the full demonstration of his power, so, by a strange analogy, fifty days shall intervene between the crowning act of your impiety and the hour of your doom.

The one was a Pentecost of glory. The other shall be a Pentecost of blood.

NOTE.— The Sabbath of Deism proved fatal to its chief patron. It is a striking fact, which no previous writer has mentioned, that Robespierre died on a *Decadi.* The guillotine was on that day permitted to rest, but, as Robespierre's arrest occurred on the *ninth*, and as there was danger in delay, for the first and only time the guillotine was thus hurried into service. Was this an accident? or was not a special Providence ordaining that he who had done so much to abrogate the Christian Sabbath, should meet his doom on that day which he had exalted in its place?

CHAPTER XLVI.

The Rumbling of the Earthquake.

While floating on the Seine on the morning of their first meeting after the rescue, Ardine and Paul devoted themselves by a solemn pledge to that one object which absorbed their thoughts and aroused their energies. This was the rescue of those who were dearer to them than life, and without whom indeed life would have but little value. This scheme might possibly involve the overthrow of Robespierre, but whether this were accomplished or not, the deliverance of these precious ones was looked on as of the last importance.

On returning to shore communication was held with parties who like themselves had friends in prison, and a secret system was devised by means of which recognition could be effected, and mutual aid afforded. A place of rendezvous was also designated, and arrangements were made for the secret purchase of arms, and their concealment in the barge and in the vault of *Maison Soiscéne.*

The organization spread slowly but securely, and within a few weeks it included a large number of men

who were either fired by hatred of tyranny, or were earnest in their hope of rescuing their friends. It was determined that no uprising should take place until it should be warranted by a prospect of sure success, so that the blow when struck should be of such sudden force as to electrify the populace and ensure a general revolt. This was to be seconded by a *coup* in the Convention, where it was supposed that the power of Robespierre was to a certain degree impaired.

Ardine assumed charge of this branch of the enterprise, while Paul and his coadjutors were to foment the Sections. Tredore pledged himself to organize a party among the fishermen. Garosse the carpenter, whose father had been guillotined, was to influence the members of his craft. Nicole the printer, who had a brother in La Force, pledged himself to obtain recruits among his friends, while Butler the American, whose wife was also in prison, added the prestige of his nation to the cause.[1]

Ardine resumed his Carmagnole uniform, which was the safest disguise he could adopt, and visited the Convention in order to converse with its disaffected members. To them he disclosed his name and purpose, and received direct encouragement. He found that the closeness of espionage in that body was unabated, but he boldly faced the danger to which he had so long been accustomed.

[1] Butler failed in his expectation. On the 7th *Thermidor*, two days before the close of the Reign of Terror, her name appears among the victims.

He met Tallien and Legendre at their lodgings with other deputies, and their scheme was fully discussed, and all its points of difficulty were examined. Legendre spoke of the power of the police, and also of Henriot's squadron of cavalry and of the artillery which was stored near the *Hotel de Ville*, and which would be used by the *Commune* unless seized in time — while Tallien enlarged upon the importance of making of the attempt something more than a mere spasmodic rescue. In his opinion it should be a revolution, a casting off of an accursed faction, and the breaking of a baleful yoke, in order to restore permanent liberty.

His plan exceeded in its breadth that of many of the subordinates, whose views were limited to the safety of their friends. Tallien very easily demonstrated that a mere rescue would be followed by increased severity to those who were still held captive, and hence as a matter of necessity, the scheme must include the overturn of the existing powers.

The affair now took a more comprehensive form, and Ardine saw that it would require a longer preparation, and hence that its consummation might be too late for his purpose; but conscious that his duty was to persevere, he pursued day by day the opening scheme. Money was afforded through Jaudon, one of the few capitalists still left in Paris, but the most important means were men, and these came in slowly. Each one had to be reasoned with on the score of self-preservation, while on the other hand danger lurked in every new member.

The *Rêvolution nouvelle* as the organization was called, progressed steadily, and by the end of *Prarial* had doubled It was Ardine's opinion, that it was now time to strike, but Legendre urged that the Convention was not ripe for the blow. The latter was the most important place for a movement, inasmuch as this would give the affair a national aspect. Many of its members were disposed to take a stand, but the fear of the axe hushed their voices, and to keep up "the terror" Robespierre was continually despatching large *fournées.*

A secret dread, and a feverish restlessness pervaded the Convention. It was evident that the elements were in fusion but the volcano was not ready for the eruption. In due time the forces of opinion would be uncontrollable, and the rising of the masses would then be instantaneous.

In the mean time a vigilant force of *mouchards* was intent on Robespierre and the Committee of Public Safety, while a communication was opened with the keeper of the Luxembourg. Ardine also mingled often with the crowds who watched the *fournées*, as they passed down to the *Barriére du Trône*, whither the guillotine had been removed, and was surprised to find that there was a manifest change in the public sentiment. Even a Parisian multitude had at last become satiated, and the effluvia of the blood-stained scaffold became sickening under the summer's heat.

Expressions of sympathy and indignation were occasionally heard among the masses, and the people

became restive under the tyranny of the Committee of Public Safety, and began to feel that its power was not invincible. The removal of the guillotine from the Place de la Revolution to its present location (*the Barrière du Trône*) was interpreted as a recognition of the need of a change. It had become so hideous a feature that the shopkeepers of Rue St. Honoré objected to its continued presence there. The *fournées* passed their doors long enough, and they demanded relief.—"Would it not be a still greater relief," said Ardine, "if it were utterly abolished?"

In the Convention the opposition continued to increase, until it took a shape which startled even Robespierre himself, and on the fifth of July he appeared there to demonstrate his position. Here, as usual, his tone was gentle, and his style soft and full of blandishments. How carefully he avoids all reference to deeds of violence![1]

"When crime conspires in darkness, is it for free men to use stronger means than truth? No; the arms of liberty and of tyranny are as different as liberty and tyranny themselves. We have no recourse against tyrants, but truth and public opinion. The man of humanity will always hold out the helping hand to outraged virtue and innocence. On the other hand the barbarian is he who while sympathising with conspirators is implacable to patriots. Let me speak for myself. In London, they caricature me as an assassin. In Paris, they say that I organised the Tribunal to destroy the Convention. Thus they attack an isolated patriot who has nothing but his courage and virtue."

[1] Robespierre's speech in Convention, from *Moniteur*.

Robespierre's speech only excited the conspirators to increased action while it showed the weakness of his own party. From this time he seldom appeared at the Convention, but frequented the Jacobin club. Here on the 11th of July his brother appealed powerfully in his behalf. "As long," says he, "as my brother shall be the proclaimer of morals, and the terror of miscreants, I ask no higher glory than to share his fate."

Meanwhile the march of death holds its way and "the proclaimer of morals and the terror of miscreants"[1] sends the incessant crowd to the scaffold, while the midnight tread of the *gens d'armes* is heard as they lead the throng of new captives to the already crowded jails.

Ardine and Paul, and the rest of *la Revolution nouvelle* awaited the hour when the blow might be struck, and the former were the more anxious, when they remembered those whom they loved, and over whom now seemed to hover the shadow of death. Each day's work of the Tribunal was watched, to note if either of these forms were there, but an unseen Providence delayed their progress, and while hundreds were sent from the Luxembourg they were detained.

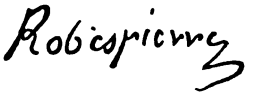
One day toward the close of *Messidor* Paul missed Ardine from his appointment, and on enquiry found

[1] From the reticence of Robespierre at this time, his absence from the Convention, some attempt to acquit him of the blood of the continued *fournées*, by charging it on the other members of the committee · but this attempt is not supported by history.

that he had been last seen conversing with a man in the gardens of the Luxembourg. The boldness which he had shown had often surprised him, nor could that surprise be much increased by the more painful intelligence, which followed. Loisard (as Ardine was called) had been arrested and thrown into L'Abbaye.

NOTE. — The following sketch of the *mouchard*, or spy, is from the pen of a modern writer: "The same spy who figures as a private gentleman in the morning, may, in the evening, represent a priest or a bully. In the course of twenty-four hours he is an officer of distinction, a gentleman hair-dresser, or a scullion, and he visits with equal readiness the dress ball or the lowest sink of vice. At one time he wears a diamond ring — at another a filthy wig. He changes countenance with apparel, but wherever he may be, he is all eyes and all ears. He courts every one to penetrate the mind, and he even interprets your silence.

NOTE. — Robespierre's retirement from the public gaze during the last month of his life is mysterious and utterly inexplicable. His name does not appear at this time in the reports of the debâtes in the Convention until the week previous to the tenth Thermidor. There can be no doubt that he perceived his approaching danger, and yet was driven on to his fate by the pressure of circumstances.



CHAPTER XLVII.

The Lull before the Storm.

The arrest of Ardine for the second time, made a new sensation in the ranks of the Convention. It now seemed absolutely certain that the fate of its members would be sealed by hesitation, and that they would follow the course, in the case of the Dantons and the Desmoulins, who died for want of union. Cambon, Panis, Tallien, Crancé, and others, now threw themselves into a bold front, and by their decision of character startled the benches as by an electric shock.

Such an excitement had not been felt since the death of the Girondins, and there was at once a rally of constitutional character, such as might have saved the latter, had it been exercised. The Convention saw that the issue lay between the city of Paris on one hand, and the nation on the other:—that while they represented the latter, Robespierre held the former through the *Commune*, and the Jacobin club; hence by instigating the city mob he could demand their heads as he had those of others.

In addition to this he had, as one of the Committee of Public Safety, the power of a dictator, and all the

forces of the city were at his command: especially as Henriot the commandant of the city was devoted to his interests. The parties to this conflict now appeared in semblance of battle array and the lines were drawn with thrilling precision.

Robespierre was evidently collecting his power in order to deal a blow which should overwhelm his foes, and for this purpose had for a few days withdrawn into a still deeper seclusion. This absence gave the Convention increased confidence, and when he reappeared, it was to find the whole tone of feeling changed. He was no longer the idol of the Mountain.

In the meantime the Tribunal held its unchanging routine. Fouquier Tinville was not a politician. He and no time to think of factions. His duties were absorbing in their character: he was serving the cause of Justice.

Pale with confinement, himself in reality a prisoner in the *Palais de Justice*, excluded by the pressure of work from air, and sunshine, and all the privileges of common life, what cared he for politics? Nothing; he was in charge of an institution which was running day and night. Justice, justice, justice, was the cry all the time: crowds upon crowds were coming up to the *Salle* to receive the administration of justice, and then going away to make room for others.

It was a wearisome place at best, and full weary would any one but Fouquier have become. "Will they never cease coming?" one might ask, "the everlasting press of young and old, the strong and the

feeble, whose feet are heard upon the stair and the platform: new faces every one, since those who depart come not again." Ah, stout-hearted Fouquier; stand faithfully at your post. This is better than a seat in that noisy Convention: rather bid them be at peace, for you will serve all alike, and the axe settles all disputes.

Robespierre well understands Fouquier. "We will keep him at work; he has a great mission to fulfil; let the Convention vent its wrath like a herd of wolves. Fouquier will cut them off, a cart load at a time. We must revive the old system and pass from private individuals to public life. What matter is it if there are ten thousand in prison awaiting the axe, as long as we have these disturbers of public peace at the Tuilleries?

"Meanwhile *Messidor* is passing away and *Thermidor* is coming. *Thermidor* is well named, for the air is like the breath of a furnace, but hotter work is before us now. Fouquier's mission will not fail, even in dog day; and in *Vendemaire* we will let him rest; by that time they will be out of the way. *Vendemaire!* that will be the anniversary of the Girondin *fournée* and then we will see all our foes with that crew of *scelerats.*"

Thus again soliloquizes Robespierre as he sits in the rooms of the Committee looking over the the prison folios: "When the work with the Mountain slackens we can keep up by resorting to the *noblesse*, and these will do, if we send enough. Here are Laboulaye, Amboise, Vrigny, Lauti, Bruny, D'Ussom, Labouray,

Loiserelles, Tridaine, and a host of others all of noble blood.

"Here, too, is Clermont Tonnere, the first nobleman who espoused my cause in the States General. He was a *soi disant* patriot and he cannot serve the people better than by going into a *fournée*. As for ladies, here are *Mesdames* Sevetèrre, Grammont, Nonaed, and Duplessis, each a countess, and also the Princess Stainville. The former is seventy-one, and the latter is twenty-six, and they will present an affecting contrast.

"There is also the Countess de Martel, who, as they say, has lately turned Huguenot. I will put them all on the list for accusation. Beside this, there is old Paine. It will be quite a curiosity to guillotine an Englishman, particularly since he is a member of the Convention: the latter are rare now, and we will put his name down too. The Americans will not find fault since he has written against their religion. To day one hundred and forty go to the *Barrière du Trône*. Fouquier is faithful; a few more such and all will be well." An order was hastily penned to be sent to the *Palais de Justice*, when the *gens d'armes* at the door handed Robespierre a number of letters. They were different in their tone, and after opening several of them he came to one whose contents were of the following character:

"*Seclerat*, I see you are looking to the dictatorship, and you would destroy liberty. You have got rid of Danton! Can you avert the blow of my hand, or of those of the five and twenty Brutuses like myself? Twenty times already have I

tried to thrust a dagger into your heart. You shall perish by the hand you do not suspect, and which presses yours."

With trembling hand he turned to another to escape the terror caused by these lines, and read as follows:

"Thou livest still — tiger, thirsting for the blood of France! Thou survivest, but thy hour approaches. Every day I am with thee: every day and hour I seek where to strike thee. Adieu! this evening, gazing on thee I will enjoy thy terror."

Such was the style of correspondence with which the isolated patriot was occasionally favored, and perhaps few men felt so completely as he the danger in which he lived, and which steadily increased as the season advanced. Robespierre tore up the offensive billets, and then having issued his orders for the day retired to his residence, where Couthon, St. Just, and Lebas were assembled. Here a conference was held concerning their personal safety, and estimates of forces were made in case of the threatened outbreak.

The roll of Henriot's battalion was examined, the strength of the sections was counted up, and the power of the Jacobin club was estimated. The result of the conference was an assurance that they could sustain their position until the opposing faction in the Convention should be sent to the Tribunal.

One circumstance caused a tremor: there was a division in the Committee of Public Safety, and the Robespierrean faction discovered that neither Barrère, Collot d' Herbois or Billaud Varennes could be relied on. The Committee had for some time suffered from a secret quarrel, and this fact becoming known had

given greater confidence to the opposition. But on the other hand the dissenting members of the Committee were not opposed to the use of the axe: they were as ready to patronize Fouquier, as was Robespierre himself, and in this there was hope.

Battle line having now been drawn, the question arose who shall commence the attack; and the hostile deputies knowing Robespierre's nerve and decision were forced to initiate the struggle. Their first onset was allowed to fail, since it effected its object, which was to open the path, and Robespierre was encouraged by the fact that Barrêre replied to it by a paneygric on himself.

This was glorious; that Barrêre, from whom he felt himself alienated, should now rally to his aid, gave him assurance of speedy victory: his face was once more wreathed with smiles. "Barrêre is ours," he whispered to Couthon; "Billaud and Collot will follow; the Committee will be united again, and we shall triumph!"

That night the club house was illuminated, and the Jacobins were jubilant. Speeches of the most violent character echoed from floor to ceiling of that vast pandemonium. Loud curses were uttered against their enemies, while cheers and huzzas were heard for Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just.

"To-morrow for the Convention; we will show our power there. Who will stand against a Paris mob? Death to the counter Revolutionists: to-morrow for more blood!" At midnight the club adjourned, after

which the leaders determined that the great assault should be made on the coming day, and that it should be opened by the voice of that one who stood chief among them all.

O what a night is this for Robespierre? Shall he think of sleeping? No! As Brutus held vigil before his last battle, so let him keep his watch. That night is none too long for preparation for the last struggle; let him elaborate from that whirling brain argument and appeal, and all the artillery of invective. To-morrow the Convention will hear a speech for life.

How much to rest on words! On words? Ah, they are thunderbolts with which he is to scatter death, like Olympian Jove. All night the forge is at work like that of Vulcan. Doubts and fears bury him, as Etna did the blacksmith of the gods, but still he labors on. At last the candles burn to snuff and the wine bottle is drained. He has caught a feverish slumber in his chair: let none waken him for 'tis his last sleep.

O Robespierre, did not Danton appear that night, and exclaim like one of old, "Meet me at Phillippi?"

NOTE. — The struggle in which Robespierre fell was one between the municipality of Paris (the *Commune*), and the Convention or national powers. Robespierre was one of the Paris deputies in the latter. Events have since proved that whoever became master of Paris obtained supreme power in France, hence the importance of the conflict which is here referred to.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Closing Scenes at the Conciergerie.

On the morning of the ninth *Thermidor*, Fouquier Tinville arose from his pallet in the *Palais de Justice* feverish with care and nervous exhaustion. A cup of coffee was brought to the couch, and after draining its contents he turned to the lad and enquired what progress had been made during the night.

"Only sixty," was the reply.

"And how many are there to come to-day?"

"Over forty up stairs waiting, and they say ninety more will be along by noon, and another batch by night — it's a big day!"

"*Sacre*," muttered Fouquier in a bitter tone, "do they think me human? but never mind, in a half hour I will be at my desk; tell Dumas to have the jury ready, and the platform full." So saying, he finished his rude toilet, and partook of a plain breakfast which had just been placed on the table.

Fouquier kept his word; at the appointed hour he appeared at his post, and the process moved on. The charge was read in a rapid muttering tone. The names of the prisoners were called off, with ages and

profession; the verdict was returned, and sentence pronounced, and the platform emptied. Fouquier was very expeditious, especially when one considers the hot weather and other difficulties.

At last came noon, and space for food must be allowed. Fouquier leaves his desk for a few moments and steps into his room to refresh his body, while the waiter boy as usual entertains him with the gossip of the place.

"You'll have an odd *fournée* next time."

"Why, *garçon?*"

"Why? 'cause there is an old blind man in it and a little boy too."

"The blind hatch, in darkness, schemes for the keen-eyed to carry out, and the young vipers of the *noblesse* must be crushed in the shell."[1]

The utterance of these words was confused by the hasty mouthfuls of the voracious official, who was hurrying through the necessary duty of feeding himself in order to resume his labors.

* * * * * * * *

"Father, they are waiting for us."

These words were uttered in the *Conciergerie* on the afternoon of the ninth *Thermidor*, in the midst of a group which had just passed through the Tribunal, and was gathered at the foot of the stair. The number was about fifty, comprising men and women, of differ-

[1] It is ascertained that Fréron was left out of the *fournée* by order of Dumas, and that while his mother was at the Tribunal he remained in care of Monchotte.

ent ages and stations of life. In the midst of them sat an old man, and by his side a pale but placid girl, and the pair might at once be recognized as Vincent de la Cour and his daughter.

Near by stood the calm and dignified form of Zoe de Martel with her child, while close around them were Gerard, Marché, Duval, and La Bresne. Among the number might also have been seen the Durants, husband and wife, the former aged sixty-nine and the latter fifty; and the Demonerifs, father and son, who were respectfully recorded seventy-four and forty-seven.

Of this unfortunate group, one was a marquis, two had been treasurers of France, three were counsellors, and the sciences of chemistry, architecture, and astronomy, were each represented by professional men. One of the most striking features was the tottering form of the venerable Foassier, who when Fouquier asked his age had just strength to answer "*ninety years.*"[1]

Among the women, beside Madame Durant who has been mentioned, there were the Widow Thurin and Madame Maurice, aged respectively sixty, and seventy-three. Such was the last *fournée* which the Committee of Public Safety sent to the scaffold, and whose execution closed the Reign of Terror.

The carts were all ready, and the condemned were about to depart. Zoe placed her boy in the hands of Monchotte, whose work was just done, and took fare-

[1] For the names of each individual in this *fournée*, see Appendix.

well with the dry eyes of agony that could not weep. Some shook hands hurriedly; others kissed and wept with violent emotion.

The father and son embraced in solemn silence. The husband and wife, Durant, fell into each other's arms and wept; their minds were filled with thoughts of better days in the green hours of life's spring — perhaps of the time when they were united in love's strong pledge, little dreaming that it would thus be rent.

Poor old Foassier had no kin to speak a word of comfort, but his compañions in misfortune soothed him with soft and tender ministrations, and the old man was melted to tears. He was unable to walk from infirmity of years, and required help to get to the cart.

Father de la Cour received the sympathies of the noble ladies who were to suffer with him. He was engaged in deep meditation and prayer, though evidently very feeble; by his side stood Trine, who had lost view of her own troubles in those of her father. The old man's mind seemed at times to wander, but even then the train of thought was of a happy nature. At length he stood up as though to speak.

"It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather that is risen again; who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

He leaned on Demonerif's shoulder, and in a moment continued:

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

All paused for a moment to listen, and the old man continued. "Father I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me, for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

Another pause and then the same voice was heard. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge shall give me at that day"—

"All ready," cried the guard, "now forward!"

There was a crowd pressing heavily around the gate, and the dragoons had much to do to keep them back. The carts were wheeled into line; Demonerif passed forward and entered one, and his son in a moment followed him. "We shall be near each other even to the end," said the latter. The old man could not speak.

Durant came next, his wife hanging upon his arm.

"No more of this!" exclaimed the guard, and two men tore them asunder. Madame Durant uttered a shriek, "Will they add torture to death?"

"My dear," was the reply, "death will unite us!"

In the meantime the crowd became restive, and loud shouts were heard, among which was uttered in a voice of defiance,

"Robespierre has fallen! *A bas la Guillotine!*"

The line of carts had got in disorder and there was more delay in getting them in place.

Zoe's attention was suddenly called to Father de la Cour: She was just about to move forward when she heard his voice; his head was bowed on his daughter's breast, but suddenly he looked up and exclaimed, "Farewell, my child, farewell!" Trine kissed his faded lips.

"O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?"

The old man rose suddenly to his feet and exclaimed, "Trine, I am going home. I hear the Master's voice; I see His form; yes, behold! I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. Let me go, for the day breaketh."

As he closed, his voice faltered and his frame staggered. The prisoners caught him as he fell, and thus supported, he sunk gently to the floor, closing his eyes in slumber; all gazed upon his reverend countenance while his daughter supported his head, and looked in agony for some signs of life.

"Gone! thank God! Gone at last! Thus my prayer is answered, thank God! This beloved form shall never be butchered before a Paris mob. Yes, here in the midst of sorrow God has remembered mercy. He is now with Christ; there is no night there."

Zoe wept a kind "Amen."

The official now advanced in an impatient manner to remove all that were left to the carts, most of which were now full.

"The old man has saved some trouble; come! come!"

Trine shuddered at the word, not from fear of death, but from love to that aged form.

"You shall not tear me away from my dead father. No, no, I will die first!"

Two men seized her, but with the strength which agony gave, she still clung to the dead.

Some of the attendants cried, "Shame!" Hardened as they were, they were not beyond the power of such a scene; and as though conscious of the outrage, some one said, "Let her wait 'till to-morrow."

At this moment the noise of distant conflict and the shouts of an angry multitude fell upon the ear.

"Trouble outside!" the guards exclaimed, and paying no attention to the voice of the official, they tore the girl away from the dead and dragged her to the doorway, while Zoe supported part of her fainting form. The last of the *fournée* was passing through the archway, and they were about to follow when the heavy iron gate swung to with a crash, and a voice was heard from some one outside, "No more to day; there is trouble ahead!"

"Curse that whimpering girl for the delay she has made—had it not been for her and that dead old man, we should have had you off in the last cart; it went half full."

The voice spoke of delay, and yet all this had happened within the space of a few minutes. They dragged the old man to an adjoining cell, and there

the two women followed and took their places on either side of him they loved.

"You will go to-morrow," said the guard as he locked the door.

No answer was made, but Zoe with her kerchief wiped the cold sweat from the dead man's face and composed his limbs by the dim light that penetrated through the grated window. That dim light gradually faded away, and there they sat in the dark that livelong night—those watchful sisters of misfortune. The only sleepers there, were the old man and the child—youth and age, life and death, side by side, beneath the gaze of sorrow and of love.

NOTE. — Antoine Quentin Fouquier Tinville was born at Heroul, in 1747. He studied law at Paris, where he became a clerk of police. His vicious habits ruined his character, and while shifting about Paris he became a violent democrat. He also found employment as an agent of police. After Danton, who was then Minister of Justice, had established the tribunal (March 10, 1793), he was made public accuser. From that time until the close of the Reign of Terror (July 28, 1794), he was the unwearied servant of the bloody rulers of the day. Although destitute of talent, he was a man of great energy, and from his sanguinary nature was fitted for his post. Indifferent to friend or foe, he sent the one and the other with equal rapidity to the scaffold. The verdict of his jury was, to use his own expression, "firing by the file." On the fall of Robespierre the Convention arrested him and his associates, and they were guillotined in the Place de la Revolution on the 7th of May, 1795.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The Ninth Thermidor.

"What shall be done with Robespierre?"

This question must now be settled, and the Convention is aghast with excitement. "What shall be done with Robespierre, the dire foe of the Convention? Yesterday we had a fearful battle in this hall, and the issue still overhangs us."

Robespierre made his long and labored speech. The question of his power was then tested by the vote on its publication. Lacointre moves, and Couthon seconds. The roll is called amid death-like silence. Robespierre pallid with exhaustion sinks back in his seat, for the tally is given in his defeat. Defeated, but not destroyed. Behold the Tribunal still works, and the axe ceases not; his power still survives; awake ye *Montagnards* to a new struggle. The ninth *Thermidor* will tell of life or death.

That eventful day beholds a crowded and feverish house. Collot d'Herbois is in the president's seat. Suddenly St. Just mounts the Tribune and delivers

his harangue. No sooner is he finished than Billaud[1] Varrennes follows in direct opposition. He is a member of the Committee of Public Safety and his words have power.

"I am astonished," he exclaims, "to see St. Just mount the Tribune. The Convention perishes if it quails ('No, no,' cry the members waving their hats. The spectators respond with applause and cries of '*Vive la Convention*'[2]). You tremble with horror when you see where you are; yesterday the president of the Tribunal proposed to the Jacobins to sacrifice all members of the Convention whom they call impure patriots. Know how to die for liberty! I repeat it, we will die with honor. There is an abyss beneath our feet, delay will fill it with our bodies."

Robespierre hastens to the Tribune to reply.

"Down with the tyrant!" is the response.

A decree of outlawry is proposed and carried, and the hall resounds with the cry, "*Vive la Liberté, vive Republique*," while the report flies through the streets from group to group, "*Robespierre is fallen!*" That word falls on the ear of a Carmagnole soldier just escaped from *L'Abbaye*. "Robespierre fallen? then there is still a chance to save Zoe."

He had learned that day that she had gone from the Luxembourg to the Tribunal.

[1] Billaud, Collot, and Barrère, were directly hostile to Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just; the first three saved their lives, but were banished; the last were guillotined.

Such was the end of the famous Committee of Public Safety.

[2] *Moniteur*, July 1794. The words are given *verbatim*.

CHAPTER L.

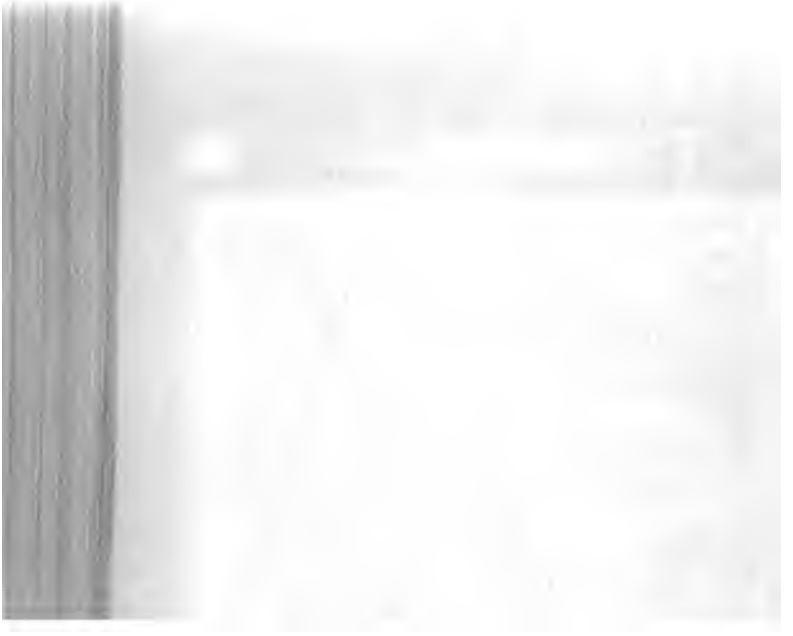
Last Fournee of the Reign of Terror.

The *fournée* of which Zoe and the De la Cours were to have formed a part moved slowly forward, the dragoons in escort brandishing swords fiercely at the masses, which pressed on either side, thus confessing a fear of danger. They evidently had an expectation of a struggle before their work should be finished, and were prepared to meet it. The crowd gazed sternly upon them and appeared to be only waiting for a leader.

At length at the crossing of the Rue St. Blas a loud shout was heard and an immediate succession of hisses and curses, which were soon followed by a volley of stones. Henriot who was at the head of the guards charged upon the assailants, but as he did so a rush was made upon the opposite side, and several of the carts were surrounded. The doomed shouted with hope, attempts were made by some to leap up and cut the ropes which bound their hands, while others blocked the wheels and even seized the horses by the bridle.

It was a moment of intense excitement. The crowd

HENRIOT STOPPING THE RESCUE ON THE 9TH THERMIDOR (*vide Appendix*).
"Henriot hurls back the mass until it is ridden down like hunted deer." Page 434



swelled with the noble purpose of rescuing the doomed, and while the cry was heard from the carts, loud cheers were uttered in encouraging response. A leader now appeared among the populace, mounted on a spirited horse, evidently a young person, though the face was disguised and the costume was of that fanciful character that might be worn by either sex.

This person, man or woman, though supposed to be the latter, dashed boldly forward, and urged the people to follow. Volleys of stones was the reply. The street was barricaded and a battle was the consequence; but during this time the guard made good their position around the carts, striking down on the right and on the left and sprinkling the way with blood.

Then came another onset from the crowd and its woman leader, and with shouts and cheers they drove back the guard until its ranks were again pressed into confusion, and once more hope visits the doomed. The cry "Robespierre is fallen," echoed from front to rear. The captives urged their rescuers by every token in their power. Alas, their hands were bound, and their only means was the voice with its tones of piteous supplication, "Come and save us." "Courage, friends," were the cries of those now so near the point of safety.

A few moments more of time, a trifle more of *elan*, and the cords would have been severed, and they would have escaped amid the throng, when alas, Henriot appears at the head of a reinforcement, and the struggle is renewed.

The countenances of the doomed sink once more in despair. Young Demonerif who had just been encouraging his father burst into tears, and Durant called to his wife that all was lost. Even so: Henriot hurls back the mass until it is driven headlong upon the pavement, and is ridden down like hunted deer.

Thus Henriot enjoys his last triumph, and his face hideous with passion, lights up with a smile of diabolical satisfaction as the carts move on to the *Barrière du Trône*. Here Sansom and his aids await them, impatient at the delay, and one by one the victims go to the axe amid the wrathful groans of the populace.

"No more of this!" exclaim several of the citizens: "take your cursed machine elsewhere or we will burn it!" Here spoke out a spirit which had not been heard in Paris since the Revolution began. Henriot quailed from this outburst of popular wrath and from his flask drank deeply. The draught soon showed its work in the flushed countenance, and flashing eyeball.

Night drew on: the loads of corpses were hurried away to their hasty burial. The guillotine was immediately taken down and removed, to escape the wrath of the mob, which was ready to destroy it: while Henriot with his guards retreated to the *Commune*, where he stated the danger and called on the authorities to prepare for the worst.

As evening advanced signals were displayed at different points, and by ten o'clock the masses are again on the advance chanting the Marsellaise. All Paris

seems in motion: flickering lights play to and fro, revealing countenances scowling with hate. Shouts are heard from every side "Robespierre is fallen; *A bas la Commune! A bas la Tyrannie!*" while the bells toll a loud and fearful alarm.

The masses form in order like that of battle, while the woman leader again appears, and in deep toned voice bids them advance; two cannon are hauled by ranks of stout men with *caissons* and lighted matches, led by one in uniform of Carmagnole. Now appears the long array of heavy-built artisans from the *faux-bourgs*, all bristling with firearms. An arsenal has been plundered. Henriot sees all this, and trembles at the fearful sight: "The day was bad, the night will be worse," then drinks for courage in deep and frequent draughts. Ah Henriot, to day you made the axe taste the richest blood in Paris; to-night you are drinking farewell stoups to earth.

Now comes the charge; midnight is full of crash and thunder; there is the heavy boom of artillery, and then is heard the shouts of rallying thousands. Everywhere is seen the woman in advance, if indeed woman it can be. Who shall falter when woman leads? Even her voice grows bold and man-like, and cries,[1] "Onward," "*En avant, mourie pour la patrie.*" "Ah, Paul, where has the artist learned such courage? This is

[1] The fashion of female leaders, so prevalent during the Revolution, may have led Paul to assume such an appearance. It was Theroigne de Mericourt who led the attack on the Tuilleries on the tenth of August; and her gallantry, no doubt, carried the day.

a field worthy of Le Brun, which you paint here in Paris with blood."

How the armed mass presses on, "*Suivez la femme;*" on, ye patriots, and learn to die. Thus they shout and utter their volleys, while erect and calm moves their leader, like one bearing a charmed life. Again is heard the deep reverberations of the artillery belching fire until the dark clouds are reddened. How masterly the movements of these insurgent masses, as right, or left, or forward, they take position under command of the Carmagnole.

Midnight is passed. The tenth *Thermidor* just feels its existence as the clock of St. Etienne tells the hour of twelve; midnight in sultry *Thermidor* with dust, and smoke, and groans of wounded men, and heaps of dead may well give way before hopes of morning. Other hopes inspire the people; Paris is like a lioness lashed to madness; each man encourages his comrade with staring eyes, and lips parched with thirst, and heated atmosphere, yet pressing on like those who offer life upon their country's altar.

Henriot feels the terrific shock and beholds with wonder the masses who press on and die, and still press on. He drinks deeper and deeper, for it is his only resource, and then slowly retreats. What else can be done? The stout guards, more valiant than their master, yield the ground slowly and stubbornly. On them have rested Robespierre's hopes and the safety of the *Commune*. They too know how to die, but die alas in vain.

The charge is still urged on; blood, blood, blood; the people seem to draw more courage from the sight. Paris is used to blood; let it flow freely to-night, and thus relieve the weary guillotine. Another volley. Now more are dying and yet urge the living forward. Henriot still drinks, like one half Mars, half Bacchus; now Bacchus is more than half. What! Commandant Henriot drunk? Yes, and the retreat is hastened, while more guns are wheeled up in *détour*, to strike in the rear.

Three o'clock. The retreat has ceased because they can go no farther. They have got to the Hotel de Ville, where it is said Robespierre and his friends are sheltered, and here Henriot and his guards are at bay; they are formed once more in platoons and make a stand. The great square is bristling with arms, and vocal with shouts; then comes the *melée*; the struggle is severe and bloody, but soon finished. The guards are broken and dispersed, and to receive quarter, shout "*A bas la Tyrannie.*"

The Robespierrean faction is besieged in the grand council chamber. There are in that room, as the report goes forth, Couthon, St. Just, Lebas, the two Robespierres, Coffinhal, Dumas and their associates. Henriot staggers up the stairs and reels into the room to say that "All is lost." The oath which accompanies these words is scarcely out of the mouth when the gigantic Coffinhal faces him like a demon of wrath. Coffinhal knows the cause of defeat.

"Drunken wretch, die damned!" So saying, he

winds about him his sinewy arms, and tosses him out of the window. He falls but does not die — the pavement spares him for the axe.

"All is lost!" They feel this, and each one exhibits his own nature under the influence of despair. The foe holds the building; now the tramp of hostile feet is heard upon the stair and in the upper hall, and no arm is raised to resist their progress. The imprisoned faction hears in this its knell. Couthon weeps; it is in character, for the tyrant and the coward are inseparable. Let the tears of cowardice flow on; for none but himself did he ever weep. St. Just in agony is leaning against the wall, pistol in hand; how shall he use it? Others gaze with terror at that door through which the foe so soon will enter. So they wait their time, these giants of the Mountain, in silence and despair.

A click of trigger and a pistol report; he lies gasping on the floor. It is Robespierre fallen by his own hand. The shadow of despair grows darker on the group, when their leader reeks on the floor.

It is the hour of vengeance. Will not some Girondin enter in; will not Cloots, or Desmoulins, or Danton enjoy the fullness of revenge? It is four o'clock.

The door groans under the sledges which thunder against it; a crash and it is opened, admitting fierce murderous men. "*A bas le tyrant!*" No need of that cry now, he lies before you weltering in his own blood. The prisoners are at once secured, while their wounded leader is seized by the *gens d'arme* Méda, aided by

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE (*vide Appendix*).

"The shadow of despair falls darker on the group when their leader reels on the floor." Page 434.

the Carmagnole leader. How often have they met in the Chateau de Martel! Can it be indeed that this is the Maximilian of former years that now meets the gaze of Ardine?

And Paul! he stands there in self-conscious power and in the full flush of triumph; they hear the voices of the populace which now fill the chamber and reward their heroism, "Paris is free." The red light of the morning reveals signals playing upon distant housetops conveying those wondrous tidings, "Paris is free!"

To the Place de la Revolution! No need of trial; he is "*mis hor du loi.*"[1] The guillotine just removed from the *Barriére du Trône* is rëestablished in that famous place of death, and the Tribunal will soon be ready. Then Justice to thy work. Fouquier now shines in his greatness. All men are alike to him, and thus he can open process against them. There is Danton who planned the Tribunal, Couthon who remodeled it, and Robespierre who controlled it. Each, in turn, to pass beneath its benediction. Let them not complain of the work of their own hands.

The whole group is now in the *Conciergerie*, where their hands are bound and Monchotte does his tonsorial service. The former prisoners who have been expecting the carts since morning, are surprised to see others taking their places; they have heard reports of firing during the night, but nothing more. Their in-

[1] "*Mis hor du loi.*"—Outlawed by vote of the convention on the day previously.

quiry is who are these, and the reply is *le tyrant et tous les scelerats*; and for the first time in years light breaks into that place of darkness. The prisoners breathe free, and tremble not at the preparation for the *fournée*.

Day has waned, and that famous tenth *Thermidor* is coming to a close. The carts are announced—"All ready; forward!" They march on through that archway, all but one whose helpless body six men carry to the cart. Another hobbles after him upheld by the attendants. "All is safe; yesterday we feared a rescue; no danger to day!"

The crowded streets bellow welcome; the guards point him out with their swords. The Place de la Revolution receives the first *fournée* it has seen since *Prarial*. It is getting late, and the crowd is tired with waiting; not much longer will they wait.

It is *Décadi*—just five *Décadis* since *L'Etre Suprême* was set up in the grounds of the Tuilleries by this very Robespierre. But we all prefer to worship to day at *la Sainte Guillotine*. Here we are at its base. "Up St. Just, you have legs!" and the gaping crowd beholds a member of the Committee of Public Safety mount the scaffold; two more will follow. He dies as easily as one of those maidens who suffered in *Messidor*, forty in the *fournée*. Next comes the cripple Couthon, borne up like a babe—Couthon without his dove, facing the axe. Next is Henriot, who now follows those whom yesterday he sent to the scaffold. Huzza! this is Robespierre. The form appears, dragged along by the merciless *gens d'armes*, as though it were a brute.

O Parisians, are ye not ungrateful to your fallen master? This is he who gave you so many fine *fournées*; this is he who only five *Décadis* ago gave *L'Etre Suprême*, and ye in return send him to the axe; on the *Décadi* too, O citizens why will ye thus desecrate the Sabbath?

The mob answers by shouts, and groans, and curses. Sansom smiles at a pleasant thought, "Max has come at last;" he tears the bandage from the shattered jaw, a shriek, and the crowd laugh. "So," says one, "he is still alive."

The axe descends—a head falls into the basket, a twitching corpse is cast into the van.

Thus Robespierre keeps Pentecost.

NOTE.—The *Hotel de Ville* is the place of meeting for the municipality of Paris. It was founded in 1553, but during the Revolution it suffered great damage from the conflict between the *Commune* and Convention. In the second story of this building Robespierre and his followers were captured, as has been stated, on the morning of the 10th *Thermidor* (28th July), 1794. In 1837, the building was thoroughly repaired, and enlarged fourfold. The decorations of its reception rooms are not surpassed in Europe, the latter form a circuit of a half mile in extent.

NOTE. — It is a curious circumstance in this history of bloodshed that Sansom, who bore so important a part in it, perished along with his victims. One day, while attending to a public execution, he ventured too near the edge of the scaffold, and, missing his step, fell to the ground and broke his neck.

CHAPTER LI.

The Flower Girl and the Dead.

It was the tenth *Thermidor*. By early dawn as soon as the struggling beams of light could penetrate the dark chambers of the *Conciergerie*, Trine stooped down to gaze upon her father's countenance: as she did so it smiled back just as in former days when it replied to her filial salutation, "Good morning!" The lips were silent, but still she knew that it was good morning to him; one better than he had ever seen on earth. The vigil was over, and the two women exhausted by sorrow and watching, sank in slumber, expecting to be soon summoned to the cart. The Tribunal had been in operation all night, and the day was to be improved to make up for previous slackness.

All night Fouquier had been at his post, his strength proving adequate to each increase of burden. Noise and tumult had been heard amid the darkness, but these were common things in Paris and must not stop the course of justice. Let the platform be filled again and the work go on.

Just then the tramp of a heavy column is heard and the sound of voices shouting defiance. Heavy blows ring upon the iron gate of the *Conciergerie*, while the

guards fear to fire, knowing their fate if blood should be drawn. At last as the attack becomes more furious a white flag displays submission. The sleeping women are aroused by the sound.

"Now we are to go to the axe," said Zoe and Trine in the same breath. The door opens. It is Ardine and Paul. Liberty and happiness takes the place of the death scene.

"The Reign of Terror is forever past."

No more could be spoken by these full and overflowing hearts.

Ardine gazed upon the form of his wife, pale and wasted by imprisonment, yet still more lovely from the pity and tenderness that sympathy had deepened upon it. She started up with a sigh which uttered volumes, and then sunk fainting in his arms.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Paul, "for this deliverance comes from him alone; to him the glory forever more."

Trine saw her lover's manly form, and heard his voice ascribing praise; can it be that he has become a Christian? This thought was like a message of joy. Once more they exchanged glances, and the mutual utterances of the eye told the secrets of the heart, even in that place of death: then as both gazed upon the sleeping form of the old man, they felt like children united by the memory of the sainted dead.

"He is gone," said Paul, "and it remains for us to follow him as he followed Christ."

"Gone," replied Trine, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

CHAPTER LII.

Finale.

The close of the Reign of Terror threw an air of cheerfulness over the city which had so long reeked with blood. The prisons were opened and thousands of the unfortunate who had been expecting death were restored to liberty. The axe now commenced its work of retribution on the *Commune*, among whom may be numbered Claude Dorival. Seventy-three of these were guillotined in one *fournée* within a week after the fall of Robespierre. Never before had there been witnessed so complete an extinction of an entire body of rulers as in this instance. By one blow Paris was delivered of that bloody *Commune* which now shared the fate of Chaumette and Hébert, its former leaders.

Then in due time the members of the Tribunal were called upon to answer for their participation in these deeds of blood, and Dumas and Fleuriot, L'Escot and Fouquier Tinville, took their turn at the axe.

It was a grand day for Paris, when Fouquier appeared with his mates in the Place de la Revolution. The condemned Tribunal filled several carts, and the mob which followed them ceased not its volley of execration.

The accuser had now become the accused: the judges are the condemned, and the masters of the guillotine are themselves doomed. Fouquier appears upon the scaffold, and Paris smiles when the demon ceases to exist.

The church De la Foi held a day of thanksgiving for the deliverance of its precious ones from the axe; its prayers had thus been answered, and faith had triumphed. All restrictions were now removed, and they worshiped in public as their ancestors had done before the bitter days of persecution. The health of the pastor Beaupére was failing by reason of age and labor, and in the strong hearted and devoted Paul he found a faithful assistant and one who seemed prepared to assume his mantle.

Old Father de la Cour was buried at his native place on the banks of the Aube, where among his kindred his remains await the resurrection of the just.

There were great rejoicings in Arras when Ardine and Zoe returned, and with them their noble boy. As those who had outlived the horrors of the Reign of Terror, they were objects of interest to that circle which cherished them in olden time, and it would seem that by their abode in Paris, they had escaped that persecution which the good and the noble had suffered in their native town. This was occasioned by the notorious Lebon, who, as agent for the Jacobin club, caused the streets of that once quiet place to run with blood.

A few months afterward, Paul and Trine visited the chateau de Martel and were received with great joy.

The building had been thoroughly repaired, the apartments renovated, and the grounds restored. All things were joyous with nature's beauty and the graces of renewed health, all the more valued after such an ordeal of suffering; but lovelier far was the glow of piety and the joy of that faith which gives life to the soul.

One day the peasants came up to the chateau in cheerful groups, bearing wreaths and chaplets of flowers. It was a *fête* day, and one not soon to be forgotten. The chateau was thrown open and was enlivened by the presence of many of the neighboring gentry, among whom was the noble Gabriel de la Vergne.

At the appointed hour all were gathered in the grand saloon. where was seen a happier assemblage than Arras had beheld for years. In addition to the family and friends there was good father Beaupére who had come down like Jacob to bless his children. He stood up while there appeared before him the last couple whom he should join in marriage. In the presence of that thronged apartment he placed their hands together and they became one.

Father Beaupére's heart was full, and with faltering voice he referred to the wonderful manner in which God had preserved a generation of the righteous, amid infidelity and bloodshed. He also alluded to the strange Providence which had brought them together on this occasion, and in the course of which this pair had been united in ties which must endure forever.

Many tears were shed during this brief address, for

it was the old man's valedictory to the duties of his office, after years of faithful service, and he now seemed ready to depart fully ripe like a shock of corn that cometh in its season.

After a brief pause Paul arose to speak. "They had been partakers," he said, "of mutual sorrow, but they were now filled with each other's joy. The dark days of the past were a sad and solemn memory. Yet by contrast they threw a more cheerful glow upon the present. They had all come out of great tribulation, but he felt assured that their trials were a preparation for higher service, and of course for higher joy.

"As for himself his views had been utterly changed by the terrible lessons of the past. He once felt the power of a mighty ambition — now his only desire was to serve in the cause of Christ, to whose ministry he had devoted himself, in companionship with that one to whom he had just been united."

Count de Martel too had a word to say; he came back to his estate a different man. He had learned many lessons in Paris, but the greatest of them all was the lesson of God's love and the grace of Christ. He had but one purpose to live for, and if through his efforts the kingdom of God, or the welfare of man could be promoted, it would be a thought to comfort him on his dying bed.

The peasants entered in turn to salute the newly-married couple and then the tables on the green were unmasked and scenes of festivity followed.

In a few days Paul and Trine departed for Paris to

enter upon the duties of their station, part of which was the care of good father Beaupére, who breathed his last in their arms. Of the work of their lives the present Protestant church in Paris is a testimony, and after a long service they rested from their labors. Paul first and Trine soon following him, both mourned by their children and the people of God. They now sleep side by side near the resting place of the blind father, on the banks of the Aube. Of the subsequent history of the house of Martel, we have only room to say that it was such as through a long period honored HIM who had afforded it such wonderful deliverance.

Should the reader ever visit the town of Arras, he will be kindly received at the Chateau, where in addition to the portraits by the hand of Paul, there are occasionally shown the raven tresses which testify of the *Conciergerie* and the toilet of death; while in the cemetery he may read the following inscription upon the tablet under the willow which marks the entrance to the family tomb:

"ARDINE AND ZOE DE MARTEL.

"*The righteous shall be hid in the day of his anger.*"

APPENDIX.

Important Events in the History of France.

A. D.

1515. Francis I ascended the throne, and during his reign the Reformation commenced. He at first persecuted the Huguenots, but afterwards from policy protected them. During his reign Calvin found refuge in Geneva, whence his writings and influence permeated Europe.

1547. Henry II, the son of the preceding, succeeded to the throne. He married Catharine de Medici, a devoted papist and niece of Pope Clement III, under whose influence persecution raged fiercely; notwithstanding which the Reformation progressed. Under his reign Beza translated the New Testament.

1559. Francis II ascended the throne, aged sixteen. The fearful wars between the houses of Valois, Bourbon, and Guise, occurred during his reign. The latter espoused Romanism, while the Bourbons declared for Protestantism, a faith which they afterward so bitterly persecuted. The house of Guise now obtained ascendency, and the Huguenots were attacked, and among others the Count du Bourg was burned for heresy. In 1560, an edict was passed establishing a semblance to the Inquisition.

1560. Charles IX, aged eleven, succeeded his brother. The Reformation still progressed, and the king of Navarre from motives of policy made great efforts to extend the preaching of the gospel; a grand demonstration was made by the Huguenots, and 40,000 assembled outside of Paris to listen to preaching, with guards to protect them from papist violence. Subsequently the Huguenots were attacked, and a long civil war ensued. Rochelle was for sixty years an asylum for them, and Queen Elizabeth and the German princes aided them. After six years of conflict they obtained revocation of all penal edicts and permission to exercise their religious services in families, and a grant of six cities as security. But soon their cause was assailed through Popish cabals, the Huguenots were again murdered, and war broke out; but in two years peace was again declared to the advantage of the Huguenot (or Protestant) cause.

1572. The Romish powers were again aroused, and on St. Bartholomew day a general massacre of the Protestants began in Paris, headed by the duke of Guise. It continued a week: 700 houses were pillaged, and thousands slain, including men, women and children.

1574. Henry III succeeded his brother Charles, and exhibited one of the basest characters recorded in history. In his reign the famous league took place (1576) which reduced France to great misery. The King, the Guises, the Pope, and the King of Spain were the leading parties to this league, whose object was the preservation of Romanism. The Romanists finding that the king became fearful of losing his crown through the Duke of Guise (whom he afterwards put to death), and that he ceased to be

favorable to the league, caused his assassination (by a friar) in 1588.

The Reformation continued at this time to spread, and the Geneva exiles sent bibles and preachers through France.

With Henry III, the house of Valois ended, and the next king was of the house of Bourbon, and is known as Henry IV, of Navarre.

1589. Henry IV, under fear of the Romanists, was at first kept from granting favor to the Huguenots, and yet was afterward constrained by them to grant the famous edict of Nantes, 1598. This instrument was pronounced irrevocable. It conferred free exercise of religion on the Huguenots; offices of honor and wealth were opened to them: funds for their preachers were granted and likewise the possession of 100 towns as pledge of future security.

Piety now flourished, and churches abounded, and France saw a general prosperity. This again excited Romish hatred, and Henry was stabbed by a monk named Ravillac, May 14, 1610.

1610. Louis XIII, aged nine years, succeeded his father. He confirmed the edict, but soon became controlled by the Romish priesthood and gave himself up to the worship of the Virgin. His prime minister was Cardinal Richelieu, who was devoted to the church of Rome. He besieged Rochelle, and in its surrender the Huguenot power was broken. He continued to infringe on the edict, notwithstanding the solicitations of its beneficiaries.

1643. Louis XIII died, and was succeeded by Louis XIV, his son, in his fifth year. The queen mother was regent, and

her prime minister was Cardinal Mazarin, a zealous Romanist. Louis was but a tool in the hands of the Jesuits, and was led by them to destroy the power of the Huguenots who now numbered two millions. He began by degrees. The first step was the abrogation of the courts of justice established by the edict of Nantes. He then passed laws interfering with their worship. He ordered soldiers to be quartered on the Huguenots until they should abjure their faith. He shut up their churches and forbade their clergy to perform the functions of their office, and at last he revoked the edict itself, 1685, after it had remained in force 87 years.[1] Persecutions of the most horrible character followed this act. Some were let down with ropes into wells and there required to renounce their faith under penalty of drowning. Others were burned to death. To escape these barbarities 800,000 persons forsook France. The Count Avaux, to show the loss sustained by the kingdom, says that property to the amount of 20,000,000 of *louis d'or* was carried out of France by these exiles. The nation lost its

[1] Saurin thus recapitulates the steps by which the great national outrage was perfected.

"A thousand dreadful blows were struck at our afflicted churches, before that final one which destroyed them. In 1679, our pastors were forbidden to exercise their discipline on their flocks. In 1683, our college was shut up. In July, 1685, it was enacted that no pastor could remain in one place longer than three years. In September of same year the printing of books was prohibited, and those we had were taken away: in October we were forbidden to worship God in public at all. At first we were banished, and then forbidden to quit the kingdom on pain of death. We saw our persecutors drawing on a sledge the dead bodies of those who had expired on the rack," etc., etc.

most profitable manufactures. One exile, Monsieur Vincent, employed 500 workmen. England was enriched by the silk manufacture which she thus received. Rouen lost the business of making hats, Poictiers that of druggets, and in some parts half the revenue was sunk. Pope Innocent XI ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung on the revocation of the edict, which however gratifying to the Romish powers, was the greatest blow that France ever received. Protestant nations opened their arms to the illustrious band thus driven from their homes. Prussia and Holland received large numbers, and in the latter country the Prince of Orange equipped three ships with Huguenot sailors, at a time when the French navy was clamorous for men. In addition to which he raised three regiments of soldiers among other classes of refugees. Large numbers came to America, where a NEW ROCHELLE was founded, while many still remained in France where their faith is maintained until this day. The effects of this expulsion of the best portion of the nation was soon apparent. The Romish priesthood having at last triumphed, the results of prevalent error now appeared, and as the unmeaning forms of popish worship could not command respect or confidence, infidelity was the result. Religion was attacked by the best minds in France, who knew of no other than the false teachings of Romanism. This was the great object of the celebrated Encyclopedists, who devoted themselves to the undermining of the national faith. Within one hundred years after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, France had become almost wholly atheistic, and the Revolution followed. The children of the persecuting Bourbon are

now wanderers and are living on the hospitality of the courts of Europe.

Such is the lesson afforded by the history of France. *"Be wise now therefore O ye Kings; be instructed ye Judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling."*

MONCONTOUR.

One of the most bloody battles which marked the conflict between the Huguenots and Romanists was fought (October 3, 1569) at the village of Moncontour. The former were led by Admiral Coligni, and the latter by the Duke of Anjou, afterward Henry III, of France. The Huguenots were defeated with great loss — though their misfortune was speedily retrieved. Henry of Navarre, then in his fifteenth year, bore arms under Coligni in this action, and twenty-one years afterward he defeated the forces of the league in the decisive battle of Ivry, which established the Huguenot power. Happy had it been for France had that power been maintained.

The following exquisite lines on the above-mentioned defeat are among the early efforts of Lord Macaulay:

Oh! weep for Moncontour. Oh! weep for the hour
When the children of darkness and evil had power;
When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God.

Oh! weep for Moncontour. Oh! weep for the slain
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in vain.
Oh! weep for the living, who linger to bear
The renegade's shame, or the exile's despair.

One look, one last look, to the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers,
To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed,
Where we fondly had deemed that our own should be laid.

Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of Rome,
To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,
To the song of thy youths, and the dance of thy maids,
To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees,
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees.

Farewell, and for ever. The priest and the slave
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave;—
Our hearts we abandon;—our lands we resign;—
But, Father, we kneel to no altar but thine.

IVRY.

The same pen which in the foregoing verses so touchingly laments the defeat of a noble band, thus portrays the splendid victory which crowned the arms of the Bourbon champion of the Huguenots. Alas! that house of Bourbon afterward became a reproach to France, and the most bitter enemy of the cause which it here vindicated:

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!
And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears,
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King."
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
"For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
"Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
"And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember Saint Bartholomew," was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
"Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the Soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

IRVING'S VISIT TO THE CONCIERGERIE.

The following very interesting sketch of a visit to the Conciergerie is from the pen of WASHINGTON IRVING. It appears, for the first time, in the second volume of *The Life and Letters* of that distinguished man, by Pierre M. Irving. The reader will at once observe how appropriate it is in this place:

"I have just returned from the prison of Marie Antoinette. Under the Palace of Justice is a range of cavernous dungeons, called the Conciergerie — the last prison in which criminals are confined previous to execution. We were admitted through grated doors, and conducted along damp, dark passages, lighted in some places by dim windows, in others by lamps. On these passages opened the grates of several dungeons, in which victims were thrown during the Revolution to indulge in the horrible anticipation of certain death. My flesh crept on my bones as I passed through these regions of despair, and fancied these dens peopled with their wretched inhabitants. I fancied their worn and wasted faces glaring through the grates to catch if possible some ray of hope or mitigation of horror; but seeing nothing but the sentinel pacing up and down the passage, or perhaps some predecessor in misery dragged along to execution. In this were confined the victims of Robespierre.

"From the corridor we were led through a small chapel, into what at present forms a sacristy, but which was once the dungeon of the unhappy Queen of France. It is low and arched; the walls of prodigious thickness, lighted dimly by a small window. The walls have been plastered and altered, and the whole is fitted up with an air of decency — nothing remains of the old dungeon but the pavement. In one part is a monument, placed by Louis XVIII, and around the

dungeons are paintings illustrating some of the latest prison scenes of her unhappy life. The place is shown where her bed stood, divided simply by a screen from the rest of the dungeon, in which a guard of soldiers was constantly stationed. Beside this dungeon is the black hole — I can give it no better term — in which the Princess Elisabeth was thrust a few hours prior to her execution. Never have I felt my heart melting with pity more than in beholding this last abode of wretchedness. What a place for a queen, and such a queen! — one brought up so delicately — fostered, admired, adored."

This visit thus recorded, took place in 1806 — twelve years after the queen's execution.

The *Palais de Justice* above referred to, is one of the oldest buildings in Paris, a part of it having stood since the fourth century. It was occupied by the kings of France as a residence down to the sixteenth century, and here Francis I held his courts in 1531. It is composed of a main building and two wings at right angles, which thus form a spacious court yard — protected by an iron fence; the whole structure is one of enormous size, and has long been devoted to courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction. The most interesting part of the building, next to the *Salle* in which the Tribunal was held, is the *Conciergerie.* This was built for a prison when the palace was constructed, inasmuch as in those days of tyranny a royal residence was incomplete without such an appurtenance, and the appearance of the place reminds the beholder of feudal times. It is still used to receive persons who are awaiting trial, and more than one hundred criminals are on the average detained here for that purpose. There are enclosures for the different sexes, in the rear of which is the apartment in which the queen was imprisoned. This is a low, flat-vaulted chamber—whose description is given in the preceding extract—and the pictures of which Irving speaks, are still to be seen on its walls. It was originally lighted by a window a foot in diameter (to which Irving refers), but since that time it has been enlarged. It is now used as the ante-chamber of the chapel. The chapel itself is only interesting as the place where the Girondins held their last banquet, the night previous to their execution. The entrance to the *Conciergerie* is between two massive towers; and here the Guillotine carts received the victims of the Reign of Terror.

LIST OF VICTIMS OF LAST *FOURNEE*, REFERRED TO IN CHAPTER L.

A. J. Brillon, aged 20, born at Paris—ex-Noble.
J. B. Perret, aged 26, born at Paris.
L. N. Duval, aged 28, born at Senneville.
T. M. Carpentier, aged 30, born at Lafere.
A. Leguay, aged 31, born at Mount Lucon — Captain of Chasseurs
F. D. de Boulet, aged 31, born at Besancon.
B. C. Bernard, aged 33, born at Lusignan — ex-Priest.
J. Gillet, aged 33, born at Villeuve — Merchant.
F. J. Monchotte, aged 34, born at Paris.
F. G. Salé, aged 35, born at Moulins — ex-Mayor.
F. A. Seguir, aged 35, born at Chartres — Chemist.
G. E. Lavorson, aged 36, born at ——— — Commissioner of Estates.
G. J. Arseliere, aged 37, born at Paris.
C. P. Cogneau, aged 39, born at Dijon — Architect.
L. Merry, aged 41, born at Pontat.
T. O. Clauy, aged 41, born at Tarascon — ex-Administrator.
L. F. Lejune, aged 41, born at Helancour — Officer of the Peace.
Billon Bluffé, aged 44, born at ——— — ex-Chevalier of Malta.
P. Marché, aged 45, born at Choiseul — ex-Committee of Vigilance.
J. A. L'huillier, aged 45, born at Moulin — ex-Treasurer of France.
N. F. Alberten, aged 45, born at ———
J. M. Aucune, aged 45, born at Martinique — ex-Captain.
T. C. Gerard, aged 46, born at ——— — Notary.
G. Loison, aged 47, born at Paris — Director of Theatre Champs Elysées.
J. P. Bechon, aged 47, born at Paris — ex-Count.
L. C. Demonerif, aged 47, born at Paris — ex-Counsellor.

Alarose La Bresne, aged 48, born at Moulins — ex-Treasurer of France
A. G. Beauregard, aged 49, born at Poitiers, — ex-Grand Vicar.
J. D. St. Roman, aged 50, born at Paris — ex-Counsellor.
G. S. Desmouthes, aged 50, born at Belloc — ex-Noble.
Madame Durant, aged 50, born at Paris — Wife of Durant [*below*]
J. G. Vallôt, aged 51, born at Panners — Professor of Astronomy.
F. Sommesson, aged 52, born at Paris — Valet de Chambre.
J. Dourefoux, aged 57, born at Noyerbois — ex-Canon.
T. N. Guerin, aged 28, born at Paris — Glass-maker.
F. N. Barbeau, aged 60, born at Lees — ex-Secretary of the Tyrant
P. Thurin, aged 60, born at Veze — Widow of Captain of Cavalry.
J. Vatrin, aged 65, born at St. Pierre —ex-Justice of the Peace.
P. Durant, aged 69, born at Paris — ex-Master of Accounts.
R. Vrigny, aged 72, born at Vrigny — ex-Marquis.
A. Maurice, aged 37, born at St. Saturin — *Wife of Loison.*
P. L. Demonerif, aged 74, born at Paris — ex-Counsellor.
J. C. Latouraille, aged 75, born at Paris — ex-Noble.
P. L. Foassier, aged 90, *born at Rouen — ex-Noble.*

Moniteur

EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

A few words of explanation may not be amiss, to those who have noticed the unpretending illustrations of this volume.

THE ST. MARY'S CHURCH is taken from an English work, containing views of the chief ecclesiastical structures in the Kingdom. Camden says that St. Mary's is on all accounts the first parish church in England. It was commenced in 1249, but was not completed until 1376, and was then famed for its beauty. The tower of the church was subsequently injured by a storm, and is represented in this imperfect condition. The muniment room, in which the parchments were said to have been found, is directly over the porch.

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.— This spot will always interest the stranger in Paris, from its terrible associations. It is near the Tuileries, whose dome may be noticed amid the foliage on the right hand. Directly in front are the Treasury and other public buildings. It will thus be seen that the Revolutionists chose the most convenient place in Paris for the Guillotine. On these public grounds thousands could gather and still find room. Louis Philippe ornamented the place, and endeavored, so far as possible, to remove the fearful associations which surround it. A pair of fine fountains give an air of taste and beauty, while the obelisk of Luxor adds an interesting feature. This was erected by Louis Philippe, and stands not far from the very spot where his own father, Philippe Duc d'Orleans (Egalité), was guillotined, following in a few months his own kinsman (Louis XVI), for whose death he voted.

THE GUILLOTINE AND ITS VICTIMS.— The vignettes are taken from reliable portraits, and one can easily recognize the characteristics of

the originals. Robespierre's face shows cunning, Marat is stamped by brutality. Anacharsis Cloots is full of self-conceit, Fouquier Tinville of ferocity. The grace of the lovely Madame Roland and the sweet simplicity of Charlotte Corday are correctly rendered, and are in contrast with the haggard and exhausted features of Camille Desmoulins. Chaumette exhibits his native boldness, but Camille sunk under disappointment, and is the only one mentioned as weeping at the scaffold.

THORWALDSEN'S LION.— "One of the greatest curiosities in Lucerne is the monument to those brave Swiss guards who were slain for their unshaken fidelity to the unhappy Louis XVI. In a sequestered spot the rocky hill side is cut away, and in the living strata is sculptured the colossal figure of a dying lion. A spear is broken off in his side, but in his last struggle he still defends a shield, marked with the *fleur de lis* of France. Below are inscribed in red letters as if charactered in blood, the names of the brave officers of that devoted band. The design of the monument is by Thorwaldsen and the whole effect of it has an indescribable pathos." — *Mrs. Stowe.*

It may be added that the remains of these noble guards were buried in the Madeleine in Paris.

DANTON.— During Danton's early career his portrait was very popular in Paris, and our print, taken from an old French picture, gives one a correct idea of the bold and indomitable Revolutionist. It was his mind that conceived the fearful Tribunal while he had charge of the Judiciary of France (as Minister of Justice), and only one year after its inauguration he appeared as its chief victim. Among his last words were these, as he mounted the scaffold: "DANTON: NO WEAKNESS!" He was born at Arcis on the Aube, and was guillotined in the *Place de la Revolution*, April 5, 1794, aged thirty-five.

Carlyle, speaking of his death, says: "So passes, like a gigantic mass of valor, ostentation and fury, affection and wild revolutionary manhood, this Danton to his unknown home. He had many sins, but one worst sin he had not — cant. No hollow formalist, but a very man — with all his dross he was man. Fiery real, from the great fire-bosom of nature herself. He walked straight his own wild road, whithersoever it led him."

THE JACOBIN CLUB-HOUSE.— It was by one of those fortuitous cir-

cumstances in which history abounds, that the society of Revolutionary opinion opened its sessions in the old convent of the Jacobins.

These *Religieux* having, like the Capuchins and Franciscans, and other orders, become defunct, their places were supplied by a far different body. The building became the pandemonium of Paris, and was rife with the hisses and applause of the vilest rabble. In this place the most fearful episodes of the Revolution had their inception, and the voices of its mobs filled France with blood. Over this club Robespierre held wondrous sway, and when voted down in the Convention, he found a last short consolation in its applause. In this place Anacharsis Cloots expatiated on human rights and the world's brotherhood; and here too Camille Desmoulins had been a pet. On the fall of Robespierre, Legendre dashed over to the convent, and with a nerve which one may wonder at, locked the door, and then, returning to the Convention, flung the key on the floor amid the applause of the astonished benches. It is now supposed to be empty, and the sentinels at the doors guard against its future occupation by the doomed society. The reader will note the revolutionary flag surmounted by the *bonnet rouge*, the red cap of Liberty. Before the building stands the tree of Liberty, protected by a fence, while near the gable may be read the inscription:

"*Société des Jacobins.*
"*Unité, Liberté, Egalité, et Sécurité.*"

Under which motto the most horrible crimes were committed.

HENRIOT STOPPING THE RESCUE.— This is one of the most thrilling scenes in the Revolution, and one to whose fearful character no artist can do justice. Our illustration is from a French design, and barely attempts the truth. A wanton thirst for blood alone could prompt the deed. Bulwer has placed one of his heroines (Viola) in this *fournée*, and the artist portrays one countenance in obedience to fiction rather than fact. Before the next day Henriot himself was besieged by the Convention, and sixteen hours afterwards he felt the keen edge of the same axe to which the day previously he had sent this very *fournée*. The reader will observe that the head of each victim has been cropped, in order that the hair might not interfere with the executioner.

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.— This print represents the scene in the town-hall, at daylight on the 10th Thermidor, 1794. The building is

besieged by the forces of the Convention, which have at length forced their way in. Henriot, the Commandant of Paris, who leads the defence, is drunk, and hence loses the fight. Robespierre in despair shoots himself. His brother tears his hair at the sight, while Payan looks on in bitter agony. Leaning against the wall, in solitary horror, stands the young St. Just, his natural scowl fiercer than ever, while his right hand clasps a pistol, which he has not resolution to fire. Couthon sits at a table, his forehead grasped nervously by his left hand, and while some one proposes escape he feels his helplessness as a cripple. One points to the door, out of which two are hastening. Escape, however, is impossible, since the enemy holds the lower hall. In the foreground, Coffinhal has seized Henriot by the throat, to throw him out of the window in revenge for his drunken neglect, and others are helping him.

The reader will note the costume of the day,— short-waisted coats, with long skirts and broad sashes,— a style of dress affected by the *Montagnards*, and in fact the fashion of the Revolution

THE GAME OF HUMAN LIFE.—Having spoken of the conflict between Cloots and Robespierre as a game of chess, we present to the reader the famous "Game of Human Life," as a picture *à propos* to the place.

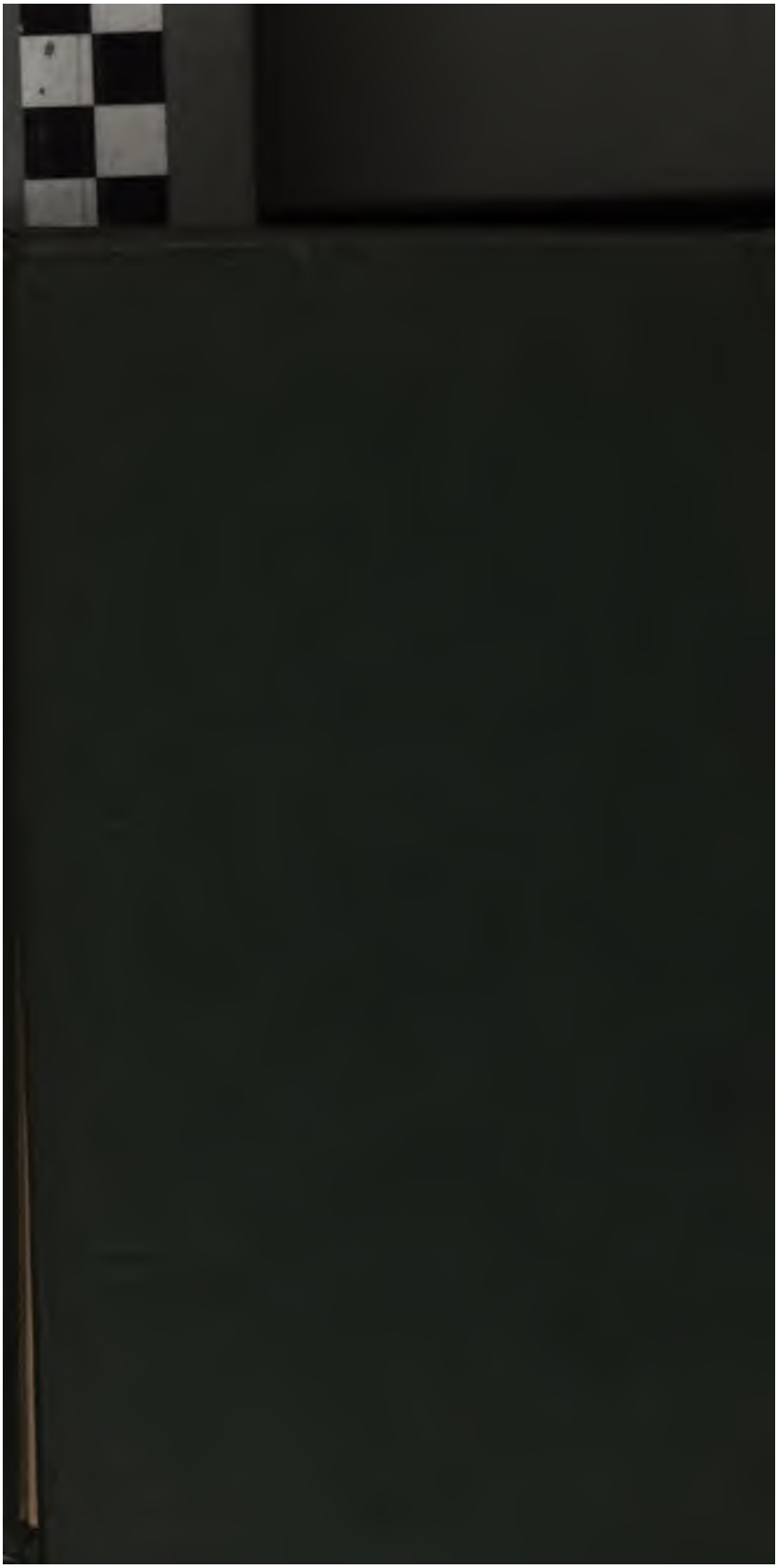
This impressive outline is one of those delineations which have immortalized the name of Retzsch. To those who are familiar with his style, we need not say that his genius delighted in simple outlines, in which, by means of a few touches, he could produce the most powerful effect. In this style of art he stands unapproachable, and his illustrations of Goethe, Schiller, and Shakespeare have their place among the finest creations of genius.

The picture represents Satan playing with man for his soul. The upper surface of a sarcophagus is transformed into a chess board, and Man as a fair youth sits at this table, his head covered with the curls of early manhood, his countenance full of careful thoughts. Opposite to him is Satan seated in a large chair, a broad cloak thrown about him and his hair and beard bristle wildly. In his cap, is the long crooked cock's feather. His features are full of devilish expression. Between the two players stands a lovely form with outspread wings, the guardian spirit of the man. He looks in sorrow upon the critical state of the game. The pieces on the side of Satan are these: first the King which is himself,

second the queen, a voluptuous female figure with an unveiled bosom, is Pleasure, whose left hand draws her robe tightly aroond her allaring charms, while her right offers the cup of intoxication. The officers are six vices: 1. Indolence, sitting on an unhewn block of wood; a heavy, full form, with the head of a swine; hanging misshapen arms, and clumsy legs. 2. Anger, rash and headlong, like the turkey-cock, that flies into a rage with every object it meets; wears the head of this bird, and fluttering his wings, bristles sharp quills upon his neck and back. 3. Pride, grave, moving stiffly forward, wearing on his head, which is tossed backward, a feather crown, one arm insolently thrust into his side; but forgetful, while he displays his splendid peacock's tail, how much of what disgraces him he leaves naked behind; spurs are on his heels; an order is on his breast; one hand holds a full purse, the other is stretched out, as if giving command. 4. Falsehood, a form spotted like a tiger's, with the head of a cat, and the ears laid fawningly back. One hand is laid, as if to assure good faith, upon her breast; while the other hides a dagger behind her back. 5. Avarice and Envy in one person, a bent, lean figure, gnawing its own hand, and pressing a casket closely under its arm. 6. Unbelief, an impudent, horned figure, both hands thrust into its sides, and overthrowing a cross with its foot. The eight Pawns are Doubts; small harpy-shaped creatures, with wings like bats, and sharp teeth. On the side of the Human Being, his own soul is represented as the King, with a broad robe firmly and anxiously drawn about him, and the wings of a butterfly on his shoulders. The queen is Religion, the most powerful of all defences; a lofty, majestic figure, with ample pinions, stretching out one hand as giving protection, and holding in the other the sign of expiation. The officers are, 1. Hope, with her anchor. 2. Truth, with a lighted torch and a reflecting shield, stands with Hope as a castle on her side. 3. Peace, with the palm. 4. Humility, her head bent in prayer, and her person sparingly clad. 5. Innocency, a naked child, stretching forth its arms confidingly to all. 6. Love, two children embracing each other, cheek pressed against cheek, while above both rests a single star. The pawns are here represented as angels' heads, winged, and worshiping. They signify Prayer; for, as an officer who has been lost, may be recovered in chess by a pawn, so may a spiritual loss often be recov-

ered by prayer. The game stands ill for the Human Being. His adversary has already weakened the power of prayer, by taking from him several angels' heads: Love and Innocence are lost; Humility gone; and Peace, just seized, is still held in his claw-like fingers. Pleasure, Unbelief, and Evil Doubts are pressing tumultuously forward against Religion, who stands there tranquil and sublime; protecting Man, who is thus attacked in so many ways, but who, so long as he does not give up Religion, may yet hope for escape. Unhappy Man himself has only vanquished Anger, and overcome a single Doubt. The ornaments of the outside of the Sarcophagus,—a Psyche alarmed at the approach of Death and images of terror — indicate more nearly the disposition and state of the human soul. Two death's heads stretch forth from the ornaments of the panel, and, with fleshless jaws, seize on her delicate and ethereal wings. Horror struck, she hides her face in her hands, whilst these impure monsters wind their protracted trains repeatedly round her light form, and, by constantly relaxing and contracting themselves, cruelly sport with her faint-hearted despondency. But, if she should succeed, though with impaired flight, to struggle away from her tormentors, then these Phantoms, which are rooted in the Sarcophagus itself, would be unable to follow her, and those words of consolation would here, too, be fulfilled:

"The terrors of the Grave shall not overcome thy soul."

Whether, therefore, we regard the originality of the invention, or the perfect keeping of the allegory, this design will still remain one of the happiest creations of genius and art. The mind that willingly turns it thoughts upon what is most serious in life, cannot easily remain unmoved by the deep meaning of the idea here represented; while many a presumptuous spirit, beholding Peace already in Satan's hands, Innocence gone, Doubts urgent, and the assured prospect that the bold game itself must be lost if Religion be sacrificed, may yet cast a searching look upon what is passing within himself. Above all, would we draw the thoughts of Woman to this design, partly because, as the high heavens are most perfectly reflected in the tranquil mirror of the waters, so is all that is elevated most purely and grandly reflected from her tranquil spirit;—and partly, too, because

the delicate and spiritual wings of many a gentle Psyche are wasted away and devoured by the loathsome Phantoms which have wound about them. To all, then, and especially to each such suffering Psyche, may this image declare aloud that all sufferings are earthly and transient, and that, by a quiet patience, they can yet struggle upward to a peace and happiness, to which their tormentors can never follow them.